HUDIBRAS,

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of

THE LATE WARS.

BY SAMUEL BUTLER, ESQ.

WITH

ANNOTATIONS, and an Exact INDEX to the Whole.

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THE

EDITOR's PREFACE.

THE reputation of this incomparable poem is ſo thoroughly eſtabliſhed in the world, that it would be ſuperfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyrick upon it. King CHARLES II, whom the judicious part of mankind will readily acknowledge to be a ſovereign judge of wit, was ſo great an admirer of it, that he would often pleaſantly quote it in his converſation. However, ſince moſt men have a curioſity to have ſome account of ſuch *anonymous* authors, whoſe compoſitions have been eminent for wit or learning; I have been deſirous to oblige them with ſuch informations as I could receive from thoſe who had the happineſs to be acquainted with him, and alſo to rectify the miſtakes of the *Oxford* antiquary, in his *Athenæ Oxonienſes*, concerning him.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the author of this excellent poem, was born in the pariſh of *Strenſham*, in the county of *Worceſter*, and baptized there the 13th of *February* 1612. His father, who was of the ſame name, was an honeſt country farmer, who had ſome ſmall eſtate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this ſon an early inclination to learning, he made a ſhift to have him educated in the free ſchool at *Worceſter*, under Mr *Henry Bright*; where, having paſſed the uſual time, and being become an excellent ſchool-ſcholar, he went for ſome little time to *Cambridge*, but was never matriculated into that univerſity,

verſity, his father's abilities not being ſufficient to be at the charge of an academical education; ſo that our author returned ſoon into his native country, and became clerk to one Mr *Jefferys* of *Earls-Croom*, an eminent juſtice of the peace for that county, with whom he lived ſome years, in an eaſy and no contemptible ſervice. Here, by the indulgence of a kind maſter, he had ſufficient leiſure to apply himſelf to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly hiſtory and poetry; to which, for his diverſion, he joined muſic and painting; and I have ſeen ſome pictures, ſaid to be of his drawing, which remained in that family; which I mention, not for the excellency of them, but to ſatisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art; for which alſo he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr *Samuel Cooper*, one of the moſt eminent painters of his time.

He was, after this, recommended to that great encourager of learning, *Elizabeth* counteſs of *Kent*, where he had not only the opportunity to conſult all manner of learned books, but to converſe alſo with that living library of learning, the great Mr *Selden*.

Our author lived ſome time alſo with Sir *Samuel Luke* *, who was of an ancient family in *Bedfordſhire*; but, to his diſhonour, an eminent commander under the uſurper *Oliver Cromwell*: and then it was, as I am informed, he compoſed this loyal poem. For, though fate, more than choice, ſeems to have placed him in the ſervice of a knight ſo notorious, both in his perſon and politicks, yet, by the rule of contraries, one may obſerve throughout his whole poem, that he was moſt orthodox, both in his religion and loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that time, becauſe he had then the opportunity to converſe with thoſe living characters of rebellion,

* No queſtion but in the rhime to *Mamaluke*, p. 35. l. 904, this perſonage is alluded to.

rebellion, nonſenſe, and hypocriſy, which he ſo lively and pathetically expoſes throughout the whole work.

After the reſtoration of King *Charles* II, thoſe who were at the helm, minding money more than merit, our author found that verſe of *Juvenal* to be exactly verified in himſelf:

Haud facilè emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat,
Res anguſta domi:——

And being endued with that innate modeſty, which rarely finds promotion in princes courts; he became ſecretary to *Richard* Earl of *Carbury*, Lord Preſident of the principality of *Wales*, who made him ſteward of *Ludlow-Caſtle*, when the court there was revived. About this time, he married one Mrs *Herbert*, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as our *Oxford* antiquary has reported. She had a competent fortune, but it was moſt of it unfortunately loſt, by being put out on ill ſecurities, ſo that it was of little advantage to him. He is reported by our antiquary to have been ſecretary to his Grace *George* Duke of *Buckingham*, when he was Chancellor to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*; but, whether that be true or no, it is certain the Duke had a great kindneſs for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him, than that *Mecænas* of all learned and witty men, *Charles* Lord *Buckhurſt*, the late Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*, who, being himſelf an excellent poet, knew how to ſet a juſt value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and ſupply the neceſſities of thoſe, whoſe modeſty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our author was a ſignal inſtance, as ſeveral others have been, who are now living. In fine, the integrity of his life, the acuteneſs of his wit, and eaſineſs of his converſation, had rendered him moſt acceptable to

all

all men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of acquaintance, and wiſely choſe ſuch only whom his diſcerning judgement could diſtinguiſh (as Mr *Cowley* expreſſeth it)

From the great vulgar or the ſmall.

And, having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though perſonally known to few, he departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his good friend Mr *Longuevil* of the *Temple*, in the yard belonging to the church of St. *Paul*'s, *Covent Garden*, at the *weſt end* of the ſaid yard, on the *north ſide*, under the wall of the ſaid church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway. And, ſince he has no monument yet ſet up for him, give me leave to borrow his epitaph from that of *Michael Drayton* the poet, as the author of Mr *Cowley*'s has partly done before me.

And tho' no monument can claim
To be the treaſurer of thy name;
This work, which ne'er will die, ſhall be
An everlaſting monument to thee.

The characters of this poem are for the moſt part obvious, even to the meaneſt pretenders to learning or hiſtory; nor can ſcarce any one be ſo ignorant, as not to know, that the chief deſign thereof is a ſatire againſt thoſe incendiaries of church and ſtate, who in the late rebellion, under pretence of religion, murdered the beſt of kings, to introduce the worſt of governments; deſtroyed the beſt of churches, that hypocriſy, novelty, and nonſenſe, might be predominant amongſt us; and overthrew our wholeſome laws and conſtitutions, to make way for their *bleſſed* anarchy and confuſion, which at laſt ended in tyranny. But ſince, according to the proverb, *None are ſo blind as they that will not ſee*; ſo thoſe who are not reſolved to be invincibly ignorant, I refer, for their farther ſatisfaction,

faction, to the hiſtories of Mr *Fowlis* of *Preſbytery*, and Mr *Walker* of *Independency*; but more eſpecially to that incomparable hiſtory lately publiſhed, wrote by *Edward* Earl of *Clarendon*, which are ſufficient to ſatisfy any unbiaſſed perſon, that his general characters are not fictitious: and I could heartily wiſh theſe times were ſo reformed, that they were not applicable to ſome even now living. However, there being ſeveral particular perſons reflected on, which are not commonly known, and ſome old ſtories and uncouth words which want explication, we have thought fit to do that right to their memories, and for the better information of the leſs learned readers, to explain them in ſome additional annotations throughout the work.

How often the imitation of this poem has been attempted, and with how little ſucceſs, I leave the reader to judge. In the year 1663, there came out a ſpurious book, called, *The ſecond part of* Hudibras; which is reflected upon by our author, under the character of *Whacum*, towards the latter end of his ſecond part. Afterwards came out the *Dutch* and *Scotch Hudibras*, *Butler*'s Ghoſt, the *Occaſional Hypocrite*, and ſome others of the ſame nature, which, compared with this, (*Virgil*'s *Traveſty* excepted) deſerve only to be condemned *ad ficum et piperem*; or, if you pleaſe, to more baſe and ſervile offices.

There are ſome verſes, which, for reaſons of ſtate, eaſy to be gueſſed at, were thought fit to be omitted in the firſt impreſſion; as theſe which follow:

> Did not the learned *Glyn* and *Maynard*,
> To make good ſubjects traitors, ſtrain hard?
> Was not the king, by proclamation,
> Declar'd a traitor thro' the nation?

And now I heartily wiſh I could gratify your farther curioſity with ſome of thoſe *golden remains* which are in the cuſtody of Mr *L——vil*; but not having the

the happineſs to be very well acquainted with him, nor intereſt to procure them, I deſire you will be content with the following copy, which the ingenious Mr *Aubrey* aſſures me he had from the author himſelf.

No Jeſuit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A *Swede* or *Ruſs* to reconcile:
For where there is no ſtore of wealth,
Souls are not worth the charge of health.
Spain in *America* had two deſigns,
To ſell their goſpel for their mines:
For had the *Mexicans* been poor,
No *Spaniard* twice had landed on their ſhore.
'Twas gold the Catholick religion planted,
Which, had they wanted gold, they ſtill had wanted.

The *Oxford* antiquary aſcribes to our author two pamphlets, ſuppoſed falſely, as he ſays, to be *William Pryn*'s: the one intituled, *Mola Aſinaria*; or, *The unreaſonable and inſupportable burthen, preſſed upon the ſhoulders of this groaning nation*, &c. *London*, 1659, in one ſheet *quarto*. The other, Two Letters, one from *John Audland*, a *Quaker*, to *William Pryn*; the other, *Pryn*'s anſwer; in three ſheets in *folio*, 1672.

I have alſo ſeen a ſmall poem, of one ſheet in *quarto*, on *Du Vall*, a notorious highwayman, ſaid to be wrote by our author; but how truly, I know not.

HUDI-

HUDIBRAS.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

Sir Hudibras *his paſſing worth,*
The manner how he ſally'd forth;
His arms and equipage are ſhown;
His horſe's virtues, and his own.
Th' adventure of the Bear *and* Fiddle
Is ſung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO I.

WHEN *civil dudgeon* firſt grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, *jealouſies*, and *fears*,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame *religion* as for punk;
Whoſe honeſty they all durſt ſwear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore:
When *goſpel-trumpeter*, ſurrounded
With long-ear'd rout to battle ſounded,
And pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with fiſt, inſtead of a ſtick:
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

1 *When* civil dudgeon, &c.] *Dudgeon.* Who made the alterations in the laſt edition of this poem, I know not, but they are certainly ſometimes for the worſe; and I cannot believe the author would have changed a word ſo proper in that place, as *dudgeon* is, for that of *fury*, as it is in the laſt editions. *To take in dudgeon,* is inwardly to reſent ſome injury or affront, a ſort of grumbling in the gizzard, and what is previous to actual fury.

A wight he was, whoſe very ſight wou'd
Entitle him, *Mirrour of Knighthood;*
That never bow'd his ſtubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worſhipful on ſhoulder-blade:
Chief of domeſtick knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great in the ſaddle,
That cou'd as well bind o'er, as ſwaddle:
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of *war*, as well as *peace*.
(So ſome rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wiſe or ſtout;
Some hold the one, and ſome the other:
But, howſoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was ſo ſmall, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made ſome take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As *Montaigne*, playing with his cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an aſs,
Much more ſhe wou'd Sir *Hudibras*,
(For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they're miſtaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no ſuch:
We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very ſhy of uſing it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unleſs on holy-days, or ſo,
As men their beſt apparel do.

Beſide,

38 *As* Montaigne, *&c.*] *Montaigne*, in his eſſays, ſuppoſes his cat thought him a fool, for loſing his time in playing with her.

Beſide, 'tis known he cou'd ſpeak *Greek*
As naturally as pigs ſqueak;
That *Latin* was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whiſtle:
B'ing rich in both, he never ſcanted
His bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either wou'd afford
To many, that had not one word.
For *Hebrew* roots, altho' they're found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,
He had ſuch plenty, as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd:
And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps.
He was in *logick* a great critick,
Profoundly ſkill'd in analytick;
He cou'd diſtinguiſh, and divide
A hair 'twixt *ſouth* and *ſouth-weſt* ſide;
On either which he wou'd diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horſe;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a *lord* may be an *owl*,
A calf an *alderman*, a gooſe a *juſtice*,
And rooks *committee-men* and *truſtees*.
He'd run in debt by diſputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by ſyllogiſm, true
In mood and figure, he wou'd do.
For *rhetorick*, he cou'd not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his ſpeech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to ſhew why,
And tell what rules he did it by:

66 *Profoundly ſkill'd*, &c.] *Analytick* is a part of *logick*, that teaches to decline and conſtrue *reaſon*, as *grammar* does *words*.

Elſe, when with greateſt art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
For all a *rhetorician*'s rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his ſpeech
In loftineſs of ſound was rich;
A *Babyloniſh* dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dreſs
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages;
'Twas *Engliſh* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like fuſtian heretofore on ſatin.
It had an odd promiſcuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made ſome think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of *Babel*;
Or *Cerberus* himſelf pronounce
A leaſh of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his ſtock would ne'er be ſpent;
And truly, to ſupport that charge,
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large:
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with haſty noiſe he ſpoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble ſtones
When he harangu'd, but known his phraſe,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In

93 *A Babyloniſh*, &c.] A confuſion of languages, ſuch as ſome of our modern *virtuoſi* us'd to expreſs themſelves in.

103 *Or* Cerberus *himſelf*, &c.] *Cerberus*; a name which poets give a dog with three heads, which they feign'd door-keeper of hell. His three heads denote the paſt, the preſent, and the time to come; which receive, and, as it were, devour all things.

115 *That had the*, &c.] *Demoſthenes*, who is ſaid to have had a defect in his pronunciation, which he cur'd by uſing to ſpeak with little ſtones in his mouth.

In *mathematicks* he was greater
Than *Tycho Brahe* or *Erra Pater*:
For he, by *geometrick* ſcale,
Could take the ſize of *pots of ale*:
Reſolve by ſines and tangents ſtraight,
If *bread* or *butter* wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does ſtrike, by *algebra*.
Beſide, he was a ſhrewd *philoſopher*,
And had read ev'ry text and gloſs over.
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt author hath,
He underſtood b' implicit faith;
Whatever *ſceptick* cou'd enquire for,
For ev'ry *why*, he had a *wherefore*;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms cou'd go.
All which he underſtood by rote,
And, as occaſion ſerv'd, wou'd quote:
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either ſaid, or ſung.
His notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he cou'd not tell:
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He cou'd reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abſtracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghoſts of defunct bodies, fly;

120 *Than* Tycho Brahe, &c.] *Tycho Brahe* was an eminent *Daniſh* mathematician. Quer. in *Collier*'s Dictionary, or elſewhere.

131 *Whatever* Sceptick, &c.] *Sceptick*; *Pyrrho* was the chief of *Sceptick* philoſophers, and was at firſt, as *Apollodorus* ſaith, a painter, then became the hearer of *Driſo*, and at laſt the diſciple of *Anaxagoras*, whom he followed into *India* to ſee the *Gymnoſophiſts*. His followers were called *Pyrrhonians*; beſides which, they were named the *Ephectlicks* and *Aphoreticks*, but more generally *Scepticks*.

143 *He cou'd reduce*, &c.] The old philoſophers thought to extract notions out of natural things, as chymiſts do ſpirits and eſſences; and when they had refined them into the niceſt ſubtilties, gave them as inſignificant names, as thoſe operators do their extractions.

Where Truth in perſon does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew *what's what*; and that's as high
As *metaphyſick* wit can fly.
In *ſchool-divinity* as able
As he that hight *irrefragable*;
A ſecond *Thomas*, or, at once,
To name them all, another *Duns*:
Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all;
For he a rope of ſand cou'd twiſt
As tough as leaned *Sorboniſt*;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for ſcull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurniſhed.
He cou'd raiſe ſcruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a trice,
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And ſtab herſelf with doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The ſores of faith are cur'd again;

Although,

148 *Like words congeal'd*, &c.] Some report, that in *Nova Zembla* and *Greenland*, mens words are wont to be frozen in the air, and at the thaw may be heard.

153.] *Thomas Aquinas*, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, ſtudied at *Cologne* and *Paris*. He new-modelled the ſchool divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelick Doctor*, and *Eagle of Divines*. He died in the 50th year of his age, and was canonized by Pope *John* XXII. His works are in 18 volumes.

Johannes Dunſcotus, a native of Scotland, was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the 13th, and beginning of the 14th century. He died at *Cologne*, November 8. 1308.

158 *As tough as*, &c.] *Sorbon* was the firſt and moſt conſiderable college of the Univerſity of *Paris*; founded in the reign of St *Lewis* by *Robert Sorbon*, which name is ſometimes given to the whole Univerſity of *Paris*, which was founded about the year 741, by *Charlemaigne*, at the perſuaſion of the learned *Alcuin*, who was one of the firſt profeſſors there; ſince which time, it has been very famous.

Although, by woful proof, we find
They always leave a ſcar behind.
He knew the ſeat of Paradiſe,
Cou'd tell in what degree it lies;
And, as he was diſpos'd, cou'd prove it,
Below the moon, or elſe above it.
What *Adam* dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her cloſet in his ſide:
Whether the devil tempted her
By a *High-Dutch* interpreter:
If either of them had a navel:
Who firſt made muſic malleable:
Whether the ſerpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all.
All this, without a gloſs or comment,
He cou'd unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, ſuch as men ſmatter,
When they throw out and miſs the matter.
For his *religion* it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas *Preſbyterian* true blue;
For he was of that ſtubborn crew
Of errant ſaints, whom all men grant
To be the true church *militant*:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of *pike* and *gun*;
Decide all controverſies by
Infallible *artillery*;

And

173 *He knew*, &c.] There is nothing more ridiculous than the various opinions of authors about the ſeat of Paradiſe. *Raleigh* has taken great pains to collect them in his *Hiſtory of the World*; to which work the reader is referred.

180 *By a* High-Dutch, &c.] *Goropius Becanus* endeavours to prove, that *High-Dutch* was the language that *Adam* and *Eve* ſpoke in *Paradiſe*.

181 *If either of*, &c.] *Adam* and *Eve* being made, and not conceived and formed in the womb, had no navels, as ſome learned men have ſuppoſed, becauſe they had no need of them.

182 *Who firſt made*, &c.] Muſic is ſaid to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who firſt found out the proportion of notes, from the ſounds of hammers upon an anvil.

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apoſtolic *blows* and *knocks*;
Call fire, and ſword, and deſolation,
A *godly thorough reformation*,
Which always muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done:
As if religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended.
A ſect, whoſe chief devotion lies
In odd perverſe antipathies:
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs:
More peeviſh, croſs, and ſplenetick,
Than dog diſtract, or monkey ſick;
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way:
Compound for ſins they are inclin'd to,
By damning thoſe they have no mind to.
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhipp'd God for ſpight.
The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way diſallow,
Another, nothing elſe allow.
All piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other men all ſin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love moſt tenderly;
Quarrel with *minc'd pies*, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt friend *plum-porridge*:
Fat *pig* and *gooſe* itſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme *cuſtard* thro' the *noſe*.
Th' apoſtles of this fierce religion,
Like *Mahomet*'s, were aſs and widgeon.

To

232 *Like* Mahomet's, &c.] *Mahomet* had a tame dove that uſed to pick ſeeds out of his ear, that it might be thought to whiſper and inſpire him. His aſs was ſo intimate with him, that the *Mahometans* believe it carry'd him to heaven, and ſtays there with him to bring him back again.

To whom our knight, by faſt inſtinct
Of wit and temper, was ſo link't,
As if hypocriſy and nonſenſe
Had got th' advowſon of his conſcience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward.
That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows, thus:
His tawny *beard* was th' equal grace
Both of his wiſdom and his face;
In cut and dye ſo like a tile,
A ſudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mixt with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of ſceptres and of crowns:
With griſly type did repreſent
Declining age of government;
And tell with hieroglyphick ſpade,
Its own grave and the ſtate's were made.
Like *Sampſon*'s heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal.
It was monaſtick, and did grow
In holy orders by ſtrict vow;
Of rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid *Cordeliere*:
'Twas bound to ſuffer perſecution,
And martyrdom with reſolution;
T' oppoſe itſelf againſt the hate
And vengeance of th' incenſed ſtate:
In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to ſtand faſt,
As long as monarchy ſhould laſt,

But

258 ------ *by ſtrict vow.*] He made a vow never to cut his *beard*, until the Parliament had ſubdued the King.

But when the ſtate ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal ſteel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate,
A ſacrifice to fall of ſtate;
Whoſe thread of life the fatal Siſters
Did twiſt together with its whiſkers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that time ſhould never,
In life or death, their fortunes ſever;
But with his ruſty ſickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned *Taliacotius*, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut ſupplemental noſes, which
Wou'd laſt as long as parent breech;
But when the date of *nock* was out,
Off dropt the ſympathetick ſnout.
His *back*, or rather burthen, ſhow'd,
As if it ſtoop'd with its own load.
For as *Æneas* bore his ſire
Upon his ſhoulders thro' the fire;
Our knight did bear no leſs a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back:
Which now had almoſt got the upper-
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
To poiſe this equally, he bore
A *paunch* of the ſame bulk before;
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-houſe affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther ſhall dilate upon,
When of his hoſe we come to treat,
The cup-board where he kept his meat.

His

281 *So learned* Taliacotius, *&c.*] *Taliacotius* was an *Italian* ſurgeon, that found out a way to repair loſt and decayed noſes.

289 *For as* Æneas, *&c.*] *Æneas* was the ſon of *Anchiſes* and *Venus*; a *Trojan*, who after long travels came into *Italy*, and after the death of his father-in-law, *Latinus*, was made King of *Latium*, and reigned *three* years. His ſtory is too long to inſert here, and therefore I refer you to *Virgil's Æneids*.

His doublet was of ſturdy buff,
And tho' not ſword, yet cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his uſe,
Who fear'd no blows but ſuch as bruiſe.
His *breeches* were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the ſiege of *Bullen*:
To old King *Harry* ſo well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheeſe,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood.
For, as we ſaid, he always choſe
To carry victual in his hoſe,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to ſurpriſe:
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They ſtoutly in defence on't ſtood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And 'till th' were ſtorm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.
And tho' knights errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough deſarts vaſt
And regions deſolate they paſt,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their proviſion on record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs, but to fight.
'Tis falſe: For *Arthur* wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which with ſhirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd.

Tho'

337 - - - - *For* Arthur, *&c.*] Who this *Arthur* was, and whether any ever reigned in *Britain*, has been doubted heretofore, and is by ſome to this very day.

Tho' 'twas no table, ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge pair of round trunk hoſe;
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their ſwords and truncheons,
They took their breakfaſts or their nuncheons.
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhou'd forget where we digreſt,
As learned authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpoſe come.
His puiſſant *ſword* unto his ſide,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd:
With baſket-hilt, that wou'd hold broth,
And ſerve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To ſhoot at foes, and ſometimes pullets;
To whom he bore ſo fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any ſuch.
The trenchant blade, *toledo* truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into itſelf, for lack
Of ſome body to hew and hack.
The peaceful *ſcabbard* where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt:
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas ſo manful,
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its face.
In many deſperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant *Bum* invading ſhoulder.
Oft had it ta'en poſſeſſion,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This ſword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do.

It

359 - - - - Toledo *truſty*, &c.] The capital city of *New Caſtile* in *Spain*, famous for tempering the beſt metal for ſwords.

It was a ſerviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a head,
It would ſcrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toaſt cheeſe or bacon, tho' it were
To bait a mouſe-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean ſhoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and ſo forth.
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.
In th' holſters at his ſaddle-bow
Two aged piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his hoſe he cou'd not get.
Theſe wou'd inveigle rats with th' ſcent,
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And ſometimes catch 'em with a ſnap,
As cleverly as th' ableſt trap.
They were upon hard duty ſtill,
And ev'ry night ſtood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hoſe
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble active force
He got on th' outſide of his *horſe*,
For having but one ſtirrup ty'd
T' his ſaddle, on the further ſide,
It was ſo ſhort, h' had much ado
To reach it with his deſp'rate toe.
But after many ſtrains and heaves,
He got up to the ſaddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' ſeat,
With ſo much vigour, ſtrength and heat,
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,

387 - - - *'prentice to a brewer*, &c.] *Oliver Cromwell* and Colonel *Pride* had been both brewers.

By laying hold on tail and main,
Which oft he us'd inſtead of rein.
But, now we talk of mounting ſteed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumpkin*.
The beaſt was ſturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I wou'd ſay eye, for h' had but one,
As moſt agree, tho' ſome ſay none.
He was well ſtay'd, and in his gate
Preſerv'd a grave, majeſtic ſtate.
At ſpur or ſwitch no more he ſkipt,
Or mended pace, than *Spaniard* whipt:
And yet ſo fiery, he wou'd bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground:
That *Cæſar's* horſe, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half ſo tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground ſo ſoft.
And as that beaſt would kneel and ſtoop
(Some write) to take his rider up:
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
Wou'd often do to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of leather was upon his back:
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His ſtrutting ribs on both ſides ſhow'd
Like furrows he himſelf had plow'd:
For underneath the ſkirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he wou'd flurt;
Still as his tender ſide he prickt,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For *Hudibras* wore but one ſpur,
As wiſely knowing, cou'd he ſtir

To

433 *That Cæſar's horſe*, &c.] *Julius Cæſar* had a horſe with feet like a man's. *Suet. in Jul. cap.* 61.

To active trot one ſide of 's horſe,
The other wou'd not hang an arſe.
A *ſquire* he had, whoſe name was *Ralph*,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Tho' writers, for more ſtately tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
And when we can with metre ſafe,
We'll call him ſo; if not, plain *Ralph*;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verſes,
With which, like ſhips, they ſteer their courſes.)
An equal ſtock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* queen, that gain'd
With ſubtle ſhreds a tract of land,
Did leave it with a caſtle fair
To his great anceſtor, her heir;
From him deſcended croſs-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights
Againſt the bloody canibal,
Whom they deſtroy'd both great and ſmall.
This ſturdy ſquire, he had, as well
As the bold *Trojan* knight, ſeen hell,
Not with a counterfeited paſs
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
His *knowledge* was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:
Some call it *gifts*, and ſome *new-light*.
A lib'ral art, that coſts no pains
Of ſtudy, induſtry, or brains.
His wit was ſent him for a token,
But in the carriage crackt and broken.
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—To and from my love—it lookt.

467 - - - - *Tyrian Queen*, &c.] *Dido*, Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much land as ſhe could compaſs with an ox's hide, which ſhe cut into ſmall thongs, and cheated the owner of ſo much ground as ſerved her to build *Carthage* upon.

476 - - - *bold Trojan*, &c.] *Æneas*, whom *Virgil* reports to uſe a golden bough for a paſs to hell.

He ne'er conſider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horſe in the mouth:
And very wiſely wou'd lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too.
For ſaints themſelves will ſometimes be,
Of gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with *hem* and *cough*,
Prolongers to enlighten'd ſtuff,
He cou'd deep myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a needle.
For as of vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their way;
Whate'er men ſpeak by this *new light*,
Still they are ſure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a *dark-lanthorn* of the ſpirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For ſpiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignus fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them *dip* themſelves, and ſound
For *Chriſtendom*, in dirty pond:
To dive like wild-fowl, for ſalvation,
And fiſh to catch regeneration.
This light inſpires and plays upon
The noſe of ſaint, like bag-pipe drone,
And ſpeaks through hollow empty ſoul,
As through a trunk, or whiſp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But ſpirit'al eaves-droppers can hear:
So *Phœbus*, or ſome friendly muſe,
Into ſmall poets ſong infuſe;
Which they at ſecond hand rehearſe
Thro' reed or bag-pipe, verſe for verſe.
Thus *Ralph* became infallible:
As three or four-legg'd oracle,

The

526 *As three or four-legg'd oracle*, &c.] Read the great *Geographical Dictionary*, under that word.

The ancient cup, or modern chair,
Spoke truth point-blank, tho' unaware.
For myſtic learning, wondrous able
In magic *taliſman* and *cabal*,
Whoſe primitive tradition reaches
As far as *Adam*'s firſt green breeches;
Deep-ſighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, cou'd ſay;
A deep occult philoſopher,
As learn'd as the *wild Iriſh* are,
Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
And ſolid lying much renown'd:
He *Anthropoſophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* underſtood:
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That wou'd do neither good nor harm:
In *Roſicrucian* lore as learned,
As he that *vere adeptus* earned:

530 *In magic*, &c.] *Taliſman* is a device to deſtroy any ſort of vermin, by caſting their images in metal, in a preciſe minute when the ſtars are perfectly inclined to do them all the miſchief they can. *Raymund Lully* interprets *cabal*, out of the *Arabic*, to ſignify *ſcientia ſuperabundans*, i. e. ſuperfluous foppery.

532 *As far as*, &c.] The author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the learning of the ancient *Magi* to be derived from that knowledge which God himſelf taught *Adam* in *Paradiſe*, before the fall.

536 *The intelligible world*, &c.] Is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Pſittacorum Regio*, diſcovered only by the philoſophers; of which they talk, like parrots, what they do not underſtand.

538 - - - *Wild Iriſh are*, &c.] See *Camden*'s Deſcription of *Ireland*.

541] *Anthropoſophus* is only a compound *Greek* word, which ſignifies a Man that is wiſe in the knowledge of Men, and is uſed by ſome anonymous author to conceal his true name. Dr *Floud* was a ſort of an *Engliſh Roſicrucian*, whoſe works are extant, and as intelligible as thoſe of *Jacob Behmen*.

545.] The fraternity of the *Roſicrucians* is very like the ſect of the ancient *Gnoſtici*, who called themſelves ſo from the excellent learning they pretended to, although they were really the moſt ridiculous ſots of mankind. *Vere adeptus* is one that has commenced in their fanatic extravagance.

He underſtood the ſpeech of birds
As well as they themſelves do words:
Cou'd tell what ſubtleſt *parrots* mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean:
What *member* 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk, knave, walk.*
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glaſs, like water;
Of ſov'reign power to make men wiſe;
For dropt in blear, thick-ſighted eyes,
They'd make them ſee in darkeſt night,
Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.
By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had *firſt matter* ſeen undreſt:
He took her naked all alone,
Before one *rag* of *form* was on.
The *chaos* too he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite thro', or elſe he ly'd:
Not that of paſteboard, which men ſhew
For groats, at fair of *Barthol'mew;*
But its great grandſire, firſt o' th' name,
Whence that and *reformation* came,
Both couſin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.
But *reformation* was, ſome ſay,
O' th' younger houſe to *puppet-play.*
He cou'd foretel whatſ'ever was
By conſequence to come to paſs:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diſeaſes, battles, inundations;
All this without th' eclipſe o' th' ſun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done,
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſy to be underſtood.
But with more lucky hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the ſtars depoſe,
Like Knights o' th' Poſt, and falſely charge
Upon themſelves what others forge:
As if they were conſenting to
All miſchiefs in the world men do:

Or,

Or, like the devil, did tempt and ſway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll ſearch a planet's houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a houſe below;
Examine *Venus* and the *Moon*,
Who ſtole a thimble or a ſpoon:
And tho' they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very looks can gueſs,
And tell what guilty aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the goods.
They'll queſtion *Mars*, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke:
Make *Mercury* confeſs, and 'peach
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'll find, i' th' phyſiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's deſtinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' *pill*.
Caſt the nativity o' th' queſtion,
And form poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulſes of the ſtars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what *criſis* does divine
The rot in ſheep, or mange in ſwine;
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich:
What gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves.
But not what wiſe; for only of thoſe
The ſtars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more than can the aſtrologians.
There they ſay right, and like true *Trojans*.
This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
The other courſe, of which we ſpoke.
Thus was th' accompliſh'd ſquire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge, per'lous ſhrewd.
Never did truſty ſquire with knight,
Or knight with ſquire e'er jump more right.

Their

This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of a fray,
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the *Knight* his courſe did ſteer,
To keep the peace 'twixt *dog* and *bear;*
As he believ'd he was bound to do
In conſcience and commiſſion too.
And therefore thus beſpoke the ſquire:
We that are wiſely mounted higher
Than conſtables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we ſit,
Like ſpeculators ſhould foreſee,
From *Pharos* of authority,
Portended miſchiefs farther than
Low *Proletarian* tything-men.
And therefore being inform'd by bruit
That *dog* and *bear* are to diſpute;
For ſo of late men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere.*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To ſave th' expence of *Chriſtian* blood,
And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compoſe
The bloody duel, without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at ſtake
For *cov'nant* and the *cauſe*'s ſake?
But in that quarrel *dogs* and *bears*,
As well as we, muſt venture theirs?
This feud by *Jeſuits* invented,
By *evil counſel*, is fomented;
There is a *Machiavelian* plot,
(Tho' ev'ry *nare olfact* is not)
A deep deſign in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,

By

By ſetting brother againſt brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus ſatis*,
That *cane & angue pejus* hate us?
And ſhall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our ownſelves without cauſe?
That ſome occult deſign doth lie
In bloody *cynarctomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How ſaints lead brothers by the noſe.
I wiſh myſelf a pſeudo-prophet,
But ſure ſome miſchief will come of it;
Unleſs by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what deſign, what intereſt
Can beaſt have to encounter beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed *cauſe*,
Frail *privilege*, *fundamental laws*,
Nor for a *thorough reformation*,
Nor *covenant*, nor *proteſtation*,
Nor *liberty of conſciences*,
Nor Lords and Commons *ordinances*;
Nor for the *church*, nor for *church-lands*,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor *evil counſellors* to bring
To juſtice, that ſeduce the king;
Nor for the worſhip of us men,
Tho' we have done as much for them.
Th' *Ægyptians* worſhipp'd *dogs*, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a *rat*, and ſome
For that church ſuffer'd martyrdom.
The *Indians* fought for the truth
Of th' *elephant* and *monkey*'s tooth;

And

752 *Cynarctomachy*.] This word ſignifies nothing in the world, but a fight between *dogs* and *bears*, tho' both the learned and ignorant agree, that in ſuch words very great knowledge is contained.

778] For the hiſtory of the *white elephant* and the *monkey's tooth*, which the *Indians* ador'd, conſult Monſ. *le Blanc*.

And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death:
But no beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better than ſo.
But we, who only do infuſe
The rage in them like *boute-feus*;
'Tis our example that inſtils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as ſome late philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, beaſts, that converſe
With man, take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
Juſt ſo, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read, in *Nero*'s time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the *Chriſtian brethren*,
They ſew'd them in the ſkins of *bears*,
And then ſet dogs about their ears:
From thence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichriſtian game.
To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily
The point ſeems very plain to me:
It is an antichriſtian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
Firſt for the name; the word *bear-baiting*
Is carnal, and of man's creating:
For certainly there's no ſuch word
In all the *ſcripture* on record:
Therefore unlawful, and a ſin;
And ſo is (ſecondly) the *thing*.
A vile *aſſembly* 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by ſcripture, than
Provincial, *claſſic*, *national*,
Mere human-creature cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is idolatrous;
For when men run a whoring thus
With their inventions, whatſoe'er
The thing be, whether *dog* or *bear*,

It is idolatrous and *Pagan*,
No leſs than worſhipping of *Dagon*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I ſmell a *rat*;
Ralpho, thou doſt prevaricate;
For though the *theſis* which thou lay'ſt
Be true *ad amuſſim*, as thou ſay'ſt,
(For that *bear-baiting* ſhould appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than *ſynods* are, thou doſt deny,
Totidem verbis; ſo do I):
Yet there's a fallacy in this;
For if by ſly *homæoſis*,
Tuſſis pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to ſlur a f—t,
Thou wou'dſt ſophiſtically imply,
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt
But *bear-baiting* may be made out
In goſpel times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or *parochial claſſis*:
And that both are ſo near of kin,
And like in all, as well as ſin,
That put 'em in a bag, and ſhake 'em,
Yourſelf o' th' ſudden wou'd miſtake 'em,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their wickedneſs:
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worſt, though I name neither.
Quoth *Hudibras*, thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id eſt, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thou wilt at beſt but *ſuck a bull*,
Or ſhear ſwine, all cry and no wool:
For, what can *ſynods* have at all
With *bear* that's analogical?
Or, what relation has debating
Of church affairs with *bear-baiting*?
A juſt compariſon ſtill is
Of things *ejusdem generis*.

And then, what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?
If *animal*, both of us may
As juſtly paſs for *bears* as they;
For we are animals no leſs,
Although of diff'rent *ſpecieſes*.
But, *Ralpho*, this is not fit place
Nor time to argue out the caſe:
For now the field is not far off
Where we muſt give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and ſuch as ſuit
Another manner of diſpute:
A controverſy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we muſt manage at a rate
Of proweſs and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promiſe,
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor ſhall they be deceiv'd, unleſs
We're ſlurr'd and outed by ſucceſs:
Succeſs, the mark no mortal wit,
Or ſureſt hand, can always hit:
For whatſoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're ſteer'd by Fate,
Which in ſucceſs oft diſinherits,
For ſpurious cauſes, nobleſt merits.
Great actions are not always true ſons
Of great and mighty reſolutions:
Nor do the bold'ſt attempts bring forth
Events ſtill equal to their worth;
But ſometimes fail, and, in their ſtead,
Fortune and cowardice ſucceed.
Yet we have no great cauſe to doubt,
Our actions ſtill have borne us out;
Which, though they're known to be ſo ample,
We need not copy from example:
We're not the only perſons durſt
Attempt this province, nor the firſt.
In northern clime, a val'rous knight
Did whilom kill his *bear* in fight,

And

And wound a fiddler: We have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt of victory to come.
'Tis sung, there is a valiant *Mamaluke*
In foreign land yclep'd ——
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought:
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success;
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on,

903 *'Tis sung*, &c.] *Mamaluke* is the name of the militia of the *Sultans* of *Ægypt*; it signified a *servant* or *soldier*. They were commonly captives, taken from amongst the *Christians*, and instructed in military discipline, and did not marry. Their power was great; for, besides that the *Sultans* were chosen out of their body, they disposed of the most important offices of the kingdom. They were formidable about 200 years, till, at last, *Selim*, *Sultan* of the *Turks*, routed them, and killed their *Sultan*, near *Aleppo*, 1516, and so put an end to the empire of the *Mamalukes*, which had lasted 267 years. *Paulus Jovius*, &c.

No question but the rhime to *Mamaluke*, was meant Sir *Samuel Luke*, of whom in the Preface.

913 *Honour is like*, &c.] Our *English* proverbs are not impertinent to this purpose:

He that woos a maid, must seldom come in her sight;
But he that woos a widow, must woo her day and night.
He that woos a maid, must feign, lie, and flatter;
But he that woos a widow, must down with his breeches and at her.

This proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr *Ray* says he would not have inserted it in his Collection, but that he met with it in a little book, entituled, *The Quakers Spiritual Court proclaim'd*, written by *Nathaniel Smith*, student in physic; wherein the author mentions it as counsel given him by *Hilkiah Bedford*, an eminent *quaker* in *London*, who would have had him to have married a rich widow, in whose house he lodged. In case he could get her, this *Nathaniel Smith* had promised *Hilkiah* a chamber *gratis*. The whole narrative is worth the reading.

With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not ſlow approaches, like a virgin.
This ſaid, as yerſt the *Phrygian* knight,
So ours, with ruſty ſteel did ſmite
His *Trojan* horſe, and juſt as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty ſtomach groan'd
Juſt as that hollow beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd tail and blaſt of wind:
So have I ſeen, with armed heel,
A wight beſtride a *common-weal;*
While ſtill the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen jade has ſtirr'd.

HUDIBRAS.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies beſt men of war;
Whom in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, *routs the* Bear,
And takes the Fiddler *priſoner;*
Conveys him to enchanted caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in wooden Baſtile.

CANTO II.

THERE was an ancient ſage *philoſopher*,
That had read *Alexander Roſs* over;
And ſwore, the world, as he cou'd prove,
Was made of *fighting* and of *love*:
Juſt ſo *romances* are, for what elſe
Is in them all, but *love* and *battles*?
O' th' firſt of theſe we've no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter:
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean, in what concerns juſt fight,
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding name
And pattern, fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
(Like thoſe that a whole ſtreet do raze,
To build a palace in the place,)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,

Or wives, or children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Juſt like the manhood of nine taylors:
So a wild *Tartar*, when he ſpies
A man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his ſpirit;
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd,
As in another is deſtroy'd.
For when a giant's ſlain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy caſe, no doubt,
A man ſhould have his brains beat out,
Becauſe he's tall, and has large bones;
As men kill beavers for their ſtones.
But as for our part, we ſhall tell
The naked truth of what befel;
And, as an equal friend to both
The knight and bear, but more to troth,
With neither faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due deſert;
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the *knight* o'ercome the *giant*.
This b'ing profeſt, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to ſay, whether *tollutation*,
As they do term it, or *ſuccuſſation*,)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how;
Yet ſome from ſubtle hints have got
Myſterious light, it was a trot.
But let that paſs: They now begun
To ſpur their living engines on.

For

47] *Tollutation* and *Succuſſation*, are only *Latin* words for ambling and trotting, though I believe both were natural amongſt the Old *Romans*; ſince I never read, they made uſe of the tramel, or any other art, to pace their horſes.

For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls,
The learned hold, are animals:
So horſes they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry;
And were invented firſt from engines,
As *Indian Britons* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be: And, as I was ſaying,
They their live engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain,
Which th' enemy did then incamp on:
The dire *Pharſalian* plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their bretheren,
Who now began to take the field,
As knight from ridge of ſteed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off; much further he,
Rais'd on his aged beaſt, could ſee;
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All poſtures of the enemy:
Wherefore he bids the ſquire ride further,
T' obſerve their numbers, and their order,
That, when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he ſtopp'd his willing ſteed,
To fit himſelf for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward:
Courage and ſteel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better, or for worſe.
His death-charg'd piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preſerving vittel.
Theſe being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free 's ſword from retentive ſcabbard:
And after many a painful pluck,
From ruſty durance he bail'd tuck.

60 *As* Indian Britons, *&c.*] The *American Indians* call a great bird they have, with a white head, a *Penguin*; which ſignifies the ſame thing in the *Britiſh* tongue.

Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that proweſs
In ſcabbard of his arms ſat looſe;
And, rais'd upon his deſp'rate foot,
On ſtirrup-ſide he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing ſtar,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no leſs ſpeed
Than *Hugo* in the foreſt did:
But far more in returning made,
For now the foe he had ſurvey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With *van*, *main battle*, *wings*, and *rear*.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.
Inſtead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's ſtomach come,
Whoſe noiſe whets valour ſharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar;
(For if a trumpet ſound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the hangman does diſpoſe,
To ſpecial friends, the knot of nooſe:
For 'tis *great grace*, when *ſtateſmen* ſtrait
Diſpatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped *ear* hung o'er the ſtrings,
Which was but *ſouſe* to *chitterlings*:
For guts, ſome write, ere they are ſodden,
Are fit for muſic, or for pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minſtrelſy, by ſtring or wind.
His griſly *beard* was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his fiddle-ſtick:
For he to horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;

129 Chiron, *the*, &c.] *Chiron*, a *Centaur*, ſon to *Saturn* and *Phyllira*, living in the mountains, where being much given to hunting, he became

And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made uſe only of his beard.
In *Staffordſhire*, where virtuous worth
Does raiſe the minſtrelſy, not birth;
Where bulls do chuſe the boldeſt king,
And ruler, o'er the men of ſtring;
(As once in *Perſia*, 'tis ſaid,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horſe that neigh'd)
He bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war, was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: His *leg* then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak:
For when a ſhin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber 's propt,
Eſteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place, tho' the younger brother.
Next march'd brave *Orſin*, famous for
Wiſe conduct, and ſucceſs in war;
A ſkilful leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now marſhal to the champion bear.
With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
The warrior to the liſts he led;
With ſolemn march, and ſtately pace,
But far more grave and ſolemn face.
Grave as the emperor of *Pegu*,
Or *Spaniſh* potentate *Don Diego*.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge, or for retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So lawyers, leſt the *bear* defendant,
And plaintiff *dog*, ſhou'd make an end on't,
Do ſtave and tail with *writs of error*,
Reverſe of judgement, and *demurrer*,

To

became very knowing in the virtues of plants, and one of the moſt famous phyſicians of his time. He imparted his ſkill to *Æſculapius*, and was afterwards *Apollo*'s governor, until being wounded by *Hercules*, and deſiring to die, *Jupiter* placed him in heaven, where he forms the ſign of *Sagittarius*, or the *Archer*.

133] The hiſtory of this ancient ceremony may be read at large in Dr *Plot*'s Hiſtory of *Staffordſhire*.

To let them breathe a while, and then,
Cry whoop, and ſet them on agen.
As *Romulus* a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where diſcipline moſt rare is,
In military *Garden Paris*.
For ſoldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens, juſt as weeds do now;
Until ſome ſplay-foot politicians
T' *Apollo* offer'd up petitions,
For licenſing a new invention
Th' 'ad found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds that grow
In public gardens at a blow,
And leave th' herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir *Sun*,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quo' *ſtateſmen*; yes, an't pleaſe ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll ſay 'tis eaſy.
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*:
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
A drum! (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new.
But tho' of voice and inſtrument
We are th' undoubted preſident;
We ſuch loud muſic don't profeſs:
The devil's maſter of that office.
Where it muſt paſs, if 't be a drum,
He'll ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply yourſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his fee.
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th' 'ad better let 'em grow there ſtill.
But, to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is, ſtout *Orſin*:
That which ſo oft by ſundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all fighters,

More

172 *In Military*, &c.] *Paris Garden* in *Southwark* took its name from the poſſeſſor.

More juſtly may b' aſcrib'd to this,
Than any other warrior, (*viz.*)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a ſoldier.
He was of great deſcent, and high
For ſplendour and antiquity,
And from celeſtial origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right line.
Not as the ancient *heroes* did,
Who, that their baſe births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made *Jupiter* himſelf, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old *Homer* firſt made *lampoons*.)
Arctophylax in Northern ſphere
Was his undoubted anceſtor:
From him his great fore-fathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in med'c'nal lore,
For by his ſide a pouch he wore,
Replete with ſtrange hermetick powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank wou'd ſolder.
By ſkilful *chymiſt* with great coſt
Extracted from a rotten poſt;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks diſpenſe;
Tho' by *Promethean* fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For, as when ſlovens do amiſs
At others doors, by ſtool or piſs,
The learned write, a red-hot ſpit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey miſchief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong:

So

231 *Though by*, &c.] Promethean *fire*. *Prometheus* was the ſon of *Iapetus*, and brother of *Atlas*, concerning whom the poets have feigned, that having firſt formed men of earth and water, he ſtole fire from heaven to put life into them.

So this did healing, and as ſure
As that did miſchief, this would cure.
Thus virtuous *Orſin* was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude,
Incomparable: And as the prince
Of poets, *Homer*, ſung long ſince,
A ſkilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his ſkill,
No leſs than dint of ſword, cou'd kill.
The gallant *Bruin* march'd next him,
With viſage formidably grim,
And rugged as a *Saracen*,
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet*'s own kin;
Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his noſe, like *Indian* king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds *cant*, and *langued*,
Or, as the vulgar ſay, *ſharp-fanged*.
For as the teeth in beaſts of prey
Are ſwords, with which they fight in fray;
So ſwords, in men of war, are teeth,
Which they do eat their victual with.
He was by birth, ſome authors write,
A *Ruſſian*, ſome a *Muſcovite*;
And 'mong the *Coſſacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *diurnals* read,
That ſerve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimanſky was his couſin-german,
With whom he ſerv'd, and fed on vermin:
And when theſe fail'd, he'd ſuck his claws,
And quarter himſelf upon his paws.

And

267 *And 'mong*, &c.] *Coſſacks* are a people that live near *Poland*; this name was given them for their extraordinary nimbleneſs. He that would know more of them, may read *Le Laboreur* and *Thuldenus*.

And tho' his countrymen, the *Huns*,
Did ſtew their meat between their *buns*
And th' horſes backs o'er which they ſtraddle,
And ev'ry man eat up his ſaddle;
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But eat it raw when 't came in 's way.
He had trac'd countries far and near,
More than *Le Blanc* the traveller;
Who writes, He ſpous'd in *India*,
Of noble houſe, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies,
As ſtout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and *Orſin* oft had been;
Each ſtriving to deſerve the crown
Of a ſav'd citizen; the one
To guard his *bear*, the other fought
To aid his *dog*; both made more ſtout
By ſev'ral ſpurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow memberſhip, and blood:
But *Talgol*, mortal foe to cows,
Never got aught of him but blows;
Blows, hard and heavy, ſuch as he
Had lent, repaid with uſury.
Yet *Talgol* was of courage ſtout,
And vanquiſh'd oft'ner than he fought:
Inur'd to labour, ſweat, and toil,
And like a champion ſhone with oil.
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherleſs, had made.
He many a *boar* and huge *dun-cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow.

275 *And tho'*, &c.] This cuſtom of the *Huns* is deſcribed by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, p. 686.

283 ——*He ſpous'd in* India, &c.] The ſtory in *Le Blanc*, of a *bear* that married a king's daughter, is no more ſtrange than many others, in moſt travellers, that paſs with allowance; for, if they ſhould write nothing but what is poſſible, or probable, they might appear to have loſt their labour, and obſerved nothing but what they might have done as well at home.

But *Guy*, with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the *boar* or *dun-cow* far'd:
With greater troops of ſheep h' had fought
Than *Ajax* or bold *Don Quixot*;
And many a ſerpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and ſtings behind,
Subdu'd: As poets ſay, long agone
Bold Sir *George*, *Saint George* did the *dragon*.
Nor engine, nor device polemick,
Diſeaſe, nor doctor epidemick,
Tho' ſtor'd with deletery med'cines,
(Which whoſoever took is dead ſince)
E'er ſent ſo vaſt a colony
To both the under worlds as he.
For he was of that noble trade,
That *demi-gods* and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head;
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it;
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So ſacred with vile bungling.
Next theſe the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano, great in martial fame.
Yet when with *Orſin* he wag'd fight,
'Tis ſung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as foreſt boar,
Whoſe ſpoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as *Ajax*' ſeven-fold ſhield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held:
But braſs was feeble to reſiſt
The fury of his armed fiſt;
Nor could the hardeſt ir'n hold out
Againſt his blows, but they wou'd through't.
In *magick* he was deeply read,
As he that made the *brazen-head*;

Profoundly

Profoundly ſkill'd in the black art,
As *Engliſh Merlin* for his heart;
But far more *ſkilful* in the ſpheres,
Than he was at the ſieve and ſhears.
He cou'd transform himſelf in colour,
As like the devil as a collier;
As like as hypocrites in ſhow
Are to true ſaints, or crow to crow.
Of *warlike engines* he was author,
Devis'd for quick diſpatch of ſlaughter:
The *cannon*, *blunderbuſs*, and *ſaker*,
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The *trumpet* and the *kettle-drum*
Did both from his invention come.
He was the firſt that e'er did teach
To make, and how to ſtop a breach.
A lance he bore with iron *pike*,
Th' one half wou'd thruſt, the other ſtrike:
And when their forces he had join'd,
He ſcorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Than burniſh'd armour of her knight:
A bold *Virago*, ſtout and tall,
As *Joan* of *France*, or *Engliſh Mall*.
Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
Thro' thick and thin ſhe follow'd him,
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forſook.
At breach of wall, or hedge ſurprize,
She ſhar'd i' th' hazard and the prize:
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herſelf with matchleſs courage,
And laid about in fight more buſily,
Than th' *Amazonian* dame *Penthesile*.

346 *As* Engliſh Merlin, &c.] *Roger Bacon* and *Merlin*; ſee *Collier*'s Dictionary.

368 *As* Joan, &c.] Two notorious women; the laſt was known here by the name of *Mall Cutpurſe*.

378 *Than th'* Amazonian, &c.] *Penthesile*, queen of the *Amazons*, ſucceeded *Orithya*; ſhe carried ſuccours to the *Trojans*, and, after having

And tho' ſome criticks here cry ſhame,
And ſay our authors are to blame,
That (ſpight of all philoſophers,
Who hold no females ſtout, but bears;
And heretofore did ſo abhor
That women ſhould pretend to war,
They wou'd not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt dame
To ſwear by *Hercules's* name)
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like *termagants* and *Turks*:
To lay their native arms aſide,
Their modeſty, and ride aſtride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As ſtout *Armida*, bold *Thaleſtris*,
And ſhe that wou'd have been the miſtreſs
Of *Gundibert*; but he had grace,
And rather took a country laſs:
They ſay 'tis falſe, without all ſenſe,
But of pernicious conſequence
To government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in proſe:
Strip nature naked to the ſkin,
You'll find about her no ſuch thing.
It may be ſo, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by thoſe have ſeen't,
Or what's as good, produc'd in print;
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.

The

ing given noble proofs of her bravery, was killed by *Achilles*. *Pliny* ſaith, it was ſhe that invented the battle ax. If any one deſire to know more of the *Amazons*, let him read Mr *Sanſon*.

393 *As ſtout*, &c.] Two formidable women at arms, in romances, that were cudgelled into love by their gallants.

395 *Of* Gundibert, &c.] *Gundibert* is a feigned name, made uſe of by Sir *William Davenant*, in his famous epick poem, ſo called; wherein you may find alſo that of his miſtreſs. This poem was deſigned by the author to be an imitation of the *Engliſh drama*. Vid. *Langhain's Account of Dramatick Poets*.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc'd,
Of all his race the valiant'ſt:
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in ſong,
Like *Herc'les*, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt ſide:
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him, in muſes deathleſs writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That thro' a bull-hide ſhield wou'd pierce,
And cut it in a thouſand pieces,
Tho' tougher than the knight of *Greece* his;
With whom his black-thumb'd anceſtor
Was com'rade in the ten years war:
For when the reſtleſs *Greeks* ſat down
So many years, before *Troy* town,
And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
For *well-ſoal'd boots*, no leſs than fights;
They ow'd that glory only to
His anceſtor, that made them ſo.
Faſt friend he was to *reformation*,
Until 'twas worn quite out of faſhion.
Next rectifier of wry *law*,
And wou'd make three, to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Tranſcribe, collect, tranſlate and quote.
But *preaching* was his chiefeſt talent,
Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like *ram*, or *bull*, at *conventicle*:
For diſputants, like *rams* and *bulls*,
Do fight with *arms* that ſpring from *ſculls*.
Laſt *Colon* came, bold man of war,
Deſtin'd to blows by fatal ſtar;
Right expert in command of horſe,
But cruel, and without remorſe.
That which of *Centaur* long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his *horſe* were of a piece.

One ſpirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame vigour, fury, wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart;
Altho' his horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on man's fleſh, as fame goes,
Strange food for horſe! and yet, alas,
It may be true, for *fleſh is graſs*.
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Than *Hercules* to clean a ſtable;
As great a drover, and as great
A critick too, in *hog* or *neat*.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cauſe ſhe wanted fother
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himſelf, and his leſs cruel ſteed.
It was a queſtion whether he
Or's horſe were of a family
More worſhipful: 'Till antiquaries
(After th' 'ad almoſt por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'neſs on the horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not only horſe, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder houſe:
For beaſts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs.
Theſe worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of ſev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and ſhires,
Of eaſt and weſtern hemiſpheres:
From foreign pariſhes and regions,
Of diff'rent manners, ſpeech, religions,
Came men and maſtiffs; ſome to fight
For fame and honour, ſome for ſight.
And now the field of death, the liſts,
Were enter'd by antagoniſts,

And blood was ready to be broach'd;
When *Hudibras* in haſte approach'd,
With ſquire and weapons to attack 'em;
But firſt thus from his *horſe* beſpake 'em:
What rage, O citizens! what fury
Doth you to theſe dire actions hurry?
What *æſtrum*, what phrenetick mood
Makes you thus laviſh of your blood,
While the proud *vies* your trophies boaſt
And unreveng'd walks ——— ghoſt?
What towns, what garriſons might you
With hazard of this blood ſubdue,
Which now y'are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?
Shall *ſaints* in civil bloodſhed wallow
Of *ſaints*, and let the *cauſe* lie fallow?
The *cauſe* for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o'er?
Then becauſe quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With oaths and ſwearings to begin,
The *ſolemn league* and *covenant*
Will ſeem a mere *God-dam-me* rant:
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out.
For as we make war *for the king*
Againſt himſelf, the ſelf-ſame thing,
Some will not ſtick to ſwear we do
For *God*, and for *religion* too;
For if *bear-baiting* we allow,
What good can *reformation* do?
The blood and treaſure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are theſe the fruits o' th' *proteſtation*,
The prototype of reformation,
Which all the *ſaints*, and ſome, ſince *martyrs*,
Wore in their hats like wedding garters,

When

495 *What* oeſtrum, &c.] *Oeſtrum* is not only a *Greek* word for madneſs, but ſignifies alſo a gad-bee or horſe-fly, that torments cattle in the Summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

524 *Wore in their hats*, &c.] Some few days after the King had accuſed the five members of treaſon in the Houſe of Commons, great crowds

When 'twas reſolv'd by either Houſe
Six members quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they, for this, draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noiſes formidable;
And make all *cries* about the town
Join throats to cry the *biſhops* down?
Who having round begirt the palace,
(As once a month they do the *gallows*)
As members gave the ſign about,
Set up their throats with hideous ſhout.
When *tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to ſettle
Church-diſcipline, for patching *kettle*:
No *ſow-gelder* did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd *reform*.
The *oyſter-women* lock'd their fiſh up,
And trudg'd away, to cry, *No biſhop*.
The *mouſe-trap men* laid *ſave-alls* by,
And 'gainſt *ev'l counſellors* did cry.
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *church*.
Some cry'd the *covenant*, inſtead
Of *pudding-pies* and *gingerbread*.
And ſome for *brooms*, *old boots*, *and ſhoes*,
Bawl'd out, to *purge the Common-Houſe*:
Inſtead of *kitchen-ſtuff*, ſome cry,
A *goſpel-preaching miniſtry*;
And ſome for *old ſuits*, *coats*, or *cloak*,
No *ſurplices* nor *ſervice-book*.
A ſtrange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to *reformation*.
And is this all? Is this the end
To which theſe *carr'ngs on* did tend?

Hath

crowds of the rabble came down to *Weſtminſter-Hall*, with printed copies of the proteſtation, tied in their hats like favours.

526 Six members, *&c.*] The ſix members were, the Lord *Kimbalton*, Mr *Pym*, Mr *Hollis*, Mr *Hambden*, Sir *Arthur Haſlerig*, and Mr *Stroud*, whom the King ordered to be apprehended, and their papers ſeized; charging them of plotting with the *Scots*, and favouring the late tumults: but the Houſe voted againſt the arreſt of their perſons or papers: whereupon the King having preferred articles againſt thoſe members, he went with his guard to the houſe to demand them; but they having notice, withdrew.

Hath *public faith*, like a young heir,
For this ta'en up all ſorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry tradeſman's book,
'Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did *ſaints*, for this, bring in their *plate*,
And croud as if they came too late?
For when they thought the *cauſe* had need on't,
Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.
Did they coin *piſs-pots*, *bowls*, and *flaggons*,
Int' officers of horſe and dragoons;
And into pikes and muſqueteers,
Stamp *beakers*, *cups*, and *porringers*?
A *thimble*, *bodkin*, and a *ſpoon*,
Did ſtart up living men, as ſoon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Juſt like the *dragon*'s *teeth* b'ing ſown.
Then was the *cauſe* of gold and plate,
The *brethren*'s off'rings, conſecrate,
Like th' *Hebrew calf*, and down before it
The ſaints fell proſtrate, to adore it:
So ſay the *wicked*——and will you
Make that ſarcaſmus ſcandal true,
By running after dogs and bears,
Beaſts more unclean than calves or ſteers?
Have *pow'rful preachers* ply'd their tongues,
And *laid* themſelves *out* and their lungs?
Us'd all means, both direct and ſiniſter,
I' th' pow'r of *goſpel-preaching miniſter*?
Have they invented *tones* to win
The *women*, and make them draw in
The men, as *Indians* with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told *Prov'dence* what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd th' *enemy*'s deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine?
Preſcrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the *kirk*?
Told it the *news* o' th' laſt expreſs,
And, after good or bad ſucceſs,

Made

Made prayers, not ſo like petitions,
As *overtures* and propoſitions,
(Such as the *army* did preſent
To their Creator, th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot *acquieſce*,
Unleſs the *work* be carry'd on
In the ſame way they have begun,
By ſetting church and commonweal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the ſaints were all agog,
And all this for a *bear* and *dog*?
The Parliament drew up *petitions*
T' it itſelf, and ſent them, like commiſſions,
To *well-affected* perſons down
In ev'ry city and great town;
With pow'r to levy horſe and men,
Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With *papers* in their hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the *pillory* rode.
Have all theſe courſes, theſe efforts,
Been try'd by people of all ſorts,
Velis & remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the *cauſe*'s ſervice?
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine fray?
Shall we, that in the *cov'nant* ſwore
Each man of us to run before
Another, ſtill in *reformation*,
Give *dogs* and *bears* a diſpenſation?
How will *diſſenting brethren* reliſh it?
What will *malignants* ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each man ſwore to do his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt;
And bid *the devil take the hin'moſt*,
Which at this race is like to win moſt.
They'll ſay, our bus'neſs, to *reform*
The church and ſtate, is but a worm;

For

For to ſubſcribe, unſight, unſeen,
To an unknown church-diſcipline,
What is it elſe, but before-hand
T' engage, and after underſtand?
For when we ſwore to carry on
The preſent *reformation*,
According to the pureſt mode
Of churches beſt reform'd abroad,
What did we elſe but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches theſe ſhou'd be.
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame caſe
With their's that ſwore *et cætera's*;
Or the *French league*, in which men vow'd
To fight to the laſt drop of blood.
Theſe ſlanders will be thrown upon
The *cauſe* and *work* we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for *bedlam*;
Rather than *goſpel-walking* times,
When ſlighteſt ſins are greateſt crimes.
But we the matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious ſcandal:
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen;

And

650 ---*ſwore* Et cætera's.] The Convocation, in one of the ſhort Parliaments that uſhered in the long one, (as dwarfs are wont to do knights-errant) made an oath to be taken by the clergy for obſerving canonical obedience; in which they enjoined their brethren, out of the abundance of their conſciences, to ſwear to articles with *&c.*

651 *Or the* French league, *&c.*] The holy *league* in *France*, deſigned and made for the extirpation of the *Proteſtant religion*, was the *original*, out of which the *ſolemn league and covenant* here was (with difference only of circumſtances) moſt faithfully tranſcribed. And as our covenanters ſwore every man to run one before another in the way of reformation, ſo did the *French*, in the holy *league*, to fight to the laſt drop of blood.

And to thoſe places ſtraight repair,
Where your reſpective dwellings are.
But to that purpoſe firſt ſurrender
The *fiddler*, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of miſchief;
That makes diviſion between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noiſe,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall *(dictum factum)* both be *brought*
To condign puniſhment, as they ought.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gainſay:
For then I'll take another courſe,
And ſoon *reduce* you all by force.
This ſaid, he clapt his hand on ſword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.
But *Talgol*, who had long ſuppreſt
Inflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him: Thou vermin, wretched
As e'er in meaſled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of worſhip, that doſt grow
On rump of juſtice as of cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen luggage
O' th'ſelf, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy ſteed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy lumber againſt us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itſelf about,
Where thou, ſecure from wooden blow,
Thy buſy vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no diſpute a-foot between
The *caterwauling bretheren?*
No ſubtle queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe *out-o'-their-wits*, and thoſe i' th' wrong;

No

No prize between thoſe combatants
O' th' times, the land and water-*ſaints*;
Where thou might'ſt *ſtickle without hazard*
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard;
And not for want of buſ'neſs come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purſe, nor burglary abroad?
No *ſtolen pig*, nor *plunder'd gooſe*,
To tie thee up from breaking looſe?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou ſtatute might'ſt allege,
To keep thee buſy from foul evil
And ſhame due to thee from the devil?
Did no committee ſit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee?
And ſet th' a taſk, with ſubornation,
To ſtitch up *ſale* and *ſequeſtration*,
To cheat, with *holineſs* and *zeal*,
All parties and the common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
Or ſent th' on buſ'neſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' haſt brain enough in ſkull
To keep itſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of ſtones
And cudgels to thy hide and bones;
Tremble, and vaniſh, while thou may'ſt,
Which I'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.
At this the *knight* grew high in wroth,
And *liſting hands* and *eyes up* both,
Three times he ſmote on ſtomach ſtout,
From whence at length theſe words broke out:
Was I for this entitled *Sir*,
And girt with truſty ſword and ſpur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?

Not all that pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up veal;
Nor all thy tricks and ſleights to cheat,
And ſell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
And ſtop the gangrene in ſtale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by bullock ne'er withſtood;
Tho' arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes made to hew down lives;
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of juſtice, or this blade,
Which I, her ſword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military.
Nor ſhall theſe words of venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native place,
Thy ſtomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, tho' I am free.
Thou down the ſame throat ſhalt devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid, that *wight*
With gantlet blue, and baſes white,
And round blunt truncheon by his ſide,
So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That wou'd in *Job* or *Grizel* ſtir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His gun-ſhot, that in holſters watch'd;
And, bending cock, he levell'd full
Againſt th' outſide of *Talgol*'s ſkull;
Vowing that he ſhou'd ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther.
But *Pallas* came in ſhape of ruſt,
And 'twixt the ſpring and hammer thruſt
Her *gorgon* ſhield, which made the cock
Stand ſtiff, as 'twere transform'd to ſtock.

Mean

Mean while, fierce *Talgol*, gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon, charg'd the *knight*;
But he with *petronel* upheav'd,
Inſtead of ſhield, the blow receiv'd.
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great maſter's gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd by mortal ſtripe.
Then *Hudibras*, with furious haſte,
Drew out his ſword; yet not ſo faſt,
But *Talgol* firſt with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown ſword was out,
With ſtomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon;
The truſty cudgel did oppoſe
Itſelf againſt dead-doing blows,
To guard its leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itſelf again.
And tho' the ſword (ſome underſtood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing ſo: both ſides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ſt:
For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd;
Tho' iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes honour more.
And now both *knights* were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuit of death;
Whilſt all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take, or kill.
This *Hudibras* obſerv'd; and fretting,
Conqueſt ſhou'd be ſo long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow.
But *Talgol* wiſely avoided it
By cunning ſleight; for had it hit,
The upper part of him, the blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him *Ralph* encounter'd, and ſtraight grew
A diſmal combat 'twixt them too:
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruiſe, and that for blood.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang;
While none that ſaw them cou'd divine
To which ſide conqueſt would incline,
Until *Magnano*, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many men vie,
By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thiſtles grew on barren ground,
In haſte he drew his weapon out,
And having cropp'd them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of ſteed, with pricks as ſharp as nail.
The angry beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The wrong done to his fundament;
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſengage from thiſtle
That gall'd him ſorely under his tail;
Inſtead of which, he threw the pack
Of *ſquire* and baggage from his back;
And blund'ring ſtill with ſmarting rump,
He gave the knight's ſteed ſuch a thump
As made him reel. The *knight* did ſtoop,
And ſat on further ſide a-ſlope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By ſleight eſcap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with ſuch might and ſtrength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And daſh'd his brains (if any) out;
But *Mars*, that ſtill protects the ſtout,

In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *bear* convey'd;
The *bear*, upon whoſe ſoft fur-gown
The *knight* with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preſerv'd the ground,
And headlong *knight*, from bruiſe or wound:
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As *Sancho* on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, tho' his mighty ſpirit,
B'ing heavy, did not ſo well bear it.
The *bear* was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worſted by the *knight*.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake off bondage from his ſnout.
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in ſtranger poſtures threw him,
And more than herald ever drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had ſav'd
From ſquelch of *knight*, and ſtorm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, becauſe the harms
He felt were 'gainſt the *law of arms*:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him:
It griev'd him to the guts, that they
For whom h' had fought ſo many a fray,
And ſerv'd with loſs of blood ſo long,
Shou'd offer ſuch inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unſoldier-like condition;
For which he flung down his commiſſion;
And laid about him, till his noſe
From thrall of ring and cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Thro' thickeſt of his foes he charg'd,
And made way thro' th' amazed crew,
Some he o'er-ran, and ſome o'erthrew,

But took none; for by haſty flight
He ſtrove t' eſcape purſuit of *knight:*
From whom he fled with as much haſte,
And dread, as he the rabble chas'd.
In haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his fear a ſev'ral way.
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,
Tho' beaten down, and wounded ſore,
I' th' fiddle, and a leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of bone;
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He ſpying *Hudibras* lie ſtrew'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, ſuppoſed wound,
And loſs of urine, in a ſwound,
In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the *Knight;*
For getting up on ſtump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of *crowd* and ſkin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T' adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and had got up
Upon his legs with ſprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching *Knight* from fell muſician.
He ſnatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his ſteed,
(As rats do from a falling houſe),
To hide itſelf from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue *Knight* from black and blue.
Which ere he cou'd atchieve, his ſconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;

And now 'twas rais'd to ſmite agen,
When *Ralpho* thruſt himſelf between.
He took the blow upon his arm,
To ſhield the *Knight* from further harm;
And joining wrath and force, beſtow'd
On th' wooden member ſuch a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
And ſetting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus ſpoke: What *deſp'rate frenzy*
Made thee (thou whelp of ſin) to fancy
Thyſelf and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy curſhip
'Gainſt arms, authority, and worſhip?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Tho' all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows, as that of wood?
Cou'd not the whipping-poſt prevail
With all its rhet'rick, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying ſcourge thy ſkin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou ſhalt——but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And ſet him on his bum upright:
To rouze him from lethargick dump,
He tweak'd his noſe, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breaſt, as if 't had been
To raiſe the ſpirits lodg'd within.
They, waken'd with the noiſe, did fly
From inward room, to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the caſement,
Look'd out, but yet with ſome amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the *Knight*: Quoth he,
Tweaking his noſe, You are, great ſir,
A *ſelf-denying* conqueror;

As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the churches yet,
If you will give yourſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthineſs, is fled,
All, ſave *Crowdero*, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd *cauſe* undertake:
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be diſpos'd, as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or ſale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail.
For one wink of your pow'rful eye
Muſt ſentence him to live or die.
His fiddle is your proper purchaſe,
Won in the ſervice of the *churches*;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a *crowd*.
For tho' ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt title on the conqueror;
Tho' *diſpenſations* were not ſtrong
Concluſions, whether right or wrong;
Altho' *out-goings* did confirm,
And *owning* were but a meer term:
Yet as the *wicked* have no *right*
To th' creature, tho' uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the *ſaint*,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain 't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horſes, whores and dice,
Their riots, revels, maſks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, paraſites;
All which the *ſaints* have *title to*,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from 'em is no more
Than what was ours by right before.
For we are their true *landlords* ſtill,
And they our *tenants* but at will.
At this the *Knight* began to rouze,
And by degrees grow valorous.

He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his foes remain, but one,
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great ſir, quoth he, your mighty ſpirit
Is rais'd too high; this ſlave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'neſs, ſooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his deſtruction: I, that am
A nothingneſs in deed and name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit carcaſe,
Or ill intreat his fiddle or caſe;
Will you, great ſir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conqu'ring ſword,
To break a fiddle and your word?
For tho' I fought, and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great commanders always own
What's proſperous by the ſoldier done.
To ſave, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will;
And that your will and pow'r have leſs
Than both might have of ſelfiſhneſs.
This pow'r which, now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead
Wou'd no more keep the ſlave in awe,
Than if you were a knight of ſtraw:
For death wou'd then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you;
'Twere policy and honour too,
To do as you reſolv'd to do:
But, ſir, 'twou'd wrong your valour much,
To ſay it needs, or fears a crutch.

Great conqu'rors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than ſlain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greateſt fame
Of cripple ſlain can be but lame.
One half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one ſide light,
As worſhip did when y' were dubb'd *Knight*.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him priſoner of war;
And let him faſt in bonds abide,
At *court of juſtice* to be try'd;
Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his ſafety:
If any member there diſlike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will ſave or yield,
Revenge or fright, it is *reveal'd*;
Tho' he has quarter, ne'ertheleſs
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe:
This has been often done by ſome
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom;
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe juſtice, and to ſome *reveal'd*.
For words and promiſes, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like *Samſon's* cuffs, tho' by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the *cauſe*,
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call juſt,
The *cauſe* would quickly fall to duſt.
This we among ourſelves may ſpeak;
But to the *wicked* or the *weak*,
We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, ſuch as theſe are.
This ſaid, the high, outrageous mettle
Of *knight* began to cool and ſettle.

He lik'd the *ſquire*'s advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the bus'neſs done:
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and uſe
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an *oath* before,
Ne'er to bear arms againſt him more.
Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſte,
And having ty'd *Crowdero* faſt,
He gave Sir *Knight* the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his ſword
In triumph, whilſt the ſteeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.
The *ſquire* in ſtate rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy *fiddle* and the *caſe*,
Leaning on ſhoulder like a mace.
The *knight* himſelf did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his ſide;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat againſt the tide and wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march'd on,
Until quite thro' the town th' had gone;
At further end of which there ſtands
An ancient caſtle that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You ſhall not ſee one ſtone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'rful ſpell
Of magick made impregnable;
There's neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeons ſcarce three inches wide;
With roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lie or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the middle-leg in priſon;
In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of ſubtile air and wind;

Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous *knight*
And bold ſquire from their ſteeds alight,
At th' outward wall, near which there ſtands
A baſtile, built t' impriſon hands,
By ſtrange enchantment made to fetter
The leſſer parts, and free the greater;
For tho' the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are faſt enough.
And when a circle 'bout the wriſt
Is made by beadle exorciſt,
The body feels the ſpur and ſwitch,
As if 'twere ridden poſt by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er ſtirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a ſpire,
On which Sir *Knight* firſt bids the *ſquire*,
The *fiddle*, and its ſpoils, the *caſe*,
In manner of a trophy, place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in penſive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the ſurvivor of his feet:
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of knighthood, they releaſe;
Tho' a *delinquent* falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a ſtranger he's enlarged;
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up faſt in priſon for't.
So juſtice, while ſhe winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence ſometimes.

HUDIBRAS.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD CANTO.

The ſcatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the knight *does ſally,*
And is made pris'ner: Then they ſeize
Th' inchanted fort by ſtorm, releaſe
Crowdero, *and put the* ſquire *in's place;*
I ſhould have firſt ſaid Hudibras.

CANTO III.

AY me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy miſchiefs and miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with after-claps!
For tho' dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may ſing or ſay,
I' th' ditty call'd, *What if a day:*
For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop;
Thinking h' had done enough to purchaſe
Thankſgiving-day among the *churches;*
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by *holder-forth*,
And regiſter'd by Fame eternal,
In deathleſs pages of *diurnal:*

Found in few minutes, to his coſt,
He did but *count without his hoſt;*
And that a *turn-ſtile* is more certain,
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd, by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of *knight* and *bear*,
(All but the dogs, who in purſuit
Of the *knight*'s victory ſtood to't,
And moſt ignobly fought, to get
The honour of his blood and ſweat)
Seeing the coſt was free and clear
O' th' conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time the routed *bear*,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to Fortune, and with haſte
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd;
Retiring ſtill, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the ground;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior ſtout and politick;
Until, in ſpight of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a paſs, to hold diſpute
On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But ſtill their numbers ſo increas'd,
He found himſelf at length oppreſs'd,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,

That

That he reſolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his hide and carcaſe at
A price as high and deſperate
As e'er he could. This reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The enemy, i' th' greateſt throng:
But what cou'd ſingle valour do,
Againſt ſo numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were ſuch.
But one, againſt a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was ſuddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight againſt a foe ſo great;
For now the maſtives, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come:
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And ſetting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himſelf to ſhow how tall
His perſon was above them all.
This equal ſhame and envy ſtirr'd
In th' enemy, that one ſhould beard
So many warriors, and ſo ſtout,
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, ſome in the rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, ſtill laid about:
As *Widdrington*, in doleful dumps,
Is ſaid to fight upon his ſtumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon*, in the nick,
To reſcue him had not been quick:

For *Trulla*, who was light of foot,
As ſhafts which long-field *Parthians* ſhoot,
(But not ſo light, as to be born
Upon the ears of ſtanding corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their ſtaves they liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the martial throng:
There pitying the vanquiſh'd *bear*,
She call'd to *Cerdon*, who ſtood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *hum-drum*,
And ſee ſtout *Bruin*, all alone,
By numbers baſely overthrown?
Such feats already h' has atchiev'd,
In ſtory not to be believ'd;
And 'twould to us be ſhame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him,
But then we muſt about it ſtraight,
Or elſe our aid will come too late;
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground;
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail about, and ſtraight begun,
As if *the devil drove*, to run.
Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where *Bruin*
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conqu'ring foe they ſoon aſſail'd,
Firſt *Trulla* ſtav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
Until their maſtiffs loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,

The

134 *Firſt* Trulla *ſtav'd*, &c.] *Staving* and *tailing* are terms of art uſed in the *Bear Garden*, and ſignify there only the parting of *dogs* and *bears*.

The worſted *bear* came off with ſtore
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as *Achilles*, dipt in pond,
Was *anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
Made proof againſt dead-doing ſteel
All over, but the Pagan heel:
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter loſt a leathern parcel:
For as an *Auſtrian Archduke* once
Had one ear (which in *ducatoons*
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Cloſe to his head; ſo *Bruin* far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other ſide,
Like ſcriv'ner newly crucify'd:
Or like the late corrected leathern
Ears of the *circumciſed brethren*.
But gentle *Trulla*, into th' ring
He wore in 's noſe, convey'd a ſtring,
With which ſhe march'd before, and led
The warrior to a graſſy bed,
As authors write, in a cool ſhade,
Which eglantine and roſes made;
Cloſe by a ſoftly murm'ring ſtream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a ſong,
And a well-tun'd *theorbo* hung
Upon a bough, to eaſe the pain
His tugg'd ears ſuffer'd; with a ſtrain
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great leader, and the reſt.
For *Orſin* (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his ground

154 *Circumciſed brethren.*] *Pryn*, *Baſtwick*, and *Burton*, who laid down their ears as proxies for their profeſſion of the godly party, not long after maintained their right and title to the pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who firſt of all took poſſeſſion of it in their names.

In ſtanding fight, than for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſu'd the chace;
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of heart, and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his *bear* purſu'd
So baſely by a multitude;
And like to fall, not by the proweſs,
But numbers of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout *Hercules* for loſs of *Hylas*;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his ſad regret,
He beat his breaſt, and tore his hair,
For loſs of his dear crony *bear*:
That eccho, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall poets ſplay-foot rhimes,
That make her, in their rueful ſtories,
To anſwer to int'rogatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows:
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked *Bruin*,
Art thou fled to my—eccho, *ruin?*
I thought th' hadſt ſcorn'd to budge a ſtep,
For fear. (Quoth Eccho) *Marry guep.*
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quell'd thy ſtubborn heart?
Have theſe bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear ſake. (Quoth ſhe) *Mum budget.*
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i' th' diſh,
Thou turn'dſt thy back? Quoth Eccho, *Piſh.*
To run from thoſe th' hadſt overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Eccho, *Mum.*

But

But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou haſt no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet ſhame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grudge to ſpend his blood in
His honour's cauſe? Quoth ſhe, *A puddin.*
This ſaid, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly ſtomach burn'd;
Thirſt of revenge and wrath, in place
Of ſorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd, the authors of his wo
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with their bones and fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd, and his *bear.*
This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And rage he haſted to proceed
To action ſtraight; and, giving o'er
To ſearch for *Bruin* any more,
He went in queſt of *Hudibras,*
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But ſcarce had he a furlong on
This reſolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom *Hudibras* did late ſubdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt and ſhame,
Did equally their breaſts inflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol,* foe to *Hudibras;*
Cerdon and *Colon,* warriors ſtout,
And reſolute, as ever fought:
Whom furious *Orſin* thus beſpoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus baſely brook
The vile affront that paltry aſs,
And feeble *ſcoundrel, Hudibras,*
With that more paltry *ragamuffin,*
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,

Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th' had routed us in battle?
For my part, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
I for the waſhing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' raſcals, but loſs of my *bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether thoſe fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my ſkill can foretel;
Nor do I *know* what is become
Of him, *more than the Pope of* Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it (as I ſhall no doubt,
Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work;
And wiſh that they had rather dar'd
To *pull the devil by the beard.*
Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orſin*, th' haſt
Great reaſon to do as thou ſay'ſt,
And ſo has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou haſt, or thy *bear*:
Others may do as they ſee good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur;
And th' other mungrel vermin, *Ralph*,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy bear is ſafe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
Myſelf and *Trulla* made a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's ſafe enough:
There let him reſt; for if we ſtay,
The ſlaves may hap to get away.
This ſaid, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the ſame deſign:
And forthwith put themſelves in ſearch
Of *Hudibras* upon their march,

Where leave we them a while to tell
What the victorious *knight* befel:
For ſuch, *Crowdero* being faſt
In dungeon ſhut, we left him laſt.
Triumphant laurels ſeem'd to grow
Nowhere ſo green as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring caſtle by,
To reſt his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruiſe
He got in fight, *reds*, *blacks*, and *blues*,
To mollify th' uneaſy pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang,
Which b'ing by ſkilful midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.
But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
On th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his ſtand
Upon a widow's jointure land,
(For he, in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the *knight*;
The ſhaft againſt a rib did glance,
And gall'd him in the *purtenance*.
But time had ſomewhat 'ſwag'd his pain,
After he found his ſuit in vain.
For that proud dame, for whom his ſoul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly that ſo oft did ake,
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging comfits and ants eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe *raſcallion*,
That old *Pig*--- (what d' y' call him) *malion*,

That

328 *That old*, &c.] *Pygmalion*, King of *Tyre*, who, poets ſay, was puniſhed for the hatred he bore to women, with the love he had to a ſtatue.

That cut his miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard a hearted one.
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks,
Worſe than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd freak ſhe had,
As inſolent, as ſtrange and mad;
She could love none but only ſuch
As ſcorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a ſtrange riddle of a lady,
Not love, if any lov'd her: hey day!
So cowards never uſe their might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight:
So ſome diſeaſes have been found
Only to ſeize upon the ſound.
He, that gets her by heart, muſt ſay her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.
Meanwhile, the *knight* had no ſmall taſk
To compaſs what he durſt not aſk:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her *ignorance* is his *devotion:*
Like caitiff vile, that for miſdeed
Rides with his face to rump of ſteed,
Or rowing ſcull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move.
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he ſeize upon the coney:
Juſt ſo does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her ſubtle ſnout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which ſhe return'd with too much ſcorn,
To be by man of honour born:
Yet much he bore, until the diſtreſs
He ſuffer'd from his ſpiteful miſtreſs
Did ſtir his ſtomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her diſdain,
Turn'd to regret, ſo reſolute,
That he reſolv'd to wave his ſuit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in ſight.

This

This reſolution b'ing put on,
He kept ſome months, and more had done:
But being brought ſo nigh by fate,
The victory he achiev'd ſo late
Did ſet his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to diſcontinu'd hope,
That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her:
Theſe reaſons made his mouth to water
With am'rous longings to be at her.
Quoth he unto himſelf, Who knows
But this brave conqueſt o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?
If nothing can oppugn love,
And virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'ſt valour too and wit,
Two things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour's a mouſe-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in.
Then, *Hudibras*, why ſhould'ſt thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror?
Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miſcarry.
Then while the honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.
Such thoughts as theſe the *knight* did keep,
More than his bangs or fleas, from ſleep.
And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouſe creeping in the corn,
Sits ſtill, and ſhuts his round blue eyes,
As if he ſlept, until he ſpies
The little beaſt within his reach,
Then ſtarts, and ſeizes on the wretch:

So from his couch the *knight* did ſtart,
To ſeize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with haſty tone, and hoarſe,
Ralpho, diſpatch, To horſe, to horſe!
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to ſeek him out,
By ſpeedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort, where he eſconc'd:
And all th' avenues had poſſeſt
About the place, from eaſt to weſt.
That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where t' aſſault:
Then call'd a council, which was beſt,
By ſiege or onſlaught, to inveſt
The enemy; and 'twas agreed,
By ſtorm and onſlaught to proceed.
This b'ing reſolv'd, in comely ſort
They now drew up t'attack the fort;
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another-gate's adventure,
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching ſtorm.
Whether dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a danger,
To which he was an utter ſtranger;
That foreſight might, or might not blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his ſhame it might be ſaid,
They took him napping in his bed;
To them we leave it to expound
That deal in ſciences profound.
His courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
When ſetting ope the poſtern gate,
Which they thought beſt to ſally at,
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold *knight*,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected ſight;

The bruiſes of his bones and fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh:
Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was ſoon converted to rage,
And thus he ſpoke: The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears
As if they had outrun their fears;
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat:
And to their wills we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the ſame numerick crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue;
The ſelf-ſame individuals, that
Did run as mice do from a cat,
When we courageouſly did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory: And when
We ſhall our ſhining blades agen
Brandiſh in terror o'er our heads,
They'll ſtrait reſume their wonted dreads:
Fear is an ague, that forſakes
And haunts, by fits, thoſe whom it takes:
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
This ſaid, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his *miſtreſs'* name.
His piſtol next he cock'd a-new,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew:
And, placing *Ralpho* in the front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the brunt;
As expert warriors uſe: Then ply'd
With iron heel his courſer's ſide,
Conveying ſympathetick ſpeed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of ſteed.
Mean while the foe, with equal rage
And ſpeed, advancing to engage,

Both parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handy-blows:
When *Orſin* firſt let fly a ſtone
At *Ralpho;* not ſo huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have ſent him to another world,
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which *ſaints twice dipt* are deſtin'd to.
The danger ſtartled the bold *ſquire,*
And made him ſome few ſteps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,
And rouz'd his ſpirits half diſmay'd.
He wiſely doubting leſt the ſhot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a diſtance gall, preſs'd cloſe,
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And, that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breaſt to breaſt he had got nigher;
As expert warriors uſe to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous *Knight,*
Moſt ſoldier-like, obſerv'd in fight,
When Fortune (as ſhe's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to ſtickle.
The more ſhame for her *goody-ſhip,*
To give ſo near a friend the ſlip.
For *Colon,* chuſing out a ſtone,
Levell'd ſo right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch, with ſuch a force,
As almoſt beat him off his horſe.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein;
But, laying faſt hold on the mane,
Preſerv'd his ſeat: And as a gooſe
In death contracts his talons cloſe;
So did the *Knight,* and with one claw
The tricker of his piſtol draw.

The gun went off: And, as it was
Still fatal to ſtout *Hudibras*,
In all his feats of arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it, to proſper beſt;
So now he far'd: The ſhot let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd *Talgol*'s gaberdine, and grazing
Upon his ſhoulder, in the paſſing,
Lodg'd in *Magnano*'s braſs habergeon,
Who ſtrait *A ſurgeon* cry'd, *A ſurgeon!*
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did *Murther, murther, murther*, yell.
This ſtartled their whole body ſo,
That if the *Knight* had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won (the ſecond time) the fight;
As, if the *ſquire* had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done:
But he, diverted with the care
Of *Hudibras* his hurt, forbare
To preſs th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
In cloſe encounter, they both wag'd
The fight ſo well, 'twas hard to ſay
Which ſide was like to get the day.
And now the buſy work of death
Had tir'd them ſo, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the fight;
When the diſaſter of the *Knight*
And th' other party did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part,
Ralpho preſs'd up to *Hudibras*,
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;
Each ſtriving to confirm his party
With ſtout encouragements, and hearty.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant ſir,
And let revenge and honour ſtir
Your ſpirits up; once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd foe begins to run:

For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your victory, as ſubdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a ſoldier
Had fled like crows when they ſmell powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your ſword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their ſpirits, now diſmay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play
Than yet y' have had, to get the day.
Thus ſpoke the ſtout *ſquire*; but was heard
By *Hudibras* with ſmall regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than *Ralph*'s harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy counſel comes too late.
The clotted blood within my hoſe,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal *criſis* doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Reſolv'd to pull my ſtomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound
Or trivial baſting, to deſpond:
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an hon'rable retreat;
'Twere the beſt courſe: But if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to ſeize on; the diſhonour,
And danger too, is ſuch, I'll ſooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them ſee I am no ſtarter.
In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:

For

For thoſe that run away, and fly,
Take place at leaſt of th' enemy.
This ſaid, the *ſquire* with active ſpeed
Diſmounted from his bonny ſteed.
To ſeize the arms, which by miſchance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a trance.
Theſe being found out, and reſtor'd
To *Hudibras*, their nat'ral lord,
As a man may ſay, with might and main
He haſted to get up again.
Thrice he aſſay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, till having found
Th' advantage of the riſing ground,
Thither he led his warlike ſteed,
And having plac'd him right, with ſpeed
Prepar'd again to ſcale the beaſt:
When *Orſin*, who had newly dreſt
The bloody ſcar upon the ſhoulder
Of *Talgol*, with *Promethean* powder,
And now was ſearching for the ſhot
That laid *Magnano* on the ſpot,
Beheld the ſturdy *ſquire* aforeſaid
Preparing to climb up his horſe-ſide:
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold,
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole,
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.
This ſaid, like to a thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' aſſault,
Striving the enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horſe's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beaſt with active vau'ting,
Wrigling his body to recover
His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over;
When *Orſin*, ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On horſe and man ſo heavy a load,

The beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *ſquire* like a ſack,
Or ſtout King *Richard*, on his back:
'Till ſtumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſwoon.
Mean while the *knight* began to rouſe
The ſparkles of his wonted proweſs:
He thruſt his hand into his hoſe,
And found, both by his eyes and noſe,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *ſquire*,
Inflam'd him with deſpiteful ire:
Courageouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other piſtol out;
And now had half way bent the cock,
When *Cerdon* gave ſo fierce a ſhock,
With ſturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm:
Then ſtoutly preſſing on with ſpeed,
Aſſay'd to pull him off his ſteed.
The *knight* his ſword had only left,
With which he *Cerdon*'s head had cleft,
Or at the leaſt cropp'd off a limb,
But *Orſin* came, and reſcu'd him.
He with his lance attack'd the *knight*
Upon his quarters oppoſite,
But as a barque, that in foul weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:
So far'd the *knight* between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppoſe;
'Till *Orſin*, charging with his lance
At *Hudibras*, by ſpiteful chance
Hit *Cerdon* ſuch a bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the *knight* began to chear up,
And raiſing up himſelf on ſtirrup,

Cry'd

Cry'd out, *Victoria:* Lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtrait diſpatch another,
To bear thee company in death:
But firſt I'll halt a while, and breath.
As well he might; for *Orſin*, griev'd
At th' wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Mean while the *knight* had wheel'd about,
To breathe himſelf, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where beſt
He might the ruffled foe infeſt.
This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his ſteed,
To run at *Orſin* with full ſpeed,
While he was buſy in the care
Of *Cerdon*'s wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy:
And, ſeeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and ſtood upon his guard.
Then, like a warrior right expert
And ſkilful in the martial art,
The ſubtle *knight* ſtraight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the *ſquire*,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occaſion ſhould invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his bum himſelf advanc'd,
Tho' ſorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
With ruthleſs bangs were ſtiff and ſore:
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.
Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won,
The foe is profligate and run;

I mean, all ſuch as can; for ſome
This hand hath ſent to their long home;
And ſome ly ſprauling on the ground,
With many a gaſh and bloody wound.
Cæſar himſelf could never ſay
He got two vict'ries in a day,
As I have done, that can ſay, Twice I
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici.*
The foe's ſo numerous, that we
Cannot ſo often *vincere*,
As they *perire*, and yet enow
Be left to ſtrike an after-blow:
Then, leſt they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'neſs o'er,
Get up and mount thy ſteed, diſpatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth *Ralph*, I ſhould not, if I were
In caſe for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arſe, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got theſe harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of ſtrength: Unleſs you ſtoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I ſhall lie here, and be a prey
To thoſe who now are run away.
That thou ſhalt not (quoth *Hudibras;*)
We read, the ancients held it was
More honourable far, *ſervare*
Civem, than ſlay an adverſary:
The one we oft to day have done;
The other ſhall diſpatch anon:
And tho' th' art of a diff'rent church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This ſaid, he jogg'd his good ſteed nigher,
And ſteer'd him gently tow'rd the *ſquire;*
Then bowing down his body, ſtretch'd
His hand out, and at *Ralpho* reach'd;

When

When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightening behind.
She had been long in ſearch about
Magnano's wound, to find it out;
But could find none, nor where the ſhot,
That had ſo ſtartled him, was got.
But having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own work at laſt,
The pillage of the priſoners,
Which in all feats of arms was her's.
And now to plunder *Ralph* ſhe flew,
When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew
To ſuccour him; for, as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a load
Of blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On t' other ſide, that down he fell.
Yield, *ſcoundrel* baſe, (quoth ſhe), or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty:
But if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy,
To try thy fortune o'er a-freſh,
I'll wave my title to thy fleſh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right;
And if thou haſt the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyſelf a while,
And once more, for that carcaſe vile,
Fight upon tick—Quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word.
Firſt let me riſe, and take my ſword;
That ſword which has ſo oft this day
Thro' ſquadrons of my foes made way,
And ſome to other worlds diſpatch'd,
Now, with a feeble ſpinſter match'd,
Will bluſh with blood ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Conſider, whilſt thou may'ſt, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial force:

For if with conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor grace
By law of arms in ſuch a caſe;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I ſcorn (quoth ſhe) thou coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his ſpeech)
Quarter, or counſel from a foe;
If thou can'ſt force me to it, do.
But leſt it ſhould again be ſaid,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
This ſaid, ſhe to her tackle fell,
And on the *knight* let fall a peal
Of blows ſo fierce, and preſs'd ſo home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.
Stand to't (quoth ſhe) or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting *arſie-verſie*
Shall ſerve thy turn—This ſtirr'd his ſpleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Altho' th' already made him reel:
Honour, deſpite, revenge and ſhame,
At once into his ſtomach came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick.
But ſhe upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury,
Which long ſhe fail'd not of, for now
The *knight* with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſlight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,

As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground.
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,
But in ſhe flew; and ſeconding
With home-made thruſt the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide;
And mounting on his trunk a-ſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe ſcum.
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And ſtain thine honour, than thy ſword?
A man of war to damn his ſoul
In baſely breaking his parole!
And when before the fight, th' had'ſt vow'd
To give no quarter, in cold blood:
Now thou haſt got me for a *tartar*,
To make me 'gainſt my will take quarter,
Why doſt not put me to the ſword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth *Hudibras*, The day's thine own;
Thou and thy ſtars have caſt me down:
My laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conqu'ring brow:
My loſs of honour's great enough,
Thou need'ſt not brand it with a ſcoff:
Sarcaſms may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illuſtrious
For being benign, and not bluſtrous
Againſt a vanquiſh'd foe; their ſwords
Were ſharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courteſies about.
Quoth ſhe, Altho' thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe *ſlubberdegullion*, to be ſerv'd
As thou did'ſt vow to deal with me,
If thou had'ſt got the victory;

Yet

Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my fame, than thy deſert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beſide
All that's on th' outſide of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not 'bate one ſtraw:
The reſt, thy life and limbs, once more,
Tho' doubly forfeit, I reſtore.
Quoth *Hudibras*, It is too late
For me to treat, or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt, I muſt obey.
Yet thoſe whom I expugn'd to day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too;
Both *dogs* and *bear*, upon their parole,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.
Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into *Lob's pound*,
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy carcaſe ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchang'd for him.
This ſaid, the *knight* did ſtraight ſubmit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he diſrob'd his gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and forthwith diveſting
The mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o'er his ſturdy back.
And as the *French* we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers;

Juſt

924 *Pantaloons*, &c.] *Pantaloons* and *port-cannons*, were ſome of the fantaſtick faſhions, wherein we aped the *French*.

Juſt ſo the proud inſulting laſs
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.
Meanwhile, the other champions, yerſt
In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when *Trulla* won the day,
To ſhare in th' honour and the prey,
And out of *Hudibras* his hide,
With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden ſhow'r.
But *Trulla* thruſt herſelf between,
And, ſtriding o'er his back agen,
She brandiſh'd o'er her head his ſword,
And vow'd they ſhou'd not break her word;
Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs ſhou'd make that quarter good.
For ſhe was bound by law of arms
To ſee him ſafe from further harms.
In dungeon deep *Crowdero* caſt
By *Hudibras*, as yet lay faſt;
Where, to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones,
His great heart made perpetual moans:
Him ſhe reſolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ranſom, and ſupply his place.
This ſtopp'd their fury, and the baſting
Which toward *Hudibras* was haſting.
They thought it was but juſt and right,
That what ſhe had atchiev'd in fight
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The *knight* and *ſquire* firſt they made
Riſe from the ground where they were laid;
Then mounted both upon their horſes,
But with their *faces* to the *arſes*:
Orſin led *Hudibras*'s beaſt,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* preſt;

Whom ſtout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*,
And *Colon* waited as a guard on;
All uſh'ring *Trulla* in the rear,
With th' arms of either priſoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themſelves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' *inchanted caſtle*,
Where ſtout *Crowdero* in durance lay ſtill.
Thither with greater ſpeed, than ſhows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do uſe t' allow, or than the *bears*,
Or *pageants* born before *Lord-mayors*
Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd
In order, ſoldier-like contriv'd;
Still marching in a warlike poſture,
As fit for battle as for muſter.
The *knight* and *ſquire* they firſt unhorſe,
And, bending 'gainſt the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *magical redoubt*.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter;
For he was ſkilful in *black art*,
No leſs than he that built the fort;
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which ſtrait all enter'd at;
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his *fiddle* and his *caſe*,
And liberty, his thirſty rage
With luſcious vengeance to aſſwage:
For he no ſooner was at large,
But *Trulla* ſtrait brought on the charge,
And in the ſelf-ſame *limbo* put
The *knight* and *ſquire*, where he was ſhut.
Where leaving them in *Hockley i' th' Hole*,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted manſion to know ſorrow,

In

In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.
But *Hudibras*, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To fortune, or be ſaid to droop;
Chear'd up himſelf with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, *ſui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not reſtraint or liberty,
That makes men priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The mind, or æquanimities.
The whole world was not half ſo wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a narrow paltry tub to
Diogenes; who is not ſaid
(For ought that ever I cou'd read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and ſob,
Becauſe h' had ne'er another *tub*.
The ancients make two ſev'ral kinds
Of proweſs in heroic minds,
The *active*, and the *paſſive* valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
For both, to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are æqui-neceſſary:
But in defeats, the *paſſive* ſtout
Are always found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſp'rately, and to out-do
The *active*, 'gainſt a conqu'ring foe.
Tho' we with blacks and blues are ſuggill'd,
Or, as the vulgar ſay, are *cudgell'd*:
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can loſe no honour by't.
Honour's a *leaſe for lives to come*,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'Tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battel.

If he, that in the field is ſlain,
Be in the *bed of honour* lain,
He that is beaten may be ſaid
To lie in honour's *truckle-bed.*
For as we ſee th' eclipſed ſun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He ſhines in ſerene ſky moſt bright:
So valour, in a low eſtate,
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.
Quoth *Ralph*, How great, I do not know,
We may by being beaten grow;
But none, that ſee how here we ſit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As *gifted brethren*, preaching by
A *carnal hour-glaſs*, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to ſay,
But not how much; ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who, without a *cap* and *bauble*,
Having ſubdu'd a *bear* and *rabble*,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a ſecond proof?
A politick exploit, right fit
For *presbyterian zeal* and *wit.*
Quoth *Hudibras*, That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'ſt upon:
When thou at any thing would'ſt rail,
Thou mak'ſt *presbytery* thy ſcale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane:
Whats'ever will not with *(thy what d'ye call)*
Thy *light*, jump right, thou call'ſt *ſynodical;*
As if *presbytery* were a ſtandard,
To ſize whats'ever's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this day,
Thou to my beard waſt bold to ſay,
That thou cou'dſt prove *bear-baiting* equal
With *ſynods*, orthodox and legal?

Do,

Do, if thou can'ſt, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy *light*.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any *guts in's brains*,
And cou'd believe it worth his pains.
But, ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.
Synods are myſtical *bear-gardens*,
Where *elders*, *deputies*, *church-wardens*,
And other members of the court,
Manage the *Babyloniſh* ſport;
For *prolocutor*, *ſcribe*, and *bear-ward*,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but ſev'ral ſynagogues
Of *carnal men*, and *bears* and *dogs*:
Both *antichriſtian aſſemblies*,
To miſchief bent as far's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with men, the other beaſts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but *bears* in this,
In th' other, *ſouls* and *conſciences*;
Where *ſaints* themſelves are brought to ſtake
For *goſpel-light*, and *conſcience* ſake;
Expos'd to *ſcribes* and *preſbyters*,
Inſtead of *maſtive dogs* and *curs*;
Than whom th' have leſs humanity,
For theſe at ſouls of men will fly.
This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a *viſion* ſaw a *bear*,
Preſiguring the beaſtly rage
Of *church-rule*, in this latter age:
As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the *Pope's bull*.
Bears nat'rally are beaſts of prey,
That live by rapine; ſo do they.

1122] A learned divine in King *James*'s time, wrote a polemick work againſt the Pope, and gave it that unlucky nickname of *The Pope's Bull baited*.

What are their *orders*, *conſtitutions*,
Church-cenſures, *curſes*, *abſolutions*,
But ſev'ral myſtic chains they make,
To tie poor chriſtians to the ſtake,
And then ſet heathen *officers*,
Inſtead of *dogs*, about their ears?
For, to prohibit and diſpenſe,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heaven to diſpoſe,
To play with ſouls at faſt and looſe;
To ſet what characters they pleaſe,
And mulcts on ſin or godlineſs;
Reduce the church to *goſpel-order*,
By *rapine*, *ſacrilege*, and *murder*;
To make *preſbytery* ſupreme,
And *Kings* themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all people, tho' againſt
Their *conſciences*, to turn *ſaints*,
Muſt prove a pretty thriving trade,
When *ſaints* monopoliſts are made.
When *pious* frauds and *holy* ſhifts
Are *diſpenſations* and *giſts*,
Their *godlineſs* becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry *ſynod* but a fair.
Synods are whelps of th' *inquiſition*,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
And, growing up, became the fires
Of *ſcribes*, *commiſſioners*, and *triers*;
Whoſe bus'neſs is, by cunning ſlight,
To caſt a figure for men's *light*;
To find, in lines of beard and face,
The phyſiognomy of *grace*;
And by the ſound of *twang* of *noſe*,
If all be ſound within, diſcloſe;
Free from a crack or flaw of ſinning,
As men try *pipkins* by the ringing;
By *black caps* underlaid with *white*,
Give certain gueſs at inward *light*,
Which *ſerjeants at the goſpel* wear,
To make the *ſpiritual calling clear*;

The *handkerchief* about the neck
(Canonical *cravat* of *Smeck*,
From whom the inſtitution came,
When church and ſtate they ſet on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of *ſpiritual warfaring* men.)
Judge rightly if *regeneration*
Be of the *neweſt cut* in faſhion.
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That *grace is founded in dominion.*
Great *piety* conſiſts in pride;
To *rule*, is to be *ſanctify'd:*
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the body and the ſoul,
Is the moſt perfect *diſcipline*
Of church-rule, and by *right divine.*
Bell and the *Dragon*'s chaplains were
More moderate than theſe by far:
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But theſe will not be fobb'd off ſo,
They muſt have wealth and power too;
Or elſe, with blood and deſolation,
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
Sure theſe themſelves from primitive
And heathen prieſthood do derive,
When *butchers* were the only *clerks*,
Elders and *presbyters* of *kirks;*
Whoſe *directory* was to *kill;*
And ſome believe it is ſo ſtill.
The only diff'rence is, that then
They ſlaughter'd only *beaſts*, now *men.*

For

1166 *Canonical* cravat, *&c.*] *Smectymnus* was a club of five Parliamentary holders-forth. They wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a note of diſtinction, which afterwards degenerated into carnal cravats. About the beginning of the long Parliament, in the year 1641, theſe five wrote a book againſt epiſcopacy and the common prayer, to which they all ſubſcribed their names; being *Stephen Marſhall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurſtow*, and from thence they and their followers were called *Smectymnuans.*

For then to ſacrifice a bullock,
Or now and then a child to *Moloch*,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole *nation*.
Presbytery does but tranſlate
The papacy to a *free ſtate*;
A *common-wealth of popery*,
Where ev'ry village is a *ſee*
As well as *Rome*, and muſt maintain
A *tithe-pig metropolitan*;
Where ev'ry *presbyter* and *deacon*
Commands the *keys* for cheeſe and bacon;
And ev'ry hamlet's governed
By's *holineſs*, the *church's head*,
More haughty and ſevere in 's place,
Than *Gregory* or *Boniface*.
Such church muſt (ſurely) be a monſter
With many heads: For if we conſter
What in th' *Apocalypſe* we find,
According to the apoſtle's mind,
'Tis that the *whore of Babylon*
With many heads did ride upon;
Which heads denote the ſinful tribe
Of *deacon*, *prieſt*, *lay-elder*, *ſcribe*.
Lay-elder, *Simeon* to *Levi*,
Whoſe little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And biſhop-ſecular. This zealot
Is of a mungrel, diverſe kind,
Clerick before, and *lay* behind;
A lawleſs *linſie-woolſie brother*,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beaſt, a fiſh in water;
That always preys on grace or ſin;
A ſheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquiſitor has chief
Dominion over mens belief
And manners; can pronounce a *ſaint*
Idolatrous, or ignorant,

When ſuperciliouſly he ſifts
Through coarſeſt boulter others *gifts*.
For all men live and judge amiſs,
Whoſe *talents* jump not juſt with his.
He'll lay on *gifts* with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle *light* and *grace*,
The manufacture of the *kirk*;
Thoſe paſtors are but th' handy-work
Of his mechanick paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling;
From whence they ſtart up *choſen veſſels*,
Made by contact, as men get *meazels*.
So cardinals, they ſay, do grope
At th' other end the new-made *Pope*.
Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *ſoft fire*,
They ſay, *does make ſweet malt*. Good *Squire*,
Feſtina lente, not too faſt;
For *haſte* (the proverb ſays) *makes waſte*.
The quirks and cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon miſtake;
And I ſhall bring you, with your pack
Of *fallacies*, t' *elenchi* back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure, to be underſtood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination,
To leave your *vitilitigation*,

And

1250 *At th' other end*, &c.] This relates to the ſtory of Pope *Joan*, who was called *John* VIII. *Platina* ſaith ſhe was of *Engliſh* extraction, but born at *Mentz*; who, having diſguiſed herſelf like a man, travelled with her paramour to *Athens*, where ſhe made ſuch progreſs in learning, that, coming to *Rome*, ſhe met with few that could equal her; ſo that on the death of Pope *Leo* IV. ſhe was choſen to ſucceed him; but being got with child by one of her domeſticks, her travail came upon her between the *Coloſſian* theatre and St *Clement*'s, as ſhe was going to the *Lateran* church, and died upon the place, having ſat two years, one month, and four days, and was buried there without any pomp. He owns, that for the ſhame of this, the Popes decline going through this ſtreet to the *Lateran*; and that, to avoid the like error, when any Pope is placed in the *porphyry* chair, his genitals are felt by the youngeſt deacon, through a hole made for that purpoſe.

And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue *dialecticõs*.
The queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is, Which is *better*, or which *worſt*,
Synods or *bears*? *Bears* I avow
To be the *worſt*, and *ſynods* thou.
But to make good th' aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt th' are really *all one*.
If ſo, not *worſt*; for if th' are *idem*,
Why then, *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the ſame, by courſe
Neither is *better*, neither *worſe*.
But I deny they are the *ſame*,
More than a *maggot* and I am.
That both are *animalia*,
I grant; but not *rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find;
And can no more make *bears* of theſe,
Than prove my *horſe* is *Socrates*.
That *ſynods* are *bear-gardens* too,
Thou doſt affirm; but I ſay, No:
And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats'ever *aſſembly*'s not impower'd
To *cenſure*, *curſe*, *abſolve*, and *ordain*,
Can be no *ſynod*: But *bear-garden*
Has no ſuch pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none:
And ſo thy ſophiſtry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beſide the queſtion,
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt conteſt on;
For that was, Whether *bears* were *better*
Than *ſynod-men*? I ſay, *Negatur*.
That *bears* are *beaſts*, and *ſynods*, *men*,
Is held by all: They're better then:
For *bears* and *dogs* on *four* legs go,
As *beaſts*; but *ſynod-men* on *two*.
'Tis true, they all have *teeth* and *nails*;
But prove that *ſynod-men* have *tails*;
Or that a rugged, ſhaggy *fur*
Grows o'er the hide of *presbyter*;

Or

Or that his *ſnout* and *ſpacious ears*
Do hold proportion with a *bear*'s.
A *bear*'s a ſavage beaſt, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lickt it into ſhape and frame:
But all thy *light* can ne'er evict,
That ever *ſynod-man* was *lickt*;
Or brought to any other faſhion,
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugn thyſelf and ſenſe; that is,
Thou wouldſt have *preſbyters* to go
For *bears* and *dogs*, and *bear-wards* too:
A ſtrange *chimera* of beaſts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene;
Such as in nature never met
In eodem ſubjecto yet.
Thy other arguments are all
Suppoſures, hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid; which I know when,
And where, thou ſtol'ſt from other men;
(Whereby 'tis plain thy *light* and *gifts*
Are all but plagiary ſhifts;)
And is the ſame that *ranter* ſaid,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard.
The ſelf-ſame cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot diſpute about
This controverſy, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee agen.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuſe
Of *human learning* you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat:

An art t' incumber *gifts* and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes *light* unactive, dull, and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul*'s doublet:
A cheat that ſcholars put upon
Other mens reaſon and their own;
A ſort of error, to enſconce
Abſurdity and ignorance;
That renders all the avenues
To truth, impervious and abſtruſe,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art, perplex'd and intricate:
For nothing goes for ſenſe, or *light*,
That will not with old rules jump right:
As if rules were not in the ſchools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This *Pagan*, *Heatheniſh* invention,
Is good for nothing but contention.
For as in ſword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light:
So when men argue, the great'ſt part
O' th' conteſt falls on terms of art,
Until the fuſtian ſtuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' argument.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou haſt
Out-run the conſtable at laſt:
For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs as untrue,
But to the former oppoſite,
And *contrary as black to white;*
Mere *diſparata;* that concerning
Presbytery, this *human learning;*
Two things ſ' averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit occaſion
T' evince thee by ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in; therefore lets ſtop here,
And reſt our weary'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

HUDIBRAS. PART II.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

The Knight, by damnable magician,
Being caſt illegally in priſon;
Love *brings his action on the caſe,*
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the lady's viſit,
And cunningly ſollicits his ſute,
Which ſhe defers; yet on parole,
Redeems him from th' inchanted hole.

CANTO I.

BUT now, t' obſerve *romantick* method,
Let bloody ſteel a while be ſheathed;
And all thoſe harſh and rugged ſounds
Of baſtinado's, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to love's more gentle ſtyle,
To let our reader breathe a while:
In which that we may be as brief as
Is poſſible, by way of *preface*,
Is't not enough to make one ſtrange,
That ſome mens fancies ſhould ne'er change,

1 *But now, t' obſerve*, &c.] The beginning of this ſecond Part may perhaps ſeem ſtrange and abrupt to thoſe who do not know that it was written on purpoſe, in imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IVth Book of his *Æneids* in the very ſame manner, *At regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to ſatisfy the curioſity of thoſe who believe that invention and fancy ought to be meaſur'd (like caſes in law) by precedents, or elſe they are in the power of the critick.

But make all people do and ſay
The ſame things ſtill the ſelf-ſame way?
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights purſuing like a whirlwind:
Others make all their knights in fits
Of jealouſy to loſe their wits;
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
Some always thrive in their *amours*,
By pulling plaſters off their ſores:
As cripples do to get an alms,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in deſpite
O' *geography*, to change their ſite;
Make former times ſhake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after.
But thoſe that write in *rhyme* ſtill make
The one *verſe* for the other's ſake;
For, one for *ſenſe*, and one for *rhyme*,
I think's ſufficient at one time.
But we forget in what ſad plight
We whilom left the captive *Knight*,
And penſive *ſquire*, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into ſafe cuſtody:
Tir'd with diſpute, and ſpeaking *Latin*,
As well as baſting, and *bear-baiting*,
And deſperate of any courſe,
To free himſelf by wit or force;
His only ſolace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was ſo low,
That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend;
In which he found th' event, no leſs
Than other times, beſide his gueſs.
There is a tall long ſided dame,
(But wondrous light) ycleped *Fame*,
That like a thin *camelion* boards
Herſelf on air, and eats her words:
Upon her ſhoulders wings ſhe wears
Like hanging ſleeves, lin'd thro' with ears,

And eyes, and tongues, as poets liſt,
Made good by deep *mythologiſt*.
With theſe ſhe through the welkin flies,
And ſometimes carries *truth*, oft *lies*;
With letters hung like *eaſtern* pigeons,
And *Mercuries* of fartheſt regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation;
And by their publick uſe to bring down
The rate of *whetſtones* in the kingdom:
About her neck a pacquet-*male*,
Fraught with advice, ſome freſh, ſome ſtale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And *cows* of *monſters* brought to bed;
Of *hailſtones* big as *pullets* eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A *blazing-ſtar* ſeen in the *weſt*
By ſix or ſeven men at leaſt:
Two trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the ſame wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar *authors* name
The one good, th' other evil *fame*.
This tattling *goſſip* knew too well
What miſchief *Hudibras* befel;
And ſtraight the ſpiteful tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd ſo loud,
To ſee *bawds* carted thro' the crowd,
Or funerals with ſtately pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn dump,
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as ſides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe would go ſee the ſight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed *Knight*;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a *goſſip* at his labour;

And from his wooden jail, the ſtocks,
To ſet at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ranſom,
To free him from th' enchanted manſion.
This b'ing reſolv'd, ſhe call'd for hood
And uſher, implements abroad
Which *ladies* wear, beſide a ſlender
Young waiting *damſel* to attend her.
All which appearing, on ſhe went,
To find the *Knight* in *limbo* pent.
And 'twas not long before ſhe found
Him, and his ſtout *ſquire*, in the pound;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By farther leg behind together:
For as he ſat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either ſide;
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted *Ralpho*, cheek by joul:
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle on the ſudden,
As *ſpirits* do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful ſhapes th' appear.
No ſooner did the *Knight* perceive her,
But ſtraight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with diſgrace,
To be ſeen by her in ſuch a place;
Which made him hang his head, and ſcowl,
And wink, and goggle like an owl.
He felt his brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the dame accoſted him:
This place (quoth ſhe) they ſay's enchanted,
And with *delinquent ſpirits* haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere.
Some have miſtaken blocks and poſts
For *ſpectres*, *apparitions*, *ghoſts*,

With saucer eyes, and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum:
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces;
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;
For tho' it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy *knight*,
Howe'er this *goblin* is come by 't.
When *Hudibras* the *lady* heard,
Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour,
Both of the beard, and the beard's owner;
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke: *Lady*, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard's th' identick beard you knew,
The same numerically true:
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.
O heav'ns! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly expreſt.
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?
Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.
Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Tho' yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn,

Than if 'twere prun'd, and ſtarch'd and lander'd,
And cut ſquare by the *Ruſſian* ſtandard.
A torn *beard*'s like a tatter'd enſign;
That's braveſt which there are moſt rents in.
That petticoat about your ſhoulders,
Does not ſo well become a ſoldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worſe handled;
Although, i' th' rear, your beard the van led;
And thoſe uneaſy bruiſes make
My heart for company to ake,
To ſee ſo worſhipful a friend
I' th' pillory ſet, at the wrong end.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This thing call'd *pain*,
Is (as the learn'd *Stoicks* maintain)
Not bad *ſimpliciter*, nor good;
But merely as 'tis underſtood.
Senſe is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other groſs *phænomena*'s,
In which it oft miſtakes the caſe:
But ſince th' immortal intellect
(That's free from error and defect,
Whoſe objects ſtill perſiſt the ſame)
Is free from outward bruiſe or maim,
Which nought external can expoſe
To groſs material bangs or blows;
It follows, we can ne'er be ſure,
Whether we pain or not endure;
And juſt ſo far are ſore and griev'd,
As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion ſtraight;
Others, tho' wounded ſore in reaſon,
Felt no contuſion, nor diſcretion.
A *Saxon* duke did grow ſo fat,
That *mice* (as hiſtories relate)

Eat

205 *A* Saxon *Duke*, &c.] This Hiſtory of the Duke of *Saxony* is not altogether ſo ſtrange as that of a biſhop, his countryman, who was quite eaten up with rats and mice.

Eat grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His poſtick parts, without his feeling:
Then how is 't poſſible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?
Quoth ſhe, I grant it is in vain
For one that's baſted to feel pain,
Becauſe the *pangs* his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet *honour* hurt, is wont to rage
With *pain* no med'cine can aſſuage.
Quoth he, That *honour*'s very ſqueamiſh,
That takes a baſting for a blemiſh;
For what's more hon'rable than *ſcars*,
Or ſkin to tatters rent in *wars*?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a *cudgel*'s of by th' blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A ſhoe be *Spaniſh* or *neat*'s leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With ſome whom they have taught that cunning.
The fartheſt way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the neareſt home:
By *laws* of learned *duelliſts*,
They that are bruis'd with *wood* or *fiſts*,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are *cowards* and *poltroons*:
But if they dare engage t' a ſecond,
They're *ſtout* and *gallant* fellows reckon'd.
Th' old *Romans* freedom did beſtow,
Our *princes* worſhip, with a *blow*:
King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his ſplenetick
And teſty courtiers with a kick.
The *negus*, when ſome mighty *lord*
Or *potentate*'s to be reſtor'd,
And pardon'd for ſome great offence,
With which he's willing to diſpenſe,
Firſt has him laid upon his *belly*,
Then beaten *back* and *ſide* t' a *jelly*;
That done, he riſes, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows;

Departs

Departs not meanly proud, and boaſting
Of his magnificent *rib-roaſting*.
The beaten *ſoldier* proves moſt manful,
That, like his *ſword*, endures the *anvil*;
And juſtly 's held more formidable,
The more his valour's malleable:
But he that fears a *baſtinado*,
Will run away from his own ſhadow:
And tho' I'm now in *durance* faſt,
By our own party baſely caſt,
Ranſom, *exchange*, *parole*, refus'd,
And worſe than by the enemy us'd;
In cloſe *cataſta* ſhut, paſt hope
Of *wit*, or *valour*, to elope:
As *beards*, the nearer that they tend
To th' *earth*, ſtill grow more reverend;
And *cannons* ſhoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their *breeches*:
I'll make this low dejected *ſtate*
Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth ſhe, Y' have almoſt made me in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great *wits* and *valours*, like great *ſtates*,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of *glory*, and of *ſhame*,
Like *eaſt* and *weſt*, become the ſame:
No *Indian prince* has to his *palace*
More foll'wers than a thief to th' *gallows*.
But if a *beating* ſeem ſo brave,
What *glories* muſt a *whipping* have?
Such great *atchievements* cannot fail
To caſt ſalt on a *woman*'s tail:
For if I thought your *nat'ral talent*
Of *paſſive courage* were ſo gallant,
As you ſtrain hard to have it thought,
I could grow *amorous*, and *dote*.
When *Hudibras* this language heard,
He prick'd up's ears, and ſtroak'd his *beard*:

Thought

259] *Cataſta* is but a pair of ſtocks in *Engliſh*.

Thought he, this is the *lucky hour;*
Wines work when *vines* are in the flow'r:
This *criſis* then I'll ſet my reſt on,
And put her boldly to the *queſtion.*
Madam, what you wou'd ſeem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I've been *drubb'd*, and with what *ſpirit*
And *magnanimity*, I bear it:
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll ſtake myſelf down againſt you;
And if I fail in *love* or *troth*,
Be you the *winner*, and take both.
Quoth ſhe, I've heard old cunning *ſtagers*
Say, Fools for *arguments* uſe wagers:
And tho' I prais'd your *valour*, yet
I did not mean to baulk your *wit*,
Which if you have, you muſt needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot *love* where I'm *belov'd.*
Quoth *Hudibras*, 'Tis a *caprich*
Beyond th' inflíction of a *witch;*
So cheats to play with thoſe ſtill aim,
That do not underſtand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique *Roman* urns,
To warm the *dead*, and vainly light
Thoſe only that ſee nothing by 't.
Have you not pow'r to *entertain*,
And render *love* for *love* again;
As no *man* can draw in his *breath*
At once, and force out *air* beneath?
Or do you love yourſelf ſo much,
To bear all *rivals* elſe a grutch?
What *fate* can lay a greater curſe
Than you upon yourſelf would force?
For *wedlock* without *love*, ſome ſay,
Is but a *lock* without a *key.*
It is a kind of *rape* to *marry*
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:

For what does make it *raviſhment*,
But b'ing againſt the *mind's conſent*?
A *rape* that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a *woman*.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To *love* you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But tho' you cannot *love*, you ſay,
Out of your old *fanatick* way,
Why ſhould you not at leaſt allow
Thoſe that *love* you, to do ſo too?
For, as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own *doctrine* taught
To practiſe what you call a *fault*.
Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay is true,
You muſt fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In *love* and *preaching*, that muſt ſway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to *love*,
Is to forbid my *pulſe* to move,
My *beard* to grow, my *ears* to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup:
Command me to piſs out the moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.
Love's pow'r 's too great to be withſtood
By feeble human *fleſh* and *blood*.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The *Hect'ring* kill-cow *Hercules*;
Transform'd his *leager-lion*'s ſkin
T' a *petticoat*, and made him ſpin;
Seiz'd on his *club*, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble *diſtaff*, and a *ſpindle*.
'Twas he that made *emperors* gallants
To their own *ſiſters*, and their *aunts*;
Set *Popes* and *Cardinals* agog,
To play with *pages* at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our *ſenate* purges,
And fluxt the *houſe* of many a *burgeſs*;
Made thoſe that repreſent the *nation*,
Submit, and ſuffer *amputation*;

And all the *grandees* o' th' *cabal*
Adjourn to *tubs*, at *ſpring* and *fall*.
He mounted *ſynod-men*, and rode 'em
To *Dirty-Lane*, and *Little Sodom*;
Made 'em curvet, like *Spaniſh* jenets,
And take the ring at Madam ——
'Twas he that made Saint *Francis* do
More than the devil could tempt him to;
In cold and froſty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of *ſnow*;
And though ſhe were of *rigid* temper,
With melting *flames* accoſt and tempt her;
Which after in *enjoyment* quenching,
He hung a *garland* on his *engine*.
Quoth ſhe, If *love* have theſe effects,
Why is it not forbid our *ſex*?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted
For *diabolical* and wicked?
And ſung, as out of tune, againſt,
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the ſaints?
I find I've greater reaſon for it
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Theſe ſad effects
Spring from your *Heatheniſh* neglects
Of *love*'s great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourſelves with equal ſcorns;
And thoſe who worthy *lovers* ſlight,
Plagues with prepoſt'rous appetite:
This made the beauteous *Queen* of *Crete*
To take a *town-bull* for her *ſweet*:
And from her greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to proſtitute their great *hearts*,
To be *baboons* and *monkies* ſweethearts.
Some with the dev'l himſelf in league grow
By's repreſentative a *negro*.

'Twas

393 *This made the beauteous Queen*, &c.] The hiſtory of *Paſiphae* is common enough; only this may be obſerved, that though ſhe brought the bull a ſon and heir, yet the huſband was fain to father it, as appears by the name.

'Twas this made *veſtal*-maids love-ſick,
And venture to be bury'd quick;
Some by their *fathers*, and their *brothers*,
To be made *miſtreſſes* and *mothers*.
'Tis this that proudeſt *dames* enamours
Of lacquies, and *valets des chambres*;
Their haughty *ſtomachs* overcomes,
And makes 'em ſtoop to dirty *grooms*;
To ſlight the *world*, and to diſparage
Claps, *iſſue*, *infamy*, and *marriage*.
Quoth ſhe, Theſe judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch as I ſhould rather bear,
Than truſt men with their *oaths*, or prove
Their *faith* and *ſecrecy* in *love*.
Says he, There is as weighty reaſon
For *ſecrecy* in *love*, as *treaſon*.
Love is a *burglarer*, a *felon*,
That at the *windore-eye* does ſteal in
To rob the *heart*, and with his prey
Steals out again a cloſer way,
Which, whoſoever can diſcover,
He's ſure (as he deſerves) to ſuffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and ſparkles
In *men* as nat'rally as in *charcoals*,
Which ſooty *chymiſts* ſtop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals;
So *lovers* ſhould their *paſſions* choke,
That though they burn, they may not ſmoke.
'Tis like that ſturdy *thief*, that ſtole
And dragg'd beaſts backwards into's hole:
So *love* does *lovers*, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den;
That no *impreſſion* may diſcover,
And trace, t' his *cave*, the wary *lover*.
But if you doubt I ſhould reveal
What you entruſt me under ſeal,
I'll prove myſelf as cloſe and virtuous
As your own *ſecretary*, *Albertus*.

Quoth

438 *As your own ſecretary*, &c.] *Albertus Magnus* was a *Swediſh* biſhop, who wrote a very learned work, *De ſecretis mulierum*.

Quoth ſhe, I grant you may be cloſe
In hiding what your aims propoſe:
Love-paſſions are like *parables*,
By which men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:
Though *love* be all the world's pretence,
Money's the *mythologick* ſenſe,
The real ſubſtance of the ſhadow,
Which all addreſs and courtſhip's made to.
Thought he, I underſtand your *play*,
And how to quit you your own way:
He that will win his *dame*, muſt do
As *Love* does, when he bends his *bow*;
With one hand thruſt the *lady* from,
And with the other pull *her* home.
I grant, quoth he, *wealth* is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat:
It is all *philters*, and high diet,
That makes *love* rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and bloſſoms at fourſcore:
'Tis that by which the *ſun* and *moon*
At their own weapons are out-done;
That makes *knights-errant* fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in *romances*:
'Tis *virtue*, *wit*, and *worth*, and all
That men *divine* and *ſacred* call:
For what is *worth* in any thing,
But ſo much *money* as 'twill bring?
Or what but *riches* is there known
Which man can ſolely call his own;
In which no creature goes his half,
Unleſs it be to *ſquint* and *laugh*?
I do confeſs, with *goods* and *land*,
I'd have a wife at ſecond hand;
And ſuch you are: Nor is't your perſon
My ſtomach's ſet ſo *ſharp* and *fierce* on;
But 'tis (your better part) your *riches*,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches;
Let me your fortune but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your perſon how you pleaſe,

Or make it o'er in *truſt* to th' *devil*,
You'll find me *reaſonable* and *civil*.
Quoth ſhe, I like this plainneſs better
Than falſe *mock-paſſion*, *ſpeech*, or *letter*,
Or any feat of *qualm* or *ſwooning*,
But *hanging* of yourſelf, or *drowning*:
Your only way with me to *break*
Your mind, is *breaking* of your neck:
For as when *merchants* break, o'erthrown
Like *nine pins*, they ſtrike others down;
So, that would break my *heart*; which done,
My tempting *fortune* is your own.
Theſe are but trifles: Ev'ry *lover*
Will damn himſelf over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a leſs worthy *miſtreſs'* ſake:
Yet they're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd *realities* of *love*;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The *devil*'s in him if he feigns.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This way's too rough
For mere *experiment* and *proof*;
It is no jeſting, trivial matter,
To ſwing i' th' air, or douce in water,
And, like a water-witch, try *love*;
That's to deſtroy, and not to prove:
As if a man ſhould be diſſected,
To find what part is diſaffected.
Your better way is to make over,
In *truſt*, your fortune to your *lover*:
Truſt is a *trial*; if it break,
'Tis not ſo deſp'rate as a *neck*:
Beſide, the *experiment*'s more certain,
Men venture *necks* to gain a fortune:
The ſoldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for ſixpence pay:
Your pettifoggers damn their ſouls,
To ſhare with knaves in cheating fools;
And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.

This

This is the way I adviſe you to;
Truſt me, and ſee what I will do.
Quoth ſhe, I ſhould be loth to run
Myſelf all th' hazard, and you none;
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome *deed*
Of your's aforeſaid do precede.
Give but yourſelf one gentle *ſwing*
For trial, and I'll cut the *ſtring*;
Or give that rev'rend *head* a maul,
Or two, or three, againſt a wall,
To ſhow you are a man of mettle;
And I'll engage myſelf to *ſettle*.
Quoth he, My head's not made of braſs,
As Friar *Bacon*'s noddle was;
Nor (like the *Indian*'s ſkull) ſo tough,
That, *authors* ſay, 'twas *muſquet-proof*,
As it had need to be to enter
As yet on any new *adventure*:
You ſee what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new *feats*, be cur'd:
But if that's all you ſtand upon,
Here ſtrike me luck, it ſhall be done.
Quoth ſhe, The matter's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe; *Two words t' a bargain*:
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof:
And yet 'tis no *fantaſtick* pique
I have to *love*, nor coy *diſlike*;
'Tis no implicit, nice *averſion*
T' your *converſation*, *mien*, or *perſon*,
But a juſt fear, leſt you ſhould prove
Falſe, and perfidious in *love*;
For if I thought you could be true,
I could *love* twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My faith as *adamantine*,
As chains of *deſt'ny*, I'll maintain;
True as *Apollo* ever ſpoke,
Or *oracle* from heart of *oak*;
And if you'll give my *flame* but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,

And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other *pigsney*,
The *ſun* and *day* ſhall ſooner part,
Than *love*, or you, ſhake off my heart;
The *ſun*, that ſhall no more diſpenſe
His own, but *your* bright influence:
I'll carve your name on barks of *trees*,
With *true-love-knots*, and *flouriſhes*;
That ſhall infuſe eternal *ſpring*,
And everlaſting flouriſhing;
Drink ev'ry letter on't in *ſtum*
And make it briſk *champaign* become:
Where-e'er you tread, your foot ſhall ſet
The *primroſe* and the *violet*;
All *ſpices*, *perfumes*, and *ſweet powders*,
Shall borrow from your breath their *odours*;
Nature her *charter* ſhall renew,
And take all *lives* of things from you;
The *world* depend upon your *eye*,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our *loves* ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New worlds, and natures to out-live;
And like to *heralds* moons, remain
All *creſcents*, without *change* or *wane*.
Hold, hold, quoth ſhe, no more of this,
Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiſs:
For you will find it a hard *chapter*
To catch me with *poetick rapture*,
In which your *maſtery* of *art*
Doth ſhew itſelf, and not your *heart*;
Nor will you raiſe in mine *combuſtion*,
By dint of high *heroick* fuſtian:
She that with *poetry* is won,
Is but a *deſk* to write upon:
And what men ſay of her, they mean
No more, than on the thing they *lean*.
Some with *Arabian ſpices* ſtrive
T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or *ſeaſon* her, as *French* cooks uſe
Their *haut-gouſts*, *bouillies*, or *ragouſts*;

Uſe

Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her lips upon a *mill*,
Until the *facet doublet* doth
Fit their *rhymes* rather than her mouth;
Her mouth compar'd t' an *oyſter*'s, with
A row of *pearl* in't, ſtead of *teeth*:
Others make *poſies* of her *cheeks*,
Where *red* and *whiteſt* colours mix;
In which the *lily*, and the *roſe*,
For *Indian* lake, and ceruſe goes.
The *ſun* and *moon*, by her bright eyes
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the *skies*,
Are but *black patches*, that ſhe wears,
Cut into *ſuns*, and *moons*, and *ſtars*:
By which *aſtrologers*, as well
As thoſe in *heav'n* above, can tell
What ſtrange events they do foreſhow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the *muſick* of the *ſpheres*,
So loud, it deafens mortals ears,
As wiſe *philoſophers* have thought;
And that's the cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe,
Th' ador'd in *rhyme*, would kick in *proſe*;
And in thoſe *ribbons* would have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung;
That have the hard *fate* to write beſt
Of thoſe ſtill that deſerve it leaſt;
It matters not how *falſe*, or *forc'd*,
So the *beſt* things be ſaid o' th' *worſt*;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſaid,
Only the *arrow*'s drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a *ſwan* or *gooſe*
They level at: So *ſhepherds* uſe
To ſet the ſame *mark* on the *hip*
Both of their *ſound* and *rotten ſheep*:
For *wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
Muſt be aim'd *higher*, or *beſide*
The *mark*, which elſe they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim *awry*.

But I do wonder you ſhould chuſe
This way t' attack me with your *muſe*,
As one cut out to paſs your tricks on,
With *fulhams* of *poetick fiction*:
I rather hop'd, I ſhould no more
Hear from you o' th' *gallanting* ſcore:
For hard *dry-baſtings* us'd to prove
The readieſt remedies of *love*,
Next a *dry-diet*: But if thoſe fail,
Yet this uneaſy loop-hold *jail*,
In which y' are *hamper'd* by the *fetlock*,
Cannot but put y' in mind of *wedlock*;
Wedlock, that's worſe than any hole here,
If that may ſerve you for a *cooler*;
T' allay your *mettle*, all a-gog
Upon a *wife*, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler *fate*,
That, for a bruis'd or broken *pate*,
Has freed you from thoſe *knobs* that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that *dragon*, Marriage;
Yet give me *quarter*, and advance
To nobler aims your puiſſance:
Level at *beauty*, and at *wit*;
The faireſt *mark* is eaſieſt hit.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does *beauty* and high *wit*
But in your *conſtellation* meet?
Quoth ſhe, What does a *match* imply,
But *likeneſs* and *equality*?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' *yoke-fellow* of your *wit*;
Nor take one of ſo mean *deſerts*,
To be the *partner* of your *parts*;
A *grace*, which, if I cou'd believe,
I've not the conſcience to receive.
That *conſcience*, quoth *Hudibras*,
Is mis-inform'd; I'll ſtate the *caſe*:

A man may be a *legal doner*
Of any thing, whereof he's *owner*;
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all *caſuiſts*:
Then *wit*, and *parts*, and *valour* may
Be ali'nate, and made away,
By thoſe that are *proprietors*,
As I may give, or ſell my *horſe*.
Quoth ſhe, I grant the *caſe* is true,
And proper, 'twixt your *horſe* and you;
But whether I may *take*, as well
As you may give *away*, or ſell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worſe than thieves *receivers* are.
How ſhall I anſwer *hue* and *cry*,
For a *roan-gelding*, twelve hands high,
All ſpurr'd and ſwitch'd, a *lock* on's hoof,
A *ſorrel mane*? Can I bring proof,
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were ſold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or ſhould I take you for a ſtray,
You muſt be kept a year and day
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if y' are ſought, you may be found:
And in the mean time I muſt pay
For all your *provender* and *hay*.
Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon
T' *enervate* this *objection*,
And prove myſelf, by *topick* clear,
No *gelding*, as you would infer.
Loſs of *virility*'s averr'd
To be the cauſe of loſs of *beard*,
That does (like *embryo* in the womb)
Abortive on the *chin* become:
This firſt a *woman* did invent,
In envy of *man*'s ornament.
Semiramis of *Babylon*,
Who firſt of all cut men o' th' *ſtone*,

To

715.] *Semiramis*, queen of *Aſſyria*, is ſaid to be the firſt that invented *eunuchs*. Which is ſomething ſtrange in a lady of her conſtitution,

To mar their *beards*, and laid foundation
Of *ſow-geldering* operation.
Look on this *beard*, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear ſuch, or *geldings* either?
Next it appears, I am no *horſe*,
That I can argue and diſcourſe;
Have but two *legs*, and ne'er a *tail*.
Quoth ſhe, That nothing will avail;
For ſome *philoſophers*, of late here,
Write, men have four legs by *nature*,
And that 'tis cuſtom makes them go
Erroneouſly upon but two;
As 'twas in *Germany* made good
B' a boy that loſt himſelf in a wood,
And, growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reaſons drawn from *tails*,
We cannot ſay they're true or falſe,
Till you explain yourſelf, and ſhow
B' experiment 'tis ſo or no.
Quoth he, If you'll join iſſue on't,
I'll give you ſatisfact'ry account;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my *ſpouſe*.
That never ſhall be done (quoth ſhe)
To one that wants a *tail*, by me:
For *tails* by nature ſure were meant,
As well as *beards*, for ornament:
And tho' the *vulgar* count them homely,
In *men* or *beaſt* they are ſo comely,
So *gentee*, *alamode*, and handſome,
I'll never marry *man* that wants one:
And till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your *mane*,

I'll

tion, who is ſaid to have received horſes into her embraces, as another queen did a bull; but that perhaps may be the reaſon why ſhe after thought men not worth the while.

725 *For ſome philoſophers &c.*] Sir *K. D.* in his book of *bodies*, who has this ſtory of the *German boy*, which he endeavours to make good, by ſeveral natural reaſons.

I'll be torn piece-meal by a *horſe*,
Ere I'll take you *for better or worſe*.
The *Prince of Cambay*'s daily food
Is *aſp*, and *baſiliſk*, and *toad*;
Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a breath,
Each night he ſtinks a *queen* to death:
Yet I ſhall rather lie in's *arms*
Than yours, on any other *terms*.
Quoth he, What *nature* can afford
I ſhall produce, upon my word;
And if ſhe ever gave that *boon*
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by *poſtulate illation*,
When you ſhall offer juſt occaſion.
But ſince y' have yet deny'd to give
My *heart*, your *pris'ner*, a reprieve,
But made it ſink down to my heel,
Let that at leaſt your pity feel;
And for the ſuff'rings of your *martyr*,
Give its poor entertainer *quarter*;
And by *diſcharge*, or *main-prize*, grant
Deliv'ry from this baſe *reſtraint*.
Quoth ſhe, I grieve to ſee your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a *peg*,
And if I knew which way to do't,
(Your *honour* ſafe) I'd let you out.
That *dames* by *jail-delivery*
Of *errant-knights* have been ſet free,
When by *enchantment* they have been,
And ſometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which *knights* are bound to do
By *order*, *oath*, and *honour* too:
For what are they *renown'd*, and *famous* elſe,
But aiding of diſtreſſed *damoſels*?
But for a *lady*, no ways *errant*,
To free a *knight*, we have no warrant
In any authentical *romance*,
Or *claſſick author* yet of *France*;
And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient *cuſtom* for a freak,

Or

Or *innovation* introduce
In place of things of *antique* uſe;
To free your heels by any courſe,
That might b' unwholeſome to your *ſpurs*:
Which if you ſhould conſent unto,
It is not in my pow'r to do;
For 'tis a ſervice muſt be done ye,
With ſolemn previous ceremony;
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The *charms* of thoſe who here do lie:
For as the *ancients* heretofore
To *honour's temple* had no door,
But that which thorough *virtue*'s lay;
So from this dungeon there's no way
To *honour'd freedom*, but by paſſing
That other *virtuous* ſchool of *laſhing*,
Where *knights* are kept in narrow liſts,
With wooden *lockets* 'bout their wriſts;
In which they for a while are *tenants*,
And for their *ladies* ſuffer *penance*:
Whipping, that's *virtue*'s governeſs,
Tutreſs of *arts* and *ſciences*;
That mends the groſs miſtakes of *nature*,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for *renown*,
And all the *honours* of the *gown*.
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And freed with honourable diſcharge:
Then in their *robes*, the *penitentials*
Are ſtraight preſented with *credentials*,
And in their way attended on
By *magiſtrates* of ev'ry town:
And, all reſpect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient *ſeats* convey'd.
Now if you'll venture, for my ſake,
To try the toughneſs of your *back*,
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a *whipping* on;
(And may you proſper in your ſuit,
As you with equal vigour do't)

I here engage myſelf to looſe ye,
And free your *heels* from *caperdewſie*.
But ſince our *ſex*'s modeſty
Will not allow I ſhould be by,
Bring me, on *oath*, a fair account,
And *honour* too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as *due* in my good grace.
If *matrimony* and *hanging* go
By *deſt'ny*, why not *whipping* too?
What med'cine elſe can cure the *fits*
Of *lovers*, when they loſe their *wits*?
Love is a *boy*, by *poets* ſtyl'd,
Then *ſpare the rod, and ſpoil the child.*
A *Perſian* emp'ror whipt his grannam
The ſea, his mother *Venus* came on;
And hence ſome rev'rend men approve
Of *roſemary* in making *love*.
As ſkilful *coopers* hoop their tubs
With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* dubs;
Why may not *whipping*, with as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by *art*,
Raiſe paſſion in a *lady*'s heart?
It is an eaſier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather ſuffer *whipping*,
Than ſwallow *toaſts* of bits of *ribbin*?
Make wicked *verſes*, *treats*, and *faces*,
And ſpell names over with *beer-glaſſes*?
Be under vows to *hang* and *die*
Love's ſacrifice, and all a *lie*?
With *China-oranges* and *tarts*,
And whining *plays*, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe *chamber-maids* with *love* and *money*,
To break no roguiſh *jeſts* upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on *cheeks*, and roſes,
With painted perfumes, hazard noſes?

Or

845 *A* Perſian *Emp'ror*, &c.] *Xerxes*, who us'd to whip the ſeas and wind. *Juv. Sat.* 10.

Or vent'ring to be briſk and wanton,
Do penance in a *paper lanthorn?*
All this you may compound for now,
By ſuffering what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By *knights* for ladies long agone.
Did not the Great *La Mancha* do ſo
For the *Infanta Del Toboſo?*
Did not th' illuſtrious *Baſſa* make
Himſelf a *ſlave* for *Miſſe*'s ſake?
And with bull's pizzle, for her *love*,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?
Was not young *Florio* ſent (to cool
His flame for *Biancafiore*) to ſchool,
Where *pedant* made his *pathick* bum
For her ſake ſuffer *martyrdom?*
Did not a certain *lady* whip
Of late her huſband's own lordſhip?
And tho' a grandee of the *houſe*,
Claw'd him with *fundamental* blows;
Ty'd him ſtark naked to a bed-poſt,
And firk'd his hide, as if ſh' had rid poſt;
And after in the *Seſſions-court*,
Where *whipping*'s judg'd, had *honour* for't?
This *ſwear* you will perform, and then
I'll ſet you from th' inchanted *den*,
And the *magician*'s circle, clear.
Quoth he, I do *profeſs* and *ſwear*,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never ſee you *mine*.
Amen, (quoth ſhe) then turn'd about,
nd bid her *ſquire* let him out.
But ere an *artiſt* could be found
T' undo the *charms*, another bound,
The *ſun* grew low, and left the ſkies,
Put down (ſome write) by *ladies* eyes;
The *moon* pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from ſight,
(Myſterious veil, of brightneſs made,
That's both her luſtre and her ſhade)

And in the lanthorn of the night,
With ſhining horns hung out her light;
For darkneſs is the proper ſphere,
Where all falſe glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling *ſtars* began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd luſtre;
While ſleep the weary'd *world* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *death* reviv'd.
His *whipping* penance, till the morn,
Our *vo'try* thought it beſt t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a *work*
Of ſuch *importance* in the dark,
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't in th' open face of *day;*
And in the mean time, go in queſt
Of next *retreat* to take his reſt.

HUDIBRAS. PART II.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO.

The Knight *and* Squire *in hot diſpute,*
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a ſudden fright
Of ſtrange alarm, and ſtranger ſight;
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They're ſent away in naſty pickle.

CANTO II.

'TIS ſtrange how ſome mens tempers ſuit
(Like *bawd* and *brandy*) with diſpute,
That for their own *opinions* ſtand faſt
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;
That keep their *conſciences* in caſes,
As *fiddlers* do their *crowds* and *baſes;*
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for *argument:*
Make *true* and *falſe*, *unjuſt* and *juſt*,
Of no uſe but to be diſcuſt;
Diſpute and ſet a *paradox*,
Like a ſtrait boot, upon the ſtocks,
And ſtretch it more unmercifully,
Than *Helmont*, *Montaign*, *White* or *Tully*.
So th' ancient *ſtoicks* in their porch,
With fierce diſpute maintain'd their *church;*
Beat out their brains in fight and ſtudy,
To prove that *virtue* is a *body;*

That

That *bonum* is an *animal*,
Made good with ſtout *polemick* brawl:
In which, ſome hundreds on the place
Were ſlain out-right, and many a face
Retrench'd of *noſe*, and *eyes*, and *beard*,
To maintain what their *ſect* averr'd.
All which the *knight* and *ſquire* in wrath
Had like t' have ſuffer'd for their faith;
Each ſtriving to make good his own,
As by the *ſequel* ſhall be ſhown.
The ſun had long ſince, in the lap
Of *Thetis*, taken out his *nap*,
And like a *lobſter* boil'd, the *morn*
From *black* to *red* began to turn:
When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking,
'Twixt ſleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowſy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to riſe,
Reſolving to diſpatch the deed
He vow'd to do, with truſty ſpeed.
But firſt, with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rous'd the *ſquire*, in *truckle* lolling:
And, after many circumſtances,
Which vulgar *authors* in *romances*
Do uſe to ſpend their *time* and *wits* on,
To make impertinent deſcription,
They got (with much ado) to *horſe*,
And to the *caſtle* bent their courſe,
In which he to the *dame* before
To ſuffer *whipping* duly ſwore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on the work in earneſt,
He ſtopp'd, and paus'd upon the ſudden,
And with a ſerious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new ſcruple in his head,
Which firſt he ſcratch'd, and after ſaid;

19.] *Bonum* is ſuch a kind of animal, as our modern *virtuoſi*, from *Don Quixot*, will have windmills under ſail to be. The ſame authors are of opinion, that all ſhips are fiſhes while they are a-float; but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the dock, become ſhips again.

Whether it be direct *infringing*
An *oath*, if I ſhould wave this *ſwingeing*,
And what I've ſworn to bear, forbear,
And ſo b' *equivocation* ſwear;
Or whether 't be a leſſer *ſin*
To be forſworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and ſubtle *points*, which muſt,
T' inform my conſcience, be diſcuſt;
In which to *err* a tittle, may
To *errors* infinite make way:
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy *judgment*, ere we farther go.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Since you do injoyn 't,
I ſhall enlarge upon the *point*;
And for my own part, do not doubt
Th' *affirmative* may be made out.
But firſt, to *ſtate* the *caſe* aright,
For beſt advantage of our light;
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a ſin
To *claw* and *curry* your own *ſkin*,
Greater, or leſs, than to forbear,
And that you are forſworn, forſwear.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The *inward man*,
And *outward*, like a *clan* and *clan*,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff, or fence,
But in a ſpiritual *myſtick* ſenſe;
Which to miſtake, and make 'em ſquabble
In literal fray, 's abominable:
'Tis heatheniſh, in frequent uſe
With *Pagans*, and *apoſtate Jews*,
To offer ſacrifice of *Bridewells*,
Like modern *Indians* to their *idols*;
And mungrel *Chriſtians* of our times,
That expiate leſs with greater *crimes*,
And call the foul *abomination*
Contrition, and *mortification*.
Is 't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked
With ſinful members of the wicked;

Our

Our veſſels, that are *ſanctify'd*,
Prophan'd and *curry'd* back and ſide;
But we muſt claw ourſelves with ſhameful
And heathen ſtripes, by their example;
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is *impious*, becauſe they did it?
This therefore may be juſtly reckon'd
A *heinous* ſin. Now, to the ſecond,
That *ſaints* may claim a *diſpenſation*
To *ſwear* and *forſwear*, on occaſion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light. The *point* is clear.
Oaths are but *words*, and *words* but *wind*;
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with *deeds* proportion, ſo
As *ſhadows* to a *ſubſtance* do.
Then when they ſtrive for place, 'tis fit
The *weaker veſſel* ſhould ſubmit.
Altho' your *church* be oppoſite
To ours, as *black friars* are to *white*,
In *rule* and *order*; yet I grant
You are a *reformado ſaint*;
And what the *ſaints* do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to:
But *ſaints*, whom *oaths* and *vows* oblige,
Know little of their *privilege*;
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some ſelf-advantage of their own:
For if the *dev'l*, to ſerve his turn,
Can tell *truth*, why the *ſaints* ſhould ſcorn,
When it ſerves theirs, to *ſwear* and *lie*,
I think there's little reaſon why:
Elſe h' has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 't were impiety to ſay.
W' are not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to *ſwear*;
But to *ſwear* idly, and in vain,
Without ſelf-intereſt or gain:
For breaking of an *oath*, and *lying*,
Is but a kind of *ſelf-denying*,

A *ſaint-like virtue*, and from hence
Some have broke *oaths* by *Providence*:
Some, to the *glory of the Lord*,
Perjur'd themſelves, and broke their word:
And this the conſtant *rule* and *practice*
Of all our late *apoſtles acts* is.
Was not the *cauſe* at firſt begun
With *perjury*, and carried on?
Was there an *oath* the *godly* took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our *oaths* in firſt,
Before our *plate*, to have them burſt,
And caſt in fitter *models*, for
The preſent uſe of *church* and *war*?
Did not our *worthies* of the *houſe*,
Before they broke the *peace*, break *vows*?
For, having freed us, firſt from both
Th' *allegiance* and *ſupremacy oath*;
Did they not, next, compel the *nation*
To take, and break, the *proteſtation*?
To *ſwear*, and after to *recant*
The *ſolemn league and covenant*?
To take th' *engagement*, and diſclaim it,
Enforc'd by thoſe who firſt did frame it?
Did they not ſwear at firſt to *fight*
For the KING's *ſafety*, and his *right*;
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with *horſe* and *foot*;
But yet ſtill had the confidence
To ſwear it was in his *defence*?
Did they not ſwear to *live* and *die*
With *Eſſex*, and ſtraight laid him by?
If that were all, for ſome have ſwore
As falſe as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not ſwear to maintain *law*,
In which that *ſwearing* made a *flaw*?
For *proteſtant religion* vow,
That did that *vowing* diſallow?
For *privilege* of *parliament*,
In which that *ſwearing* made a *rent*?

And ſince, of all the *three*, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not *ſwear*, in expreſs words,
To prop and back the *Houſe of Lords?*
And after turn'd out the whole *houſe-full*
Of *peers*, as dang'rous, and unuſeful?
So *Cromwell*, with deep *oaths* and *vows*,
Swore all the *commons* out o' th' *houſe*;
Vow'd that the *red-coats* would diſband,
Ay marry wou'd they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and *ſwore*, and *ſwore*,
Till th' *army* turn'd them out of *doer*:
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That *oaths* and *ſwearing* go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To ſerve for an *expedient*:
What was the *publick faith* found out for,
But to ſlur men of what they fought for?
The *publick faith*, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' obſerve, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should *private faith* have ſuch a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than *law*,
To keep the *good* and *juſt* in awe,
But to confine the *bad* and *ſinful*,
Like moral *cattle* in a *pinfold*.
A *ſaint*'s o' th' heav'nly realm a *peer*;
And as no *peer* is bound to *ſwear*
But on the *goſpel* of his *honour*,
Of which he may diſpoſe, as *owner*;
It follows, tho' the thing be *forgery*,
And falſe, th' affirm, it is no *perjury*,
But a mere *cer'mony*, and a breach
Of nothing, but a form of ſpeech;
And goes for no more, when 'tis took,
Than mere *ſaluting* of the *book*.
Suppoſe the *ſcriptures* are of force,
They're but *commiſſions* of courſe,
And *ſaints* have freedom to digreſs,
And vary from 'em, as they pleaſe;

Or miſ-interpret them, by *private*
Inſtructions, to all *aims* they drive at.
Then why ſhould we ourſelves *abridge*,
And *curtail* our own *privilege?*
Quakers (that, like to *lanthorns*, bear
Their light within 'em) will not *ſwear*;
Their *goſpel* is an *accidence*,
By which they conſtrue *conſcience*,
And hold no *ſin* ſo deeply *red*,
As that of breaking *Priſcian*'s head.
(The *head* and *founder* of their *order*,
That ſtirring *hats* held worſe than murder.)
Theſe, thinking th' are oblig'd to *troth*
In *ſwearing*, will not take an *oath*:
Like mules, who, if th' have not their will
To keep their own pace, ſtand ſtock-ſtill:
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born *conſciences* may do.
'Tis the *temptation* of the devil,
That makes all human actions evil:
For *ſaints* may do the ſame things by
The *ſpirit*, in ſincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's inſtance do;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Juſt as the *ſaints* and *wicked* vary.
For as on land there is no *beaſt*,
But in ſome *fiſh* at ſea's expreſt;
So, in the *wicked*, there's no *vice*,
Of which the *ſaints* have not a ſpice;
And yet that thing that's *pious* in
The one, in th' other is a *ſin*.
Is 't not *ridiculous* and *nonſenſe*,
A *ſaint* ſhould be a ſlave to *conſcience?*
That ought to be above ſuch fancies,
As far as above *ordinances?*
She's of the *wicked*, as I gueſs,
B' her *looks*, her *language*, and her *dreſs*:
And tho', like *conſtables* we ſearch,
For falſe wares, one another's *church*;

Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the wicked due;
For *truth* is *precious* and *divine*,
Too rich a *pearl* for *carnal ſwine*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Thoſe *myſteries* and *revelations*;
And therefore *topical* evaſions
Of ſubtle *turns* and *ſhifts* of ſenſe,
Serve beſt with th' *wicked* for pretence,
Such as the learned *Jeſuits* uſe,
And *preſbyterians*, for excuſe
Againſt the *proteſtants*, when th' happen
To find their *churches* taken napping:
As thus: A breach of *oath* is *duple*,
And either way admits a *ſcruple*,
And may be, *ex parte* o' th' *maker*,
More criminal than th' injur'd *taker*;
For he that ſtrains too far a *vow*,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent *bow*:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it;
Not he that for convenience took it.
A broken oath is, *quatenus oath*,
As ſound t' all purpoſes of *troth*,
As broken *laws* are ne'er the worſe,
Nay, till th' are broken, have no force.
What's *juſtice* to a man, or *laws*,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no pow'r, but to admoniſh,
Cannot controul, coerce, or puniſh,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Thoſe only that do make 'em ſuch.
Beſide, no *engagement* is allow'd
By men in *priſon* made, for good;
For when they're ſet at *liberty*,
They're from th' *engagement* too ſet free.
The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
Did make to *God* or *man* a *vow*,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard;

Any

Any three other *Jews* o' th' *nation*
Might free him from the *obligation:*
And have not two *ſaints* pow'r to uſe
A greater *privilege* than three *Jews?*
The *court* of *conſcience*, which in *man*
Should be *ſupreme* and *ſovereign*,
Is 't fit ſhould be *ſubordinate*
To ev'ry petty *court* i' th' ſtate,
And have leſs power than the *leſſer*,
To deal with *perjury* at pleaſure?
Have its proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of *py-powder?*
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For ſwearing *ex officio?*
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And *pigs* unring'd at *Viſ. Franc. Pledge?*
Diſcover *thieves*, and *bawds*, *recuſants*,
Prieſts, *witches*, *eves-droppers*, and *nuſance;*
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd *pots* of *ale* but half-full;
And have no pow'r at all, nor ſhift,
To help itſelf at a dead lift?
Why ſhould not *conſcience* have *vacation*
As well as other courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint *appearance* and *return;*
And make as nice diſtinction ſerve
To ſplit a caſe, as thoſe that carve,
Invoking cuckolds names, hit joints?
Why ſhould not tricks as ſlight, do points?
Is not th' *high-court* of *juſtice* ſworn
To judge that law that ſerves their *turn?*
Make their own jealouſies high-treaſon,
And fix 'em whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?
Cannot the *learned council* there
Make laws in any ſhape appear?
Mold 'em as *witches* do their clay,
When they make *pictures* to deſtroy?
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?

Rack

Rack 'em, until they do confeſs,
Impeach of treaſon, whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn
Thoſe that engag'd their *lives* for them?
And yet do nothing, in their own ſenſe,
But what they ought by *oath* and *conſcience*?
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance play with *wrong* and *right*;
And ſell their blaſts of *wind* as dear,
As *Lapland witches* bottled *air*?
Will not *fear*, *favour*, *bribe* and *grudge*,
The ſame caſe ſev'ral ways adjudge?
As ſeamen, with the ſelf-ſame *gale*,
Will ſev'ral diff'rent courſes ſail;
As when the *ſea* breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Thoſe *banks* and *damms*, that like a *ſcreen*
Did keep it out, now keep it in:
So when *tyrannick uſurpation*
Invades the freedom of a *nation*,
The *laws* o' th' land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in *chanc'ry* ev'ry man *ſwear*
What makes beſt for him in his anſwer?
Is not the winding up of *witneſſes*,
And nicking, more than half the bus'neſs?
For *witneſſes*, like *watches*, go
Juſt as they're ſet, too faſt or ſlow;
And where in *conſcience* they're ſtrait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that ſide is caſt.
Do not your *juries* give their *verdict*
As if they felt the *cauſe*, not heard it?
And, as they pleaſe, *make matter of fact*
Run all on one ſide, as they're pack'd?
Nature has made 'n man's breaſt no *windores*,
To publiſh what he does within doors;
Nor what dark ſecrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh folly blab it.
If *oaths* can do a man no good
In his own bus'neſs, why they ſhou'd,

In other matters, do him hurt,
I think there's little reaſon for't.
He that impoſes an *oath*, makes it;
Not he that for convenience takes it.
Then how can any man be ſaid
To break an *oath* he never made?
Theſe *reaſons* may perhaps look oddly
To th' *wicked*, tho' they evince the *godly*;
But, if they will not ſerve to clear
My *honour*, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glaſſy bubble,
That finds philoſophers ſuch trouble,
Whoſe leaſt part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And *wits* are crack'd, to find out why.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Honour's but a word
To ſwear by, only in a *lord*:
In other men 'tis but a huff,
To vapour with, inſtead of proof;
That, like a wen, looks big and ſwells,
Is ſenſeleſs, and juſt nothing elſe.
Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the world's opinion ſtill.
But as men are not wiſe that run
The ſlighteſt *hazard* they may ſhun,
There may a *medium* be found out,
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do't,
By *proxy* whipt, or ſubſtitute.
Tho' nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up, and clear.
That *ſinners* may ſupply the place
Of ſuff'ring *ſaints*, is a plain *caſe*.
Juſtice gives ſentence many times
On one man for another's *crimes*.
Our brethren of *New England* uſe
Choice malefactors to excuſe,
And *hang* the guiltleſs in their ſtead,
Of whom the *churches* have leſs need:

As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a *cobler*, and but one,
That out of *doctrine* could cut *uſe*,
And mend men's *lives* as well as *ſhoes*.
This precious brother having ſlain,
In times of *peace*, an *Indian*,
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Becauſe he was an *infidel*),
The mighty *Tottipottymoy*
Sent to our *elders* an *envoy*;
Complaining ſorely of the breach
Of *league*, held forth by brother *Patch*,
Againſt the *articles* in force
Between both *churches*, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the *ſaints* to render
Into his hands, or hang th' *offender*:
But they maturely having weigh'd,
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that ſerv'd them in a double
Capacity, to *teach*, and *coble*)
Reſolv'd to ſpare him; yet, to do
The *Indian Hoghgan Moghgan*, too,
Impartial juſtice, in his ſtead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.
Then, wherefore may not you be ſkip'd,
And in your room another *whip'd*?
For all *philoſophers*, but the *ſceptick*,
Hold whipping may be *ſympathetick*.
It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*;
Thou haſt reſolv'd, and clear'd the *caſe*;
And canſt, in *conſcience*, not refuſe,
From thy own *doctrine*, to raiſe *uſe*:
I know thou wilt not (for my ſake)
Be tender-conſcienc'd of thy back;
Then ſtrip thee of thy carnal *jerkin*,
And give thy *outward-fellow* a ſerkin;
For when thy *veſſel* is new *hoop'd*,
All leaks of *ſinning* will be ſtopp'd.

413 *In a Town*, &c.] The hiſtory of the cobler has been atteſted by perſons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You miſtake the matter;
For in all *ſcruples* of this nature,
No man includes himſelf, nor turns
The *point* upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own ſelf catches
The *itch*, or amorous *French-aches*:
So no man does himſelf convince,
By his own doctrine, of his *ſins*:
And, tho' all cry down ſelf, none means
His own ſelf in a *lit'ral ſenſe*:
Beſide, it is not only *foppiſh*,
But *vile*, *idolatrous*, and *popiſh*,
For one man, out of his own ſkin,
To friſk and whip another's *ſin*:
As *pedants* out of *ſchool-boys* breeches,
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this caſe it is profane,
And ſinful too, becauſe in vain;
For we muſt take our *oaths* upon it,
You did the *deed*, when I have done it.
Quoth *Hudibras*, That's anſwer'd ſoon:
Give us the *whip*, we'll lay it on.
Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whip'd you;
For when with your conſent 'tis done,
The *act* is really your own.
Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue 'gainſt the grain;
Or, like the ſtars, incline men to
What they're averſe themſelves to do:
For, when *diſputes* are weary'd out,
'Tis *intereſt* ſtill reſolves the doubt:
But, ſince no reaſon can confute ye,
I'll try to force ye to your *duty*;
For ſo it is, howe'er ye mince it,
As, ere we part, I ſhall evince it;
And *curry* (if you ſtand out) whether
You will or no, your *ſtubborn leather*.
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy part
I' th' publick *work*, baſe as thou art?

To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy *knight* an opulent *ſpouſe*;
Whoſe *wealth* his *bowels* yearn to purchaſe,
Merely for th' intereſt of the *churches*?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the *cauſe*;
Nor ſhalt thou find him a *curmudgin*,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging:
If not, reſolve before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a crow.
Y' had beſt (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *ancients*
Say wiſely, *Have a care o' th' main chance*,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you ſow, y' are like to reap:
And were y' as good as *George a Green*,
I ſhall make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the iſſue
In a juſt *quarrel*, and mine is ſo.
Is't fitting for a man of *honour*
To whip the *ſaints*, like *Biſhop Bonner*?
A *knight* t' uſurp the *beadle*'s office,
For which y' are like to raiſe brave *trophies*?
But I adviſe you (not for fear,
But for your own ſake) to forbear,
And for the *churches*, which may chance,
From hence, to ſpring a variance;
And raiſe among themſelves new *ſcruples*,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how, in *arms* and *politicks*,
We ſtill have worſted all your holy tricks;
Trepann'd your party with *intrigue*,
And took your *grandees* down a peg;
New-modell'd th' *army*, and *caſhier'd*
All that to *legion SMEC* adher'd;
Made a mere utenſil o' your *church*,
And after left it in the lurch;
A ſcaffold to build up our own,
And, when w' had done with 't, pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your *Rabbins* of the *ſynod*,
And ſnap'd their *canons* with a *why-not*:

(Grave *ſynod-men*, that were rever'd
For ſolid face, and depth of *beard*)
Their *claſſick model* prov'd a maggot,
Their *directory* an *Indian Pagod*,
And drown'd their *diſcipline* like a kitten,
On which they'd been ſo long a ſitting;
Decry'd it as a *holy cheat*,
Grown out of date, and obſolete,
And all the *ſaints* of the firſt graſs,
As caſtling *foals* of *Bal'am*'s *aſs*.
At this the *knight* grew high in chafe,
And ſtaring furiouſly on *Ralph*,
He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,
Like aſhes firſt, then red as fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,
And for ſo many *moons* lain by't?
And, when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for *tubs* of *ale*?
Not but they thought me worth a *ranſom*
Much more conſid'rable and handſome,
But for their own ſakes, and for fear
They were not ſafe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a *ſcoundrel*,
An upſtart *ſect'ry*, and a *mungrel*;
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own *church*, like wens, or tumours,
And, like a *maggot* in a *ſore*,
Wou'd that, which gave it life, devour:
It never ſhall be done or ſaid.
With that he ſeiz'd upon his *blade*;
And *Ralpho* too, as quick and bold,
Upon his *baſket-hilt* laid hold,
With equal readineſs prepar'd
To draw, and ſtand upon his guard:
When both were parted on the ſudden,
With hideous *clamour*, and a loud one,

As

548 *Have been exchang'd*, &c.] The knight was kept priſoner in *Exeter*, and after ſeveral exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at laſt releas'd for a barrel of ale.

As if all ſorts of *noiſe* had been
Contracted into one loud *din*;
Or that ſome member to be choſen,
Had got the *odds* above a *thouſand*;
And, by the greatneſs of his noiſe,
Prov'd fitteſt for his *country*'s choice.
This ſtrange ſurpriſal put the *knight*
And wrathful *ſquire* into a fright;
And tho' they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join *battle*;
Both thought it was the wiſeſt courſe,
To wave the fight, and mount to *horſe*;
And to ſecure, by ſwift retreating,
Themſelves from danger of worſe *beating*.
Yet neither of them would diſparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage;
Which made 'em ſtoutly keep their ground,
With horror and diſdain wind-bound.
And now the cauſe of all their *fear*,
By ſlow degrees approach'd ſo near,
They might diſtinguiſh diff'rent noiſe
Of *horns*, and *pans*, and *dogs*, and *boys*,
And *kettle-drums*, whoſe ſullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the fight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique ſhow;
A *triumph*, that, for pomp and ſtate,
Did proudeſt *Romans* emulate:
For as the *aldermen* of *Rome*,
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging *territory*,
(As ſome miſtaken write in *ſtory*)
Being mounted in their beſt array,
Upon a *carr*, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall-*lads*,
That merry *ditties* troll'd, and *ballads*,
Did ride with many a good-morrow,
Crying, *Hey for our town* through the *borrough*;
So when this *triumph* drew ſo nigh,
They might particulars deſcry,

They never ſaw two things ſo pat,
In all reſpects, as this and that.
Firſt, He that led the *cavalcate*,
Wore a ſow-gelder's *flagellate*,
On which he blew as ſtrong a *levet*,
As well-fee'd *lawyer* on his *breviate*;
When over one another's heads
They charge (three ranks at once) like *Swedes*.
Next *pans*, and *kettles* of all keys,
From *trebles* down to *double baſe*:
And after them, upon a *nag*,
That might paſs for a forehand ſtag,
A *cornet* rode, and on his ſtaff
A ſmock diſplay'd did proudly wave:
Then *bagpipes* of the loudeſt drones,
With ſnuffling broken-winded tones,
Whoſe blaſts of air in pockets ſhut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noiſe than *ſwine*,
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next, one upon a pair of *panniers*,
Full fraught with that which for good manners
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt with *grains*,
Which he diſpens'd among the *ſwains*,
And buſily upon the crowd
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then mounted on a horned *horſe*,
One bore a *gauntlet* and *gilt ſpurs*,
Ty'd to the *pummel* of a long *ſword*
He held reverſt, the point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd ſteed,
The conqu'ror's *ſtandard-bearer* rid,
And bore aloft, before the *champion*,
A *petticoat* diſplay'd, and rampant;
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
Beſtrid her *beaſt*, and on the *rump* on't
Sate *face* to *tail*, and *bum* to *bum*,
The *warrior* whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a *ſpindle* and a *diſtaff*,
Which, as he rode, ſhe made him twiſt off:

And when he loiter'd, o'er her ſhoulder
Chaſtis'd the *reformado* ſoldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
March'd *whifflers*, and *ſtaffiers* on foot,
With *lackies*, *grooms*, *valets*, and *pages*,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom, ſome torches bore, ſome links,
Before the proud *virago-minx*,
That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*,
Like *Nero*'s *Sporus*, or *Pope Joan*;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous ſhout.
The *knight* tranſported, and the *ſquire*,
Put up their weapons, and their ire;
And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
On ſuch ſights, with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His *animadverſions*, for his heart.
Quoth he, In all my life till now
I ne'er ſaw ſo prophane a *ſhow*:
It is a *Paganiſh* invention,
Which *heathen* writers often mention:
And he who made it had read *Goodwin*,
Or *Roſs*, or *Cælius Rhodogine*,
With all the *Grecian Speeds*, and *Stows*,
That beſt deſcribe thoſe ancient ſhows;
And has obſerv'd all fit *decorums*
We find deſcrib'd by old *hiſtorians*:
For as the *Roman conqueror*,
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the *town* in triumph for it,
Bore a ſlave with him, in his chariot;
So this inſulting *female brave*
Carries behind her here a *ſlave*;
And as the *ancients* long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their *mantles della guerre*,
So her proud *ſtandard-bearer* here
Waves on his ſpear, in dreadful manner,
A *Tyrian-petticoat* for *banner*.

Next links, and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the *emperor*.
And as in *antique triumphs*, *eggs*
Were born for myſtical intrigues;
There's one in truncheon, like a ladle,
That carries *eggs* too, freſh or addle;
And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout beſtows.
Quoth *Ralpho*, You miſtake the matter;
For all th' *antiquity* you ſmatter,
Is but a *riding*, us'd of courſe,
When the *grey mare's the better horſe*;
When o'er the breeches greedy *women*
Fight, to extend their vaſt *dominion*;
And in the cauſe impatient *Grizel*
Has drubb'd her huſband with *bull's pizzle*,
And brought him under *covert-baron*,
To turn her *vaſſal* with a *murrain*:
When wives their ſexes ſhift, like *hares*,
And ride their huſbands, like *night-mares*,
And they, in mortal *battle* vanquiſh'd,
Are of their *charter* diſ-enfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like *Gills*,
Condemn'd to *diſtaff*, *horns*, and *wheels*:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their *horns* of courſe are underſtood.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou ſtill giv'ſt ſentence
Impertinently, and againſt ſenſe:
'Tis not the leaſt diſparagement,
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main *force*;
That does not make a *man* the worſe,
Altho' his ſhoulders with *battoon*
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to ſome tune;
A *taylor*'s 'prentice has no hard
Meaſure, that's bang'd with a true yard:
But to turn *tail*, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to ſurrender ere th' *aſſault*,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault;

And renders men of *honour* leſs
Than all th' *adverſity* of ſucceſs:
And only unto ſuch this ſhew
Of *horns* and *petticoats* is due.
There is a leſſer *prophanation*,
Like that the *Romans* call'd *ovation*:
For as *ovation* was allow'd
For *conqueſt* purchas'd without blood;
So men decree thoſe leſſer ſhows,
For *vict'ry* gotten without blows,
By dint of ſharp hard *words*, which ſome
Give *battle* with, and overcome;
Theſe, mounted in a *chair-curule*,
Which *moderns* call a *cuckling-ſtool*,
March proudly to the river's ſide,
And o'er the *waves* in *triumph* ride;
Like dukes of *Venice*, who are ſaid
The *Adriatick* ſea to wed;
And have a gentler *wife* than thoſe
For whom the ſtate decrees thoſe ſhows.
But both are *heatheniſh*, and come
From th' whores of *Babylon*, and *Rome*;
And by the *ſaints* ſhould be withſtood,
As *antichriſtian* and *lewd*;
And we, as ſuch, ſhould now contribute
Our utmoſt *ſtrugglings* to prohibit.
This ſaid, they both advanc'd, and *rode*
A *dog-trot* through the bawling crowd,
T' attack the *leader*, and ſtill preſt,
Till they approach'd him, *breaſt* to *breaſt*:
Then *Hudibras*, with face and hand,
Made ſigns for *ſilence*; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this devil's *proceſſion*
With men of *orthodox* profeſſion?
'Tis *ethnick* and *idolatrous*,
From *heatheniſm* deriv'd to us.
Does not the whore of *Babylon* ride
Upon her *horned beaſt* aſtride,
Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
A type of her, or ſhe of this?
Are things of ſuperſtitious *function*,

Fit

Fit to be us'd in *goſpel ſun-ſhine?*
It is an *antichriſtian opera,*
Much us'd in midnight times of *popery;*
Of running after ſelf-inventions
Of wicked and prophane *intentions;*
To ſcandalize that *ſex,* for ſcolding,
To whom the *ſaints* are ſo beholding.
Women, who were our firſt *apoſtles,*
Without whoſe aid w' had all been loſt elſe;
Women, that left no ſtone unturn'd
In which the *cauſe* might be concern'd;
Brought in their children's *ſpoons* and *whiſtles,*
To purchaſe *ſwords, carbines,* and *piſtols;*
Their huſbands *cullies,* and *ſweet-hearts,*
To take the *ſaints* and *churches* parts;
Drew ſeveral gifted *brethren* in,
That for the *biſhops* wou'd have been,
And fix'd 'em conſtant to the *party,*
With motives *powerful* and *hearty;*
Their huſbands robb'd, and made hard ſhifts
T' adminiſter unto their *gifts*
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To ſcraps and ends of gold and ſilver;
Rubb'd down the *teachers,* tir'd and ſpent
With holding forth for *parliament;*
Pamper'd and edify'd their *zeal*
With *marrow-puddings* many a meal;
Enabled them, with ſtore of meat,
On controverted *points* to eat;
And cram'd 'em, till their *guts* did ake,
With *caudle, cuſtard,* and *plum-cake.*
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the *cauſe* at *London?*
March'd rank and file, with *drum* and *enſign,*
T' entrench the *city* for defence in?
Rais'd *rampiers* with their own ſoft hands,
To put the enemy to ſtands;
From *ladies* down to *oyſter-wenches*
Labour'd like *pioneers* in *trenches;*
Fall'n to their *pick-axes,* and *tools,*
And help'd the men to dig like *moles?*

Hare

Have not the *handmaids* of the *city*
Choſe of their members a *committee*,
For raiſing of a *common purſe*
Out of their wages, to raiſe *horſe* ?
And do they not as *triers* ſit,
To judge what *officers* are fit ?
Have they —— ? At that an *egg* let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, beſmear'd,
With orange-tawny ſlime, his *beard* ;
But *beard* and ſlime being of one hue,
The *wound* the leſs appear'd in view.
Then he that on the *panniers* rode,
Let fly on th' other ſide a load ;
And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In *Ralpho*'s face another *volley*.
The *knight* was ſtartled with the ſmell,
And for his *ſword* began to feel :
And *Ralpho*, ſmother'd with the ſtink,
Graſp'd his ; when one that bore a *link*,
O' th' ſudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like *Linſtock*, to the horſe's *touch-hole* ;
And ſtraight another with his *flambeau*,
Gave *Ralpho*'s o'er the eye a damn'd blow.
The *beaſts* began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring ;
Thro' which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from farther fray :
And tho' diſorder'd in retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his ſeat :
For, quitting both their *ſwords* and *reins*,
They graſp'd with all their ſtrength the *manes*,
And to avoid the *foe*'s purſuit,
With ſpurring put their cattle to't ;
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After th' had paus'd a while, ſupplying
Their *ſpirits*, ſpent with fight and flying,
And *Hudibras* recruited force
Of lungs, for *action*, or *diſcourſe* :

Quoth

Quoth he, That man is ſure to loſe,
That fouls his *hands* with dirty foes:
For where no *honour*'s to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With ſo diſhonourable a foe:
For tho' the *law of arms* doth bar
The uſe of venom'd ſhot in *war*;
Yet by the nauſeous ſmell, and noiſom,
Their *caſe-ſhot* ſavour ſtrong of *poiſon*;
And doubtleſs have been chew'd with teeth
Of ſome that had a *ſtinking breath*:
Elſe when we put it to the puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a bruſh:
But as thoſe *poltroons* that fling dirt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the *honour* they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.
'Twas well we made ſo reſolute
A brave retreat, without purſuit;
For if we had not, we had ſped
Much worſe, to be in triumph led;
Than which the *ancients* held no ſtate
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold *adventure* e'er
Do chance to reach the *widow*'s ear,
It may, being deſtin'd to aſſert
Her *ſex*'s *honour*, reach her heart.
And as ſuch homely treats (they ſay)
Portend good *fortune*, ſo this may.
Veſpaſian being daub'd with dirt,
Was deſtin'd to the empire for't;
And from a ſcavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in *Rome*:
And why may not this foul addreſs
Preſage in love the ſame ſucceſs?
Then let us ſtraight, to cleanſe our wounds,
Advance in queſt of neareſt *ponds*;
And after (as we firſt *deſign'd*)
Swear I've perform'd what ſhe enjoin'd.

HUDIBRAS. PART II.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD CANTO.

The Knight, *with various doubts poſſeſt,*
To win the lady *goes in queſt*
Of Sidrophel, *the* Roſy-Crucian,
To know the deſt'nies reſolution;
With whom b'ing met, they both chop logick,
About the ſcience aſtrologick;
Till falling from diſpute to fight,
The conj'rer's *worſted by the* Knight.

CANTO III.

DOUBTLESS the pleaſure is as great
Of being *cheated*, as to *cheat:*
As lookers-on feel moſt delight,
That leaſt perceive a *jugler*'s ſlight;
And ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more th' admire his ſlight of hand.
Some with a noiſe, and greaſy light,
Are ſnapt, as men catch *larks* by night,
Enſnar'd and hamper'd by the *ſoul*,
As nooſes by the *legs* catch *fowl*.
Some with a *med'cine*, and *receipt*,
Are drawn to nibble at the *bait;*
And tho' it be a two-foot *trout*,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.
Others believe no voice t' an *organ*
So ſweet as *lawyer*'s in his *bar-gown;*
Until with ſubtle cobweb-cheats,
Th' are catch'd in knotted *law*, like *nets:*

In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir, the more they're tangled;
And while their *purſes* can diſpute,
There's no end of th' immortal ſuit.
Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-deſigns of *fate*,
Apply to *wizards*, to foreſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be;
And, as thoſe *vultures* do forbode,
Believe events prove *bad* or *good*.
A ſham more ſenſeleſs than the rog'ry
Of old *aruſpicy* and *aug'ry*,
That out of *garbages* of *cattle*
Preſag'd th' events of *truce*, or *battle*;
From flight of *birds*, or *chickens pecking*,
Succeſs of great'ſt *attempts* would reckon:
Tho' *cheats*, yet more intelligible,
Than thoſe that with the *ſtars* do fribble.
This *Hudibras* by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll ſhew:
For he with *beard* and *face* made clean,
B'ing mounted on his *ſteed* agen,
(And *Ralpho* got a-cock horſe too
Upon his *beaſt*, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the *widow*'s houſe,
T' acquit himſelf, and pay his *vows*;
When various *thoughts* began to buſtle,
And with his inward man to juſtle.
He thought what *danger* might accrue,
If ſhe ſhould find he ſwore untrue:
Or if his *ſquire* or he ſhould fail,
And not be punctual in their *tale*;
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his *honour*, *faith*, and *love*.
But if he ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his *vow*;
And that he durſt not now, for ſhame,
Appear in *court*, to try his *claim*.
This was the pen'worth of his *thought*,
To paſs *time*, and uneaſy *trot*.

Quoth

Quoth he, In all my paſt *adventures*,
I ne'er was ſet ſo on the tenters;
Or taken tardy with *dilemma*,
That, ev'ry way I turn, does hem me;
And, with inextricable doubt,
Beſets my puzzled *wits* about:
For tho' the *dame* has been my bail,
To free me from enchanted *jail*;
Yet as a *dog*, committed cloſe
For ſome offence, by chance breaks looſe,
And quits his *clog*; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his *chain*:
So, tho' my *ankle* ſhe has quitted,
My *heart* continues ſtill committed;
And like a *bail'd* and *main-priz'd lover*,
Altho' at large, I am bound over.
And when I ſhall appear in *court*,
To plead my *cauſe*, and anſwer for't,
Unleſs the judge do partial prove,
What will become of *me* and *love*?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumſtance miſcarry;
Or if ſhe put me to ſtrict proof,
And make me pull my *doublet* off,
To ſhew, by evident record
Writ on my ſkin, I've kept my word;
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But, *faith*, and *love*, and *honour* loſt,
Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight o' th' Poſt*.
Beſide, that *ſtripping* may prevent
What I'm to prove by *argument*;
And juſtify I have a *tail*,
And that way, too, my *proof* may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And ſolve the *problems* of my *fate*;
Or find, by *necromantick art*,
How far the *Deſt'nies* take my part;
For if I were not more than certain
To *win*, and *wear* her, and her *fortune*,

I'd go no farther in this *courtſhip*,
To hazard *ſoul*, *eſtate*, and *worſhip*;
For though an *oath* obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou haſt prov'd) yet 'tis *profane*,
And *ſinful*, when men *ſwear* in *vain*.
Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight *Sidrophel*,
That deals in *deſtiny*'s dark *counſels*,
And ſage *opinions* of the *moon* ſells;
To whom all *people*, far and near,
On deep importances repair:
When *braſs* and *pewter* hap to ſtray,
And *linen* ſlinks out of the way;
When *geeſe* and *pullen* are ſeduc'd,
And *ſows* of ſucking *pigs* are chous'd;
When *cattle* feel indiſpoſition,
And need th' opinion of *phyſician*;
When *murrain* reigns in *hogs* or *ſheep*,
And *chickens* languiſh of the *pip*;
When *yeast* and outward means do *fail*,
And have no pow'r to work on *ale*;
When *butter* does refuſe to come,
And *love* proves *croſs* and *humourſome*;
To him with *queſtions*, and with *urine*,
They for diſcov'ry flock, or *curing*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
I've heard of, and ſhould like it well,
If thou canſt prove the *ſaints* have freedom
To go to *ſorc'rers* when they need 'em.
Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that;
Thoſe *principles* I quoted late,
Prove that the *godly* may allege
For any thing their *privilege*:
And to the dev'l himſelf may go,
If they have *motives* thereunto.
For, as there is a *war* between
The *dev'l* and *them*, it is no *ſin*,
If they, by ſubtle ſtratagem,
Make uſe of *him*, as he does *them*.

Has

Has not this preſent *parliament*
A *Ledger* to the *devil* ſent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted *witches* out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threeſcore of 'em in one *ſhire*?
Some only for not being *drown'd*,
And ſome for ſitting above ground,
Whole *days* and *nights*, upon their *breeches*,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for *witches*:
And ſome for putting *knaviſh* tricks
Upon *green geeſe*, and *turkey-chicks*,
Or *pigs*, that ſuddenly deceaſt
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he gueſt;
Who after prov'd himſelf a *witch*,
And made a rod for his own *breech*.
Did not the devil appear to *Martin*
Luther in *Germany*, for certain;
And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
But *Martin* was too *politick*?
Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge
At *Antwerp* their *cathedral* church?
Sing catches to the *ſaints* at *Maſcon*,
And tell them all they came to aſk him?
Appear in divers ſhapes to *Kelly*,
And ſpeak i' th' *nun* of *Loudon*'s belly?

140 *A ledger*, &c.] The witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who, in the Preſbyterian times, had a commiſſion to diſcover witches, of whom (right or wrong) he cauſed 60 to be hanged within the compaſs of one year; and among the reſt, the old miniſter, who had been a painful preacher for many years.

159 *Did he not help the* Dutch, &c.] In the beginning of the civil wars of *Flanders*, the common people of *Antwerp* in a tumult broke open the cathedral church, to demoliſh images and ſhrines; and did ſo much miſchief in a ſmall time, that *Strada* writes, there were ſeveral devils ſeen very buſy among them, otherwiſe it had been impoſſible.

164 *And ſpeak*, &c.] The nun of *Loudon* in *France*, and all her tricks, have been ſeen by many perſons of quality of this nation, who have made very good obſervations upon the *French* book written upon that occaſion.

Meet with the *Parliament*'s *committee*,
At *Woodstock*, on a pers'nal treaty?
At *Sarum* take a *cavalier*
I' th' *cauſe*'s ſervice *priſoner*;
As *Withers*, in immortal rhime,
Has regiſter'd to after-time?
Do not our great *reformers* uſe
This *Sidrophel* to forebode *news*;
To write of *victories* next year,
And *caſtles* taken yet i' th' *air*?
Of battles fought at *ſea*, and ſhips
Sunk two years hence, the laſt eclipſe?
A total overthrow giv'n the *King*
In *Cornwall*, *horſe* and *foot*, next Spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the cloſe *committee* would?
Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *cauſe*;
The *Moon* for fundamental *laws*;
The *Ram*, the *Bull*, and *Goat* declare
Againſt the book of *common-pray'r*?
The *Scorpion* take the *proteſtation*,
And *Bear* engage for *reformation*;
Made all the *Royal ſtars* recant,
Compound, and take the *covenant*?
Quoth *Hudibras*, The caſe is clear,
The *ſaints* may 'mploy a *conjurer*;
As thou haſt prov'd it by their *practice*:
No argument like matter of fact is.
And we are beſt of all led to
Mens' *principles* by what they do.
Then let us ſtraight advance in queſt
Of this profound *Gymnoſophiſt*;

And,

165 *Meet with*, &c.] A committee of the Long Parliament ſitting in the King's houſe in *Woodſtock-Park*, were terrifyed with ſeveral apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the news of the whole nation.

167 *At* Sarum, &c.] *Withers* has a long ſtory in doggerel, of a ſoldier of the King's army, who, being a priſoner at *Saliſbury*, and drinking a health to the devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a ſingle pane of glaſs.

And, as the *Fates* and *he* adviſe,
Purſue, or wave, this *enterprize*.
This ſaid, he turn'd about his ſteed,
And eftſoons on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we *him* and *Ralph* a while,
And to the *conj'rer* turn our ſtile,
To let our *reader* underſtand
What's uſeful of him, before-hand.
He had been long t'wards *mathematicks*,
Opticks, *philoſophy*, and *ſtaticks*,
Magick, *horoſcopy*, *aſtrology*,
And was *old dog* at *phyſiology*.
But, as a *dog* that turns the ſpit,
Beſtirs himſelf, and plies his feet
To climb the *wheel*, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again;
And ſtill he's in the ſelf-ſame place
Where at his ſetting out he was:
So, in the *circle* of the *arts*,
Did he advance his nat'ral parts;
Till falling back ſtill, for retreat,
He fell to *juggle*, *cant*, and *cheat*:
For as thoſe *fowls* that live in water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His underſtanding ſtill was clear:
Yet none a deeper knowledge boaſted,
Since old *Hodg Bacon* and *Bob Groſted*.
Th' *intelligible world* he knew,
And all, men dreamt on't, to be true:
That in this *world* there's not a *wart*
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the *face* of ground
An individual *beard* be found,
That has not, in that foreign *nation*,
A fellow of the ſelf-ſame faſhion;
So *cut*, ſo *colour'd*, and ſo *curl'd*,
As thoſe are in th' *inferior world*.
H' had read *Dee*'s prefaces before
The *dev'l*, and *Euclid*, o'er and o'er;

And all th' *intrigues* 'twixt him and *Kelly*,
Leſcus and th' *Emperor*, wou'd tell ye;
But with the *moon* was more familiar
Than e'er was *Almanack well-willer*;
Her ſecrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there;
Knew when ſhe was in fitteſt mood
For cutting *corns*, or letting *blood*;
When for anointing *ſcabs* or *itches*,
Or to the *bum* applying *leeches*;
When *ſows* and *bitches* may be ſpay'd,
And in what ſign beſt *cyder*'s made;
Whether the *wane* be, or *increaſe*,
Beſt to ſet *garlick*, or ſow *peaſe*;
Who firſt found out the *man i' th' moon*,
That to the *ancients* was unknown;
How many *dukes*, and *earls*, and *peers*,
Are in the *planetary ſpheres*;
Their *airy empire*, and command,
Their ſev'ral ſtrengths by ſea and land;
What factions th' have, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private;
With what deſigns and intereſts
Each *party* manages conteſts.
He made an *inſtrument* to know
If the *moon* ſhine at full or no;
That wou'd, as ſoon as e'er ſhe ſhone, ſtraight
Whether 'twere day or night demonſtrate;
Tell what her *d'meter* t' an inch is,
And prove that ſhe's not made of *green cheeſe*.
It wou'd demonſtrate, that the *man in*
The moon's a *Sea Mediterranean*;
And that it is no *dog* nor *bitch*,
That ſtands behind him at his breech,
But a huge *Caſpian Sea*, or *lake*,
With *arms*, which men for *legs* miſtake;
How large a *gulph* his tail compoſes,
And what a goodly *bay* his noſe is;
How many *German* leagues by th' ſcale
Cape Snout's from *Promontory Tail*.

He made a *planetary gin*,
Which *rats* would run their own heads in,
And come on purpoſe to be taken,
Without th' expence of cheeſe or bacon:
With *lute-ſtrings* he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on diſh of meat:
Quote moles and ſpots on any place
O' th' body, by the *index face*:
Detect loſt *maiden-heads*, by ſneezing,
Or breaking wind of *dames*, or piſſing;
Cure *warts* and *corns*, with application
Of *med'cines* to th' *imagination*;
Fright *agues* into *dogs*, and ſcare
With *rhimes* the *tooth-ach* and *catarrh*:
Chaſe evil *ſpirits* away by dint
Of *cickle*, *horſe-ſhoe*, *hollow-flint*;
Spit fire out of a *walnut-ſhell*,
Which made the *Roman* ſlaves rebel;
And fire a mine in *China* here,
With Sympathetick *gun-powder*.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own:
What *med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelſus*
Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd ſlates are beſt to make,
On wat'ry ſurface, *duck* or *drake*;
What *bowling-ſtones*, in running race
Upon a board, have ſwifteſt pace;
Whether a *pulſe* beat in the black
Liſt of a dappled *louſe*'s back;
If *ſyſtole* or *diaſtole* move
Quickeſt when he's in wrath, or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they *gallop*, *trot*, or *pace*:
How many ſcores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump;
Which *Socrates* and *Chærephon*,
In vain, aſſay'd ſo long agone;

Whether

313 *Which* Socrates, &c.] *Ariſtophanes*, in his comedy of The Clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Cærephon* meaſuring the leap of a flea from the one's beard to the other's.

Whether his *ſnout* a perfect *noſe* is,
And not an elephant's *proboſcis*;
How many diff'rent *ſpecieſes*
Of maggots breed in rotten cheeſes;
And which are next of kin to thoſe
Engender'd in a *chandler*'s noſe;
Or thoſe not ſeen, but underſtood,
That live in *vinegar* and *wood*.
A paltry wretch he had, half-ſtarv'd,
That him in place of *Zany* ſerv'd,
Hight *Whachum*, bred to daſh and draw,
Not *wine*, but more unwholſome *law*;
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as *meridians* in maps;
To ſquander paper, and ſpare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, ſome think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement riſe;
To be an under-*conjurer*,
Or journeyman-*aſtrologer*:
His bus'neſs was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle;
To make them to themſelves give anſwers,
For which they pay the *necromancers*;
To fetch and carry *intelligence*,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all *diſcoveries* diſperſe
'Mong the whole *pack* of *conjurers*;
What *cut-purſes* have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem:
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themſelves, and th' *art*, repute;
Draw *figures*, *ſchemes*, and *horoſcopes*,
Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *brokers* ſhops,
Of thieves *aſcendant* in the *cart*;
And find out all by rules of *art*:
Which way a ſerving man, that's run
With cloaths or money away, is gone;
Who pick'd a *fob* at *Holding-forth*,
And where a *watch*, for half the worth,

May be redeem'd; or ſtolen plate
Reſtor'd at conſcionable rate.
Beſide all this, he ſerv'd his *maſter*
In quality of *poetaſter*;
And *rhymes* appropriate could make
To every month i' the *almanack*:
When *terms* begin and end could tell,
With their *returns*, in *doggerel*;
When the *Exchequer* opes and ſhuts,
And *ſowgelder* with ſafety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will;
When uſe, and when abſtain from *vice*,
Figs, *grapes*, *phlebotomy*, and *ſpice*.
And as in *priſon* mean rogues beat
Hemp, for the ſervice of the *great*;
So *Whachum* beats his dirty brains,
T' advance his maſter's fame and gains;
And, like the devil's *oracles*,
Put into *dogg'rel rhymes* his *ſpells*,
Which, over ev'ry month's blank page
I' th' *almanack*, ſtrange *bilks* preſage.
He would an *elegy* compoſe
On maggots ſqueez'd out of his noſe;
In *lyrick* numbers write an *ode* on
His miſtreſs eating a black pudden:
And when impriſon'd air eſcap'd her,
It puſt him with *poetick rapture*.
His *ſonnets* charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd gueſts,
Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the beaſts:
A *carman*'s horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to *poetry*;
No porter's *burthen* paſs'd along,
But ſerv'd for *burthen* to his ſong.
Each window like a *pill'ry* appears,
With heads thurſt through, nail'd by the ears.
All trades run in as to the ſight
Of monſters, or their dear delight

The *gallow-tree*, when cutting purſe
Breeds buſineſs for *heroick* verſe,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' have been the *theme* of ſuch a *ſong*.
Thoſe two together long had liv'd,
In *manſion* prudently contriv'd;
Where neither tree, nor houſe could bar
The free detection of a *ſtar*;
And nigh an *ancient obeliſk*
Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fiſk*,
On which was written, not in words,
But *hieroglyphick* mute of *birds*,
Many rare pithy ſaws concerning
The worth of *aſtrologick* learning:
From top of this there hung a *rope*,
To which he faſten'd *teleſcope*;
The *ſpectacles* with which the *ſtars*
He reads in ſmalleſt *characters*.
It happen'd as a *boy*, one night,
Did fly his *tarſel* of a *kite*;
The ſtrangeſt long-wing'd *hawk* that flies,
That, like a bird of *paradiſe*,
Or *herald*'s *martlet*, has no *legs*,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays *eggs*:
His *train* was ſix yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a *light*,
Inclos'd in *lanthorn* made of *paper*,
That far off like a *ſtar* did appear.
This *Sidrophel* by chance eſpy'd,
And with amazement ſtaring wide,
Bleſs us! quoth he, what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in *heaven* yonder?
A *comet*, and without a *beard*,
Or *ſtar* that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the *ſcrowl*
Of all thoſe beaſts, and fiſh, and fowl,

With

404 *Was rais'd by him*, &c.] This *Fiſk* was a late famous aſtrologer, who flouriſhed about the time of *Subtile* and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben Johnſon*.

With which, like *Indian plantations*,
The learned ſtock the *conſtellations*;
Nor thoſe that drawn for *ſigns* have been,
To th' *houſes* where the *planets* inn.
It muſt be ſupernatural,
Unleſs it be that cannon-ball
That, ſhot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was born to that prodigious height,
That learn'd *philoſophers* maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again;
But, in the *airy region* yet,
Hangs like the body of *Mahomet*:
For if it be above the ſhade
That by the *earth*'s round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may from far
Appear no bullet, but a ſtar.
This ſaid, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Againſt the *glow-worm* tail of *kite*.
Then peeping thro', *Bleſs* us! (quoth he)
It is a *planet* now I ſee;
And if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like *tobacco-ſtopper*,
It ſhould be *Saturn*: Yes, 'tis clear
'Tis *Saturn*; but what makes him there?
He's got between the *dragon*'s tail,
And farther leg behind o' th' *whale*:
Pray *heav'n* divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a *prodigy* not common;
And can no leſs than the *world*'s end,
Or *nature*'s funeral, portend.
With that he fell again to pry
Thro' *perſpective* more wiſtfully,
When by miſchance the fatal ſtring,
That kept the *tow'ring fowl* on wing,

436 *Unleſs it be*, &c.] This experiment was try'd by ſome foreign *virtuoſos*, who planted a piece of ordnance point-blank againſt the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude that it ſticks in the mark.

Breaking, down fell the ſtar: Well ſhot,
Quoth *Whachum*, who right wiſely thought
H' had levell'd at a ſtar, and hit it.
But *Sidrophel*, more ſubtle-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to ſee a ſtar fall?
It threatens *nature*, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!
When ſtars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
The *day of judgment* 's not far off:
As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,
And ſome of us find out by *magick*.
Then ſince the time we have to live
In this world's ſhorten'd, let us ſtrive
To make our beſt advantage of it,
And pay our loſſes with our profit.
This feat fell out, not long before
The *Knight*, upon the forenam'd ſcore,
In queſt of *Sidrophel* advancing,
Was now in proſpect of the *manſion*:
Whom he diſcov'ring, turn'd his *glaſs*,
And found far off, 'twas *Hudibras*.
Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, ſome
To try, or uſe our art, are come:
The one's the learned *Knight*; ſeek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd, with all ſubmiſſ'neſs,
T' accoſt 'em, but much more their buſ'neſs:
He held a ſtirrup while the *Knight*
From *leathern bare-bones* did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd the dark *ſquire* to unriddle:
He gave him firſt the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, *as he might ſay*:
He aſk'd him whence they came, and whither
Their buſ'neſs lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither.

Did

477 *As lately 'twas*, &c.] This *Sedgwick* had many perſons (and ſome of quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the day of judgment with him, but were diſappointed; for which the falſe prophet was afterwards call'd by the name of *Doomſday Sedgwick*.

Did you not loſe—Quoth *Ralpho*, nay;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your way!
Your *Knight*—Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *lover*,
And pains intolerable doth ſuffer:
For *lovers* hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and ſo forth downwards.
What time—Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung—
Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day 'tis;
Quoth *Ralpho*, between ſeven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my ſmall *art*
Tells me, the *dame* has a hard *heart*,
Or great *eſtate*—Quoth Ralph, a *jointure*,
Which makes him have ſo hot a mind t' her.
Meanwhile the *Knight* was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the *Wizard* ſteps in,
To give him ſuitable reception;
But kept his bus'neſs at a *bay*,
Till *Whachum* put him in the way;
Who having now, by *Ralpho*'s light,
Expounded th' errand of the *Knight*,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the *conj'rer*'s ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was 't,
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,
Before theſe *gentlemen* arriv'd?
Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retriev'd,
In oppoſition with *Mars*,
And no benign and friendly ſtars
T' allay th' effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So!
In *Virgo?* Ha! Quoth *Whachum*, No:
Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?
One tenth of 's circle to a minute.
'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuſe
This rudeneſs I am forc'd to uſe;
It is a *ſcheme* and *face* of *heaven*,
As th' *aſpects* are diſpos'd this *even*,
I was contemplating upon,
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.

Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear
Unſeaſonable in coming here
At ſuch a time, to interrupt
Your *ſpeculations*, which I hop'd
Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
'Tis fit that I aſk your excuſe.
By no means, Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*,
The ſtars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you ſpake, your bus'neſs too.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe'er unlikely, or abſurd.
You are in *love*, ſir, with a *widow*,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your *wit*
And *paſſion*, without drawing *bit*:
And now, your bus'neſs is to know
If you ſhall carry her or no.
Quoth *Hudibras*, You're in the right;
But how the *devil* you came by't,
I can't imagine; for the *ſtars*,
I'm ſure, can tell no more than a *horſe*;
Nor can their aſpects (tho' ye pore
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' *oracle* of *ſieve* and *ſheers*;
That turns as certain as the *ſpheres*:
But if the *devil*'s of your council,
Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir *Knight*, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect, and take th' *alarm*,
Your bus'neſs is but to inform:
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a *wrong ſow by the ear*;
For I aſſure you, for my part,
I only deal by *rules of art*;

Such

Such as are lawful, and judge by
Concluſions of *aſtrology*:
But for the *dev'l*, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.
Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I underſtand your *metonymy*:
Your words of ſecond-hand intention,
When things by *wrongful names* you mention;
The myſtick ſenſe of all your *terms*,
That are indeed but *magick charms*,
To raiſe the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is downright *conjuring*;
And in itſelf more warrantable,
Than *cheat*, or *canting* to a *rabble*,
Or putting *tricks* upon the *moon*,
Which by confed'racy are done.
Your ancient *conjurers* were wont
To make her from her ſphere diſmount,
And to their *incantations* ſtoop;
They ſcorn'd to pore thro' *teleſcope*,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy, or fair weather,
Which ev'ry *almanack* can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourſelf—Then, friend, I doubt
You go the fartheſt way about:
Your modern *Indian magician*
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piſs in,
And ſtraight reſolves all queſtions by't,
And ſeldom fails to be i' th' right.
The *Roſy-crucian* way's more ſure
To bring the dev'l to their lure;
Each of 'em has a ſev'ral gin,
To catch *intelligences* in.
Some by the *noſe* with fumes trepan 'em,
As Dunſtan did the *devil's grannum*;
Others, with *characters* and *words*,
Catch 'em, as men in *nets* do birds;
And ſome with *ſymbols*, *ſigns*, and *tricks*,
Engrav'd in *planetary* nicks,

With their own influences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arreſt, and catch 'em;
Make them depoſe, and anſwer to
All *queſtions*, ere they let them go.
Bumbaſtus kept a *devil*'s *bird*
Shut in the pummel of his ſword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of paſt and future *mountebanks*.
Kelly did all his feats upon
The *devil*'s *looking glaſs*, *a ſtone*;
Where, playing with him at *bo-peep*,
He ſolv'd all *problems* ne'er ſo deep.
Agrippa kept a *Stygian pug*,
I' th' garb and habit of a *dog*,
That was his *tutor*; and the *cur*
Read to th' occult *philoſopher*,
And taught him ſubt'ly to maintain
All other *ſciences are vain*.
To this, quoth *Sidrophel*, Oh! Sir,
Agrippa was no *conjurer*,
Nor *Paracelſus*, no nor *Behmen*;
Nor was the dog a *cacodæmon*,
But a true dog, that would ſhew tricks
For th' *Emperor*, and leap o'er ſticks;
Would *fetch* and *carry*, was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no devil;
And whatſoe'er he's ſaid to do,
He went the ſelf-ſame way we go.
As for the *Roſy-Croſs philoſophers*,
Whom you will have to be but *ſorcerers*,
What they pretend to, is no more
Than *Triſmegiſtus* did before,
Pythagoras, old *Zoroaſter*,
And *Apollonius* their maſter;

To

627 Bumbaſtus *kept*, &c.] *Paracelſus* is ſaid to have kept a ſmall devil priſoner in the pummel of his ſword, which was the reaſon, perhaps, why he was ſo valiant in his drink.

635 Agrippa *kept*, &c.] *Cornelius Agrippa* had a dog that was ſuſpected to be a ſpirit, for ſome tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a dog, as it was thought.

To whom they do confeſs they owe
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas! what is't t' us,
Whether 'twas ſaid by *Triſmegiſtus*,
If it be *nonſenſe*, *falſe*, or *myſtick*,
Or not *intelligible*, or *ſophiſtick*?
'Tis not *antiquity*, nor *author*,
That makes *truth truth*, altho' *time*'s *daughter*:
'Twas he that put her in the *pit*,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his *ſons*, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his daughters too:
Nor does it follow, 'cauſe a *herald*
Can make a gentleman, ſcarce a year old,
To be deſcended of a race
Of ancient *kings*, in a ſmall ſpace;
That we ſhould all opinions hold
Authentick, that we can make old.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part
Of prudence, to cry down an *art*;
And what it may perform, deny,
Becauſe you underſtand not why:
(As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole *art for eccentrick*):
For, who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the *tops of mountains*,
But on their ſides, or riſings ſeat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vaſt height.
Do not the *hiſt'ries* of all *ages*
Relate miraculous preſages
Of ſtrange turns in the *world*'s affairs,
Foreſeen b' *aſtrologers*, *ſoothſayers*,
Chaldeans, learn'd *Genethliacks*,
And ſome that have writ *almanacks*?
The *Median* emp'ror dreamt his daughter
Had piſt all *Aſia* under water,

And

691 *The* Median *Emp'ror dreamt his daughter*, &c.] *Aſtyages* King of *Media*, had this dream of his daughter *Mandane*, and the interpretation from the *Magi*; wherefore he married her to a *Perſian* of a mean quality, by whom ſhe had *Cyrus*, who conquer'd all *Aſia*, and tranſlated the empire from the *Medes* to the *Perſians*. Herodot. *l.* 1.

And that a *vine*, ſprung from her *haunches*,
O'erſpread his *empire* with its branches:
And, did not *ſoothſayers* expound it,
As after, by th' event, he found it?
When *Cæſar* in the ſenate fell,
Did not the ſun eclips'd foretel,
And, in reſentment of his ſlaughter,
Look pale for almoſt a year after?
Auguſtus, having b' overſight
Put on his left ſhoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been ſlain that day
By *ſoldiers* mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this ſort,
Which ſtories of all times report?
Is it not om'nous in all *countries*,
When *crows* and *ravens* croak upon trees?
The *Roman ſenate*, when within
The city walls an *owl* was ſeen,
Did cauſe their *clergy*, with *luſtrations*,
(Our *ſynod* calls *humiliations*)
The round-fac'd *prodigy* t' avert
From doing *town* or *country* hurt:
And if an *owl* have ſo much pow'r,
Why ſhould not *planets* have much more;
That in a *region*, far above
Inferior fowls of the *air*, move,
And ſhould ſee farther, and foreknow
More than their *augury* below?
Tho' that once ſerv'd the *polity*
Of mighty ſtates to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand,
By pow'rful *art* to underſtand:
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can ſpeak th' *events* of our preſages.
Have we not lately, in the *moon*,
Found a *new world*, to th' *old* unknown?
Diſcover'd *ſea* and *land*, *Columbus*
And *Magellan* cou'd never compaſs?
Made mountains with our *tubes* appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there?

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie ſo ope,
That I, without a *teleſcope*,
Can find your tricks out, and deſcry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
For *Anaxagoras*, long agon,
Saw *hills*, as well as you, i' th' *moon*;
And held the *ſun* was put a piece
Of *red-hot iron*, as big as *Greece*;
Believ'd the heav'ns were made of *ſtone*,
Becauſe the *ſun* had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' *opinion*, ſuffer'd baniſhment.
But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' *moon* men thus or thus
Do eat their *porridge*, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What *trade* from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from *France*?
What can our *travellers* bring home,
That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?
What *politicks*, or ſtrange *opinions*,
That are not in our own *dominions*?
What *ſcience* can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native *regions*?
Are *ſweating lanthorns*, or *ſcreen-fans*,
Made better there, than th' are in *France*?
Or do they teach to *ſing* and *play*
O' th' *guittar* there a newer way?
Can they make *plays* there, that ſhall fit
The *publick humour* with leſs *wit*?
Write *wittier dances*, quainter ſhows,
Or fight with more ingenious *blows*?
Or does the *man* i' th' *moon* look big,
And wear a huger *perriwig*,
Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own *native lunaticks*?
But if w' out-do him here at home,
What good of your deſign can come?

As

As *wind* i' th' *hypocondres* pent,
Is but a blaſt if downward ſent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new *light* and *prophecy*:
So when your ſpeculations tend
Above their juſt and uſeful end,
Altho' they promiſe ſtrange and great
Diſcoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle *dreams* and *fancies*,
And ſavour ſtrongly of the *ganzas*.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cauſe,
Why on a *ſign* no *painter* draws
The *full-moon* ever, but the *half*;
Reſolve that with your *Jacob's ſtaff*;
Or why *wolves* raiſe a hubbub at her,
And *dogs* howl when ſhe ſhines in water;
And I ſhall freely give my vote,
You may know ſomething more remote.
At this, deep *Sidrophel* look'd wiſe,
And ſtaring round with *owl-like* eyes,
He put his face into a poſture
Of *ſapience*, and began to bluſter:
For having three times ſhook his head
To ſtir his wit up, thus he ſaid:
Art has no mortal enemies,
Next *ignorance*, but *owls* and *geeſe*;
Thoſe conſecrated geeſe in orders,
That to the *capitol* were *warders*;
And being then upon *patrole*,
With noiſe alone beat off the *Gaul*:
Or thoſe *Athenian ſceptick owls*,
That will not credit their own *ſouls*;
Or any *ſcience* underſtand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand:
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
Thoſe whole-ſale *criticks*, that in *coffee-*
Houſes cry down all *philoſophy*,
And will not know upon what ground
In *nature* we our *doctrine* found,

Altho'

Altho' with pregnant evidence
We can demonſtrate it to ſenſe,
As I juſt now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the *ſtars* only made to light
Robbers and burglarers by night?
To wait on *drunkards*, *thieves*, *gold-finders*,
And *lovers* ſolacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of *matrimony* under *hedges*?
Or witches *ſimpling*, and on *gibbets*
Cutting from *malefactors* ſnippets?
Or from the *pillory* tips of ears
Of rebel-ſaints, and perjurers?
Only to ſtand by, and look on,
But not know what is ſaid or done?
Is there a *conſtellation* there,
That was not born, and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern.
Were they not, during all their lives,
Moſt of 'em pyrates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not ſtill
In their old practices ſome ſkill?
Is there a *planet* that by *birth*
Does not derive its *houſe* from *earth*;
And therefore probably muſt know
What is, and hath been done below?
Who made the *balance*, or whence came
The *bull*, the *lion*, and the *ram*?
Did not we here the *Argo* rig,
Make *Berenice*'s *perriwig*?
Whoſe *liv'ry* does the *coachman* wear?
Or who made *Caſſiopeia*'s chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold *intelligence*.
Plato deny'd, the world can be
Govern'd without *geometry*;
(For money b'ing the common ſcale
Of things by meaſure, weight, and tale;

In

In all th' affairs of *church* and *ſtate*,
'Tis both the *balance* and the *weight*:)
Then much leſs can it be without
Divine aſtrology made out:
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as *heav'n*'s above the *earth*.
Theſe reaſons (quoth the *knight*) I grant
Are ſomething more ſignificant
Than any that the learned uſe
Upon this *ſubject* to produce;
And yet th' are far from ſatisfactory,
T' eſtabliſh, and keep up your *factory*.
Th' *Egyptians* ſay, the ſun has twice
Shifted his *ſetting* and his *riſe*:
Twice has he riſen in the *weſt*,
As many times ſet in the *eaſt*;
But whether that be true or no,
The *devil* any of you know.
Some hold the *heavens*, like a *top*,
Are kept by *circulation* up;
And, were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd inſtantly fall to the ground:
As ſage *Empedocles* of old,
And from him *modern* authors hold.
Plato believ'd the ſun and *moon*
Below all other *planets* run.
Some *Mercury*, ſome *Venus*, ſeat
Above the *ſun* himſelf in height.
The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
'Gainſt what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
That, in twelve hundred years and odd,
The *ſun* had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the *earth* is come
'Bove fifty thouſand miles from home:
Swore 'twas a moſt notorious flam,
And he that had ſo little ſhame
To vent ſuch *fopperies* abroad,
Deſerv'd to have his rump well claw'd:
Which Monſieur *Bodin* hearing, ſwore
That he deſerv'd the *rod* much more,

That

That durſt upon a *truth* give doom,
He knew leſs of than *Pope* of *Rome*.
Cardan believ'd great ſtates depend
Upon the tip o' th' *bear*'s tail's end;
That, as ſhe whiſk'd it to'ards the *ſun*,
Strow'd mighty *empires* up and down:
Which others ſay muſt needs be falſe,
Becauſe your true *bears* have no tails.
Some ſay the *zodiack conſtellations*
Have long ſince chang'd their antique ſtations
Above a *ſign*, and prove the ſame
In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram*;
Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,
The *watry* with the *fiery* rang'd:
Then how can their *effects* ſtill hold
To be the ſame they were of old?
This, tho' the *art* were true, would make
Our modern *ſoothſayers* miſtake;
And is one cauſe they tell more lies,
In *figures* and *nativities*,
Than th' old *Chaldean* conjurers,
In ſo many hundred thouſand years;
Beſide their nonſenſe in tranſlating,
For want of *accidence* and *Latin*,
Like *Idus*, and *Calendæ*, Engliſht
The *quarter-days* by ſkilful linguiſt:
And yet with *canting*, *ſleight*, and *cheat*,
'Twill ſerve their turn to do the feat:
Make *fools* believe in their foreſeeing
Of things before they are in being;
To ſwallow *gudgeons* ere they're catch'd;
And count their *chickens*, ere they're hatch'd;
Make them the *conſtellations* prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt;
But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt price for't, or beſt believes.
Some *towns*, and *cities*, ſome for brevity
Have caſt the 'verſal world's *nativity*;
And made the infant-ſtars confeſs,
Like fools or children, what they pleaſe.

Some calculate the hidden fates
Of *monkeys*, *puppy-dogs*, and *cats*:
Some *running-nags*, and *fighting-cocks*,
Some *love*, *trade*, *law-ſuits*, and the *pox*:
Some take a meaſure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, huſbands, wives;
Make *oppoſition*, *trine* and *quartile*,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile;
As if the *planet*'s firſt aſpect
The tender infant did infect
In *ſoul* and *body*, and inſtil
All future good, and future ill:
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At deſtin'd periods fall a working;
And break out, like the hidden ſeeds
Of long diſeaſes, into deeds,
In friendſhips, enmities, and ſtrife,
And all th' emergencies of life:
No ſooner does he peep into
The *world*, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diſeaſes, took all *phyſick*
That cures or kills a man that is ſick;
Marry'd his punctual doſe of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a *ſtar*
Between a man of *peace* and *war*;
A *thief* and *juſtice*, *fool* and *knave*,
A huffing *officer*, and a *ſlave*;
A crafty *lawyer*, and *pick-pocket*,
A great *philoſopher*, and a *block-head*;
A formal *preacher*, and a *player*,
A learn'd *phyſician*, and *manſlayer*.
As if men from the ſtars did ſuck
Old age, *diſeaſes*, and *ill-luck*,
Wit, *folly*, *honour*, *virtue*, *vice*,
Trade, *travel*, *women*, *claps*, and *dice*;
And draw with the firſt air they breathe,
Battle, and *murder*, *ſudden death*.
Are not theſe fine commodities,
To be imported from the ſkies,

And vended here among the rabble,
For ſtaple goods and warrantable?
Like money by the *druids* borrow'd,
In th' other *world* to be reſtor'd?
Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know
You wrong the *art*, and *artiſts* too,
Since arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our *principles* oppoſe;
I will (altho' I've done't before)
Demonſtrate to your ſenſe once more,
And draw a *figure* that ſhall tell you,
What you perhaps forget beſel you,
By way of *horary* inſpection,
Which ſome account our worſt *erection*.
With that he *circles* draws, and *ſquares*,
With *cyphers*, *aſtral characters*;
Then looks 'em o'er to underſtand 'em,
Altho' ſet down *hab-nab*, at random.
Quoth he, This *ſcheme* o' th' heavens ſet,
Diſcovers how in fight you met
At *Kingſton* with a *May-pole idol*,
And that y' were bang'd both back and ſide well,
And tho' you overcame the *bear*,
The *dogs* beat you at *Brentford* fair;
Where ſturdy *butchers* broke your noddle,
And handled you like a *ſop-doodle*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive
You are no *conj'rer*, by your leave;
That *paltry ſtory* is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch *gulls* as you.
Not true? quoth he, Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum ſhall juſtify't t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place:

1001 *That paltry ſtory*, &c.] There was a notorious idiot (that is here deſcrib'd by the name and character of *Whachum*) who counterfeited a ſecond part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*. who could not write himſelf, and yet made a ſhift to ſtand on the pillory, for forging other mens hands, as his fellow *Whachum* no doubt deſerv'd; in whoſe abominable doggrel, this ſtory of *Hudibras* and a *French* mountebank at *Brentford* fair, is as properly deſcribed.

He play'd the *ſaltinbancho*'s part,
Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *art*;
He ſtole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chous'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead;
And what you loſt I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' houſe.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe
That argument 's *demonſtrative*;
Ralpho, bear witneſs, and go fetch us
A *conſtable* to ſeize the wretches:
For tho' they're both falſe *knaves* and *cheats*,
Impoſtors, *jugglers*, *counterfeits*,
I'll make them ſerve for perpendiculars,
As true as e'er were us'd by *bricklayers*.
They're guilty, by their own confeſſions,
Of *felony*; and at the *ſeſſions*
Upon the bench I will ſo handle 'em,
That the *vibration* of this *pendulum*
Shall make all *taylors* yards of one
Unanimous opinion:
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by proof.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out:
Nor have I hazarded my *art*,
And neck, ſo long on the *ſtate*'s part,
To be expos'd i' th' end to ſuffer,
By ſuch a *braggadocio* huffer.
Huffer, quoth *Hudibras*, this *ſword*
Shall down thy falſe throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haſte, and call an officer,
To apprehend this *Stygian* ſophiſter:
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a *bay*,
Leſt he and *Whachum* run away.
But *Sidrophel*, who, from th' *aſpect*
Of *Hudibras*, did now erect
A *figure* worſe portenting far
Than that of moſt malignant ſtar,
Believ'd it now the fitteſt moment
To ſhun the danger that might come on't,

While

While *Hudibras* was all alone,
And he and *Whachum*, two to one:
This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpy'd by chance,
Behind the door an iron lance,
That many a ſturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and ſhoulders bor'd;
He ſnatch'd it up, and made a paſs
To make his way through *Hudibras*.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work.
But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And ſtoutly ſtood upon his guard:
He put by *Sidrophello*'s thruſt,
And in right manfully he ruſht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his ſea-coal prong threw by,
And baſely turn'd his back to fly;
But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning in the breech;
Juſt in the place where *honour*'s lodg'd,
As wiſe *philoſophers* have judg'd,
Becauſe a kick in that place, more
Hurts *honour*, than deep wounds before.
Quoth *Hudibras*, The ſtars determine
You are my priſoners, baſe vermine:
Could they not tell you ſo, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind:
Your lives are now at my diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour wou'd defile,
To take, or ſell, two lives ſo vile:
I'll give you *quarter*; but your *pillage*,
The conqu'ring warrior's *crop* and *tillage*,
Which with his ſword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the *law of arms* allows.
This ſaid in haſte, in haſte he fell
To rummaging of *Sidrophel*;

First, he expounded both his pockets,
And found a *watch*, with *rings* and *lockets*,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A *figure* for, and ſo detect;
A *copper-plate*, with *almanacks*
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks,
Of *Booker's*, *Lilly's*, *Sarah Jimmers*,
And *blank ſchemes*, to diſcover *nimmers*;
A *moon dial*, with *Napier's* bones,
And ſev'ral *conſtellation* ſtones,
Engrav'd in *planetary hours*,
That over *mortals* had ſtrange pow'rs,
To make 'em thrive in *law* or *trade*,
And ſtab or poiſon to evade;
In *wit* or *wiſdom* to improve,
And be victorious in *love*.
Whachum had neither *croſs* nor *pile*,
His *plunder* was not worth the while;
All which the *conqu'ror* did diſcompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.
But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks
As *Rota-men* of politicks,
Straight caſt about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad (at leaſt) to quit
His *victory*, and fly the *pit*,
Before the *ſecular prince of darkneſs*
Arriv'd to ſeize upon his carcaſe:
And as a *fox*, with hot purſuit
Chas'd thro' a *warren*, caſts about
To ſave his credit, and among
Dead *vermin* on a *gallows* hung:
And, while the *dogs* run underneath,
Eſcap'd (by counterfeiting death)
Not out of cunning; but a *train*
Of *atoms* juſtling in his brain,
As learn'd *philoſophers* give out:
So *Sidrophello* caſt about,
And ſell t' his wonted *trade* again,
To feign himſelf in earneſt ſlain:

First ſtretch'd out one leg, then another,
And ſeeming in his breaſt to ſmother
A broken ſigh; quoth he, where am I,
Alive, or dead; or which way came I
Thro' ſo immenſe a ſpace ſo ſoon?
But now I thought myſelf i' th' *moon*;
And that a *monſter*, with huge *whiſkers*,
More formidable than a *Switzer*'s,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And *Whachum* by my ſide had kill'd,
Had croſs examin'd both our hoſe,
And plunder'd all we had to loſe;
Look, there he is, I ſee him now,
And feel the place I am run through:
And there lies *Whachum* by my ſide
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd:
Oh! oh! with that he fetch'd a *groan*,
And fell again into a ſwoon,
Shut both his eyes, and ſtopt his breath,
And to the *life* out-acted *death*;
That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as *herring*.
He held it now no longer ſafe,
To tarry the return of *Ralph*,
But rather leave him in the *lurch*:
Thought he, he has abus'd our *church*,
Refus'd to give himſelf one firk,
To carry on the *publick work*;
Deſpis'd our *ſynodmen*, like dirt,
And made their diſcipline his ſport;
Divulg'd the ſecrets of their *claſſes*,
And their *conventions* prov'd *high places*;
Diſparag'd their *tythe-pigs*, as *Pagan*,
And ſet at nought their *cheeſe* and *bacon*;
Rail'd at their *covenant*, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend parſons, to my *beard*:
For all which *ſcandals*, to be quit
At once, this *juncture* falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury, if he dare:

He muſt at leaſt hold up his hand,
By twelve *free-holders* to be ſcann'd;
Who by their ſkill in *palmiſtry*,
Will quickly read his *deſtiny*;
And make him glad to read his *leſſon*,
Or take a turn for 't at the *ſeſſion*;
Unleſs his *light* and *gifts* prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm ſure;
For, if he 'ſcape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will diſengage my *conſcience*
O' th' *obligation*, in his own ſenſe:
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my *honour* ſatisfaction,
And right the *brethren* in the *action*.
This being reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And *conduct*, he approach'd his *ſteed*,
And, with *activity* unwont,
Aſſay'd the loſty *beaſt* to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he ſpurr'd his *palfry*,
To get from th' *enemy*, and *Ralph*, free:
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at leaſt three lengths, the wind.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus——

WELL, *Sidrophel*, tho' tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your ſkull
As often as the *moon* 's at *full*;
'Tis not amiſs, ere y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one deſp'rate med'cine more;
For where your caſe can be no worſe,
The deſp'rat'ſt is the wiſeſt courſe.
Is't poſſible that you, whoſe ears
Are of the tribe of *Iſſachar*'s,
And might (with equal reaſon) either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With *William Pryn*'s, before they were
Retreach'd, and crucify'd, compare,
Shou'd yet be deaf againſt a noiſe
So roaring as the publick voice?
That ſpeaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that ſings his part
T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
To cry green-haſtings with an engine;

(As

(As if the vehemence had ſtunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the ſound);
And, 'cauſe your folly's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of uſe,
Perſuade yourſelf there's no ſuch matter,
But that 'tis vaniſh'd out of nature;
When folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be poſſeſt
With ſo much ignorance, and beaſt,
That neither all mens ſcorn, and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd ſo often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholeſome ſenſe and nurture;
But (like a reprobate) what courſe
Soever's us'd, grow worſe and worſe?
Can no transfuſion of the blood,
That makes fools tattle, do you good?
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurſe,
To turn 'em into mungrel-curs,
Put you into a way, at leaſt,
To make yourſelf a better beaſt?
Can all your critical intrigues,
Of trying ſound from rotten eggs;
Your ſev'ral new-found remedies
Of curing wounds and ſcabs in trees;
Your *arts* of *fluxing* them for *claps*,
And purging their infected *ſaps*;
Recov'ring ſhankers, cryſtallines,
And nods and botches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due puniſhment;
And, like your whimſy'd chariots, draw
The boys to courſe you without law;
As if the art you have ſo long
Profeſt, of making old *dogs* young,
In you, had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.

Can

Can you, that underſtand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Reſolve all problems with your face,
As others do with *B*'s and *A*'s;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With ſolid bending of your brows;
All arts and ſciences advance,
With ſcrewing of your countenance;
And with a penetrating eye,
Into th' abſtruſeſt learning pry;
Know more of any trade by a hint,
Than thoſe that have been bred up in't;
And yet have no art, true or falſe,
To help your own bad naturals?
But ſtill the more you ſtrive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder;
For fools are known by looking wiſe,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe y' have gain'd o' th' *college*
A quarter ſhare (at moſt) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent repute,
Y' aſſume a pow'r as abſolute
To judge, and cenſure, and control,
As if you were the ſole Sir *Poll;*
And ſaucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to:
You'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone:
No, tho' y' have purchas'd to your name
In hiſtory ſo great a fame;
That now your talent's ſo well known,
For having all belief out-grown,
That ev'ry ſtrange prodigious tale
Is meaſur'd by your *German* ſcale - - - -
By which the *virtuoſi* try
The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
Caſt up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'ſt to your account.
That all thoſe ſtories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thoſe made,

Are

Are now ſtill charg'd upon your ſcore,
And leſſer authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that faculty betrays
Thoſe ſooneſt it deſigns to raiſe;
And all your vain renown will ſpoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
Tho' he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants, but ſhame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Tho' you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater eaſe than publick ſcorn,
That all affronts do ſtill give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and braſs,
You muſt not think 'twill always paſs;
For all impoſtors, when they're known,
Are paſt their labour, and undone.
And all the beſt that can befal
An artificial natural,
Is that which mad-men find, as ſoon
As once they're broke looſe from the *moon*,
And, proof againſt her influence,
Relapſe to e'er ſo little ſenſe,
To turn ſtark fools, and ſubjects fit
For ſport of boys, and rabble-wit.

HUDIBRAS. PART III.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

The knight and ſquire reſolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the lady's bower,
The ſquire t' inform, the knight to woo her.
She treats them with a maſquerade,
By furies and hobgoblins made:
From which the ſquire conveys the knight,
And ſteals him, from himſelf, by night.

CANTO I.

'TIS true, no lover has that pow'r
T' enforce a deſperate amour,
As he that has two *ſtrings* to's *bow*,
And burns for *love* and *money* too;
For then he's brave and reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his ſuit,
Has all his *flames* and *raptures* double,
And *hangs*, or *drowns*, with half the trouble;
While thoſe that ſillily purſue
The ſimple downright way, and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And ſteer againſt the ſtream their paſſions.
Some forge their *miſtreſſes* of *ſtars*;
And, when the ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward to be won,
Than by *Caligula* the *moon*,

15 *And more*, &c.] *Caligula*, one of the Emperors of *Rome*, would needs paſs for a god, and had the heads of the ancient ſtatues of the gods

Cry out upon the ſtars for doing
Ill offices, to croſs their *wooing;*
When only by themſelves they're hindred,
For truſting *thoſe they made her kindred;*
And ſtill, the harſher and hide-bounder
The damſels prove, become the fonder;
For, what mad lover ever dy'd,
To gain a ſoft and gentle *bride?*
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In *ſurling ſtreams* or *hemp* departed?
Leap'd headlong int' *Elyſium*,
Thro' th' windows of a *dazzling room?*
But for ſome croſs ill natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his *flame.*
This to the *knight* could be no *news*,
With all mankind ſo much in uſe;
Who therefore took the wiſer courſe,
To make the moſt of his *amours;*
Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of ways,
As follows in due *time* and *place.*
No ſooner was the bloody fight
Between the *wizard* and the *knight*,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a *lover:*
As he was always wont to do,
When h' had diſcomfited a foe;
And us'd the only *antique philters*
Deriv'd from old *heroick tilters.*
But now, triumphant and victorious,
He held th' atchievement was too glorious
For ſuch a conqueror to meddle
With *petty conſtable*, or *headle*;
Or fly for refuge to the *hoſteſs*
Of th' inns of court and chancery, *Juſtice;*
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cauſe
To th' *ordeal trial* of the laws;

Where

gods, taken off, and his own placed on in their ſtead; and uſed to ſtand between the ſtatues of *Caſtor* and *Pollux* to be worſhipped; and often bragged of lying with the *moon.*

Where none eſcape, but ſuch as, branded
With red-hot irons, have paſt *bare-handed*;
And, if they cannot read one *verſe*
I' th' Pſalms, muſt ſing it, and that's worſe.
He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a ſhame the *devil might owe him*,
Reſolv'd to leave the ſquire for *bail*
And *mainprize* for him to the *jail*,
To anſwer, with his veſſel, all
That might diſaſtrouſly befal;
And thought it now the fitteſt juncture
To give the lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conqueſt o'er the *fierce magician*:
Deſcribe the manner of the fray,
And ſhew the ſpoils he brought away;
His bloody *ſcourging* aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed.
Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his ſoul to ſwear:
But, rather than produce his back,
To ſet his conſcience on the rack;
And in purſuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and ſcourging,
And all things elſe upon his part,
Demand deliv'ry of her heart,
Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
And perſon, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient *errant knights*
Won all their ladies hearts in *fights*:
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into am'rous twitters;
Whoſe ſtubborn bowels ſcorn'd to yield,
Until their *gallants* were half kill'd:
But when their bones were drub'd ſo ſore,
They durſt not *woo one combat* more,
The ladies hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.

So *Spaniſh heroes*, with their lances,
At once wound *bulls* and *ladies fancies*;
And he acquires the nobleſt ſpouſe
That widows greateſt herds of cows:
Then what may I expect to do,
Who've quell'd ſo vaſt a *buffalo*?
Meanwhile the *ſquire* was on his way,
The *knight*'s *late orders* to obey:
Who ſent him for a *ſtrong detachment*
Of *beadles*, *conſtables*, and *watchmen*,
T' attack the *cunning-man*, for plunder
Committed falſely on his lumber;
When he, who had ſo lately ſack'd
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of *gimcracks*, *whims*, and *jiggumbobs*,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd:
And when they ſhou'd, at *gaol delivery*,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough,
To render neither halter-proof:
He thought it deſperate to tarry,
And venture to be *acceſſary*:
But rather wiſely ſlip his fetters,
And leave them for the *knights*, his *betters*.
He call'd to mind th' unjuſt foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beaſt ever did beſide,
Without all poſſible evaſion,
But of the *riding diſpenſation*.
And therefore much about the hour,
The *knight* (for reaſons told before)
Reſolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of *juſtice*, and an *unpack'd jury*;

The

93 *So* Spaniſh *heroes*, &c.] The young *Spaniards* ſignalize their valour by attacking of a wild bull, kept up on purpoſe, and let looſe at the combatant; and he that kills moſt, carries the laurel, and dwells highest in the ladies favour.

The *squire* concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim;
T' acquaint the *lady* what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What *project* 'twas he went about,
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out:
His firm and stedfast resolution,
To swear her to an *execution;*
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their *party saints* to represent,
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,
In any prosperous *arms-bearing*,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other *cousin-german saint.*
But, ere the *knight* could do his part,
The *squire* had got so much the start,
H' had to the lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks afore-hand.
Just as he finish'd his report,
The *knight* alighted in the court;
And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
And taking time for both to stale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her.
And now began t' approach the door,
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' *informer* out of sight,
And went to entertain the *knight;*
With whom encount'ring, *after longees*
Of *humble* and *submissive congees*,
And all *due ceremonies* paid,
He stroak'd his beard, and thus he said:
Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye:
And now am come, to bring your ear
A present you'll be glad to hear;

137 *To pawn*, &c.] By *inward ears* is here meant his conscience.

At leaſt I hope ſo. The thing's done,
Or may I never ſee the ſun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand:
And that you'll pleaſe to do your part,
As I have done mine to my ſmart.
With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy back,
As if he felt his ſhoulders ake.
But ſhe who well enough knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The myſtery of what he mean'd:
And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark expreſſions, *leſs profound.*
Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've ſuffer'd for your love,
Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd ſkin:
And, for thoſe meritorious laſhes,
To claim your favour and good graces.
Quoth ſhe, I do remember once
I freed you from th' inchanted ſconce;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to th' good behaviour,
And for my ſake and ſervice vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy load,
And what 'twould bear, t' a ſcruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love.
Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns yourſelf, not me to know.
But if you have, I ſhall confeſs,
Y' are honeſter than I could gueſs.
Quoth he, If you ſuſpect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath:
And if you make a queſtion on't,
I'll pawn my ſoul that I have done 't;
And he that makes his ſoul his ſurety,
I think does give the beſt ſecur'ty.
Quoth ſhe, Some ſay, the ſoul's ſecure
Againſt diſtreſs and forfeiture;

Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be ſummon'd to appear
In the other world 's illegal here.
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run 't.
For moſt men carry things ſo even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the leaſt offence to either,
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it:
And when they pawn and damn their ſouls,
They are but priſ'ners on paroles.
For that *(quoth he)* 'tis rational,
They may b' accountable in all.
For when there is that intercourſe
Between divine and human pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience ev'ry where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed;
It follows, nothing binds ſo faſt
As ſouls in pawn, and mortgage paſt:
For oaths are th' only teſts and ſeals
Of right and wrong, and true and falſe:
And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and juſtice by.
(Quoth ſhe) What is it you wou'd ſwear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For till they're underſtood, all tales
(Like nonſenſe) are not true nor falſe.
(Quoth he) When I reſolv'd t' obey
What you commanded t' other day,
And to perform my exerciſe,
(As ſchools are wont) for your fair eyes:
T' avoid all ſcruples in the caſe,
I went to do 't upon the place.
But as the caſtle is inchanted
By *Sidrophel* the witch, and haunted

With evil ſpirits, as you know,
Who took my ſquire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and diſarray,
I heard a formidable noiſe
Loud as the ſtentrophonick voice,
That roar'd far off, Diſpatch and ſtrip,
I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That ſhall diveſt thy ribs of ſkin,
To expiate thy ling'ring ſin.
Th' haſt broke perfidiouſly thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth;
But ſpar'd thy renegado back,
Where th' hadſt ſo great a prize at ſtake:
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For penance and revenge to flay,
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte;
Time is, time was: and there it ceas'd.
With which, tho' ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' horror of the thing was leſs
Than th' other diſmal apprehenſion
Of interruption or prevention.
And therefore, ſnatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load;
Reſolv'd to ſpare no fleſh and blood,
To make my word and honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and ſtrength,
I felt the blows ſtill ply'd as faſt,
As if th' had been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of *platonick* laſhing,
And chaſte contemplative bardaſhing:
When facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my guard and ſcout,
I found th' infernal cunning-man,
And th' under-witch, his *Caliban*,
With ſcourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters ſtorm'd.

In

276 *As if th' had*, &c.] This alludes to ſome abject lechers, who uſed to be diſciplined with *amorous laſhes* by their miſtreſſes.

In haſte I ſnatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their helliſh rage a ſtop;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageouſly on *Sidrophel:*
Who, now transform'd himſelf t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud, and tear;
When I as furiouſly preſs'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him, but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a gooſe,
Div'd under water in a pond,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him; but as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal haſte and rage,
His under-ſorcerer t' engage.
But bravely ſcorning to defile
My ſword with feeble blood and vile;
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted ſtick,
With which I furiouſly laid on:
Till in a harſh and doleful tone
It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir;
I am too great a ſufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd int' a worſe caprich;
Who ſends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houſes in the night to haunt,
For opportunities t' improve
Deſigns of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
All feats of witches counterfeit;
Kill pigs and geeſe with powder'd glaſs,
And make it for inchantment paſs;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
And choak with fumes of Guiney-pepper;
Make lechers and their punks with dewtry
Commit fantaſtical advowtry;

Bewitch Hermetick-men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with *manicon*;
Believe mechanick *virtuoſi*
Can raiſe them mountains in *Potoſi*;
And ſillier than the antique fools,
Take treaſure for a heap of coals;
Seek out for plants with ſignatures,
To quack of univerſal cures;
With figures ground on panes of glaſs,
Make people on their heads to paſs:
And mighty heaps of coin increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle piece:
To draw in fools, whoſe natural itches
Incline perpetually to witches;
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears:
When leſs delinquents have been ſcourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn.
I pity'd the ſad puniſhment
The *wretch'd caitiff* underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for *poltrones*;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who when they flaſh, and cut to pieces,
Do all with civileſt addreſſes:
Their horſes never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore ſpar'd his fleſh, and preſs'd him
About the witch with many a queſtion.
Quoth he, For many years ſhe drove
A kind of broking-trade in love.

Employ'd

323 *Bewitch* Hermetick-men, &c.] *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, a wonderful *Ægyptian* philoſopher. He proved that there was but one *God*, the creator of all things; and was the author of ſeveral moſt excellent and uſeful inventions. But thoſe *Hermetick-men* here mentioned, though the pretended ſectators of this great man, make a hodge-podge of *religion* and *philoſophy*, and produce nothing but what is the object of every conſidering perſon's contempt.

Employ'd in all th' intrigues, and truſt
Of feeble, ſpeculative luſt;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By thoſe the devil had forſook,
As things below him to provoke:
But b'ing a *virtuoſo*, able
To ſmatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent moſt *adroit*
For any myſtical exploit;
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one.
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chauldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the devil's *valet*)
Is not ſo ſlight a thing to get;
For thoſe that do his bus'neſs beſt,
In hell are us'd the ruggedeſt;
Before ſo meriting a perſon
Could get a grant, but in reverſion,
He ſerv'd two prenticeſhips, and longer,
I' th' myſt'ry of a lady-monger.
For (as ſome write) a witch's ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the body loos'd,
Becomes a puny imp itſelf,
And is another witch's elf.
He, after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in *Lancaſhire*,
With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which, h' has play'd a thouſand feats,
And practis'd all mechanick cheats:
Transform'd himſelf to th' ugly ſhapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes;
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or *Pharaoh*'s wizards could their ſwitches,
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous figures too.
Witneſs myſelf, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this beaſtly ſhape reduc'd,

By feeding me on beans and peaſe,
He crams in naſty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me reliſh for diſſerts,
And one by one with ſhame and fear
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beſide - - - But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats h' had done,
The lady ſtopt his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear:
If half thoſe things *(ſaid ſhe)* be true - - -
They're all *(quoth he)* I ſwear by you;
Why then *(ſaid ſhe)* that *Sidrophel*
Has damn'd himſelf to th' pit of hell;
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a *Lapland* hag,
In queſt of you came hither poſt,
Within an hour (I'm ſure) at moſt;
Who told me all you ſwear and ſay,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you ſhou'd carry me or no;
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T' engage the devil on your ſide,
And ſteal (like *Proſerpine*) your bride.
But he diſdaining to embrace
So filthy a deſign, and baſe,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffin
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his guard;
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruiſe and deſp'rate wound:
Swore you had broke, and robb'd his houſe,
And ſtole his *taliſmanique* louſe,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid;

His

His flea, his *morpion*, and *puneſe*,
H' had gotten for his proper eaſe,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ableſt artiſt of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) ſince he loſt,
He has been eaten up almoſt;
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account:
For which h' had got ſufficient warrant
To ſeize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's, or horſe's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
To ſerve for pendulums to watches;
Which modern virtuoſos ſay,
Incline to hanging ev'ry way.
Beſide he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true,
That ere he went in queſt of you,
He ſet a figure to diſcover
If you were fled to *Rye* or *Dover*;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Yourſelves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that paſs'd before and ſince;
And found, that ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb,
About a caſe of tender conſcience,
Where both abounded in your own ſenſe;
Till *Ralpho*, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all *ſcruples* in the caſe;
And prov'd that you might ſwear and own
Whatever's by the wicked done;
For which, moſt baſely to requite
The ſervice of his gifts and light,
You ſtrove t' oblige him, by main force,
To ſcourge his ribs inſtead of yours;
But that he ſtood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring out-dar'd;

For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the lady talk'd, the knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white,
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their opticks in upon't.)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:
Held up his *affidavit-hand*,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke:
Madam, If but one one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance;
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
These reliques of your constant lover.
You have provided well, *quoth she*,
(I thank you) for yourself and me;
And shewn your *Presbyterian* wits
Jump punctual with the *Jesuits*.
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heav'n and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then *(quoth he)* may hell surprize - - -
That trick *(said she)* will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than *downright swearing*;
For if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action.
And if you can produce those knobs,
Altho' th' are but the witch's drubs,

I'll paſs them all upon account,
As if your nat'ral ſelf had done 't.
Provided that they paſs th' opinion
Of able juries of old women;
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do ſo for backs.
Madam *(quoth he)* your love's a million;
To do, is leſs than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey, what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in thoſe that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.
I find *(quoth ſhe)* my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles;
For ſtill the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But, granting now we ſhould agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith *(quoth he)* and word
You paſt in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, t' have and t' hold,
Are everlaſtingly enroll'd.
And if 'tis counted treaſon here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth ſhe, There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n,
And that's the reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally preſs
Too narrowly, to be at eaſe.
Their bus'neſs there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too gen'rous to abide
To be againſt its nature ty'd:
For where 'tis of itſelf inclin'd,
It breaks looſe when it is confin'd;

And like the ſoul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Diſdains againſt its will to ſtay,
But ſtruggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like *Roman* gaolers, when they ſlept,
Chain'd to the priſoners they kept;
Of which the true and faithfull'ſt lover
Gives beſt ſecurity, to ſuffer.
Marriage is but a beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to be admit'd
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd:
A bargain at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what's inferr'd by t' have, and t' hold,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things elſe as low:
And at the beſt is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the reſt of better or worſe,
Both are but loſers out of purſe.
For when upon their ungot heirs
Th' entail themſelves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at ſix and ſeven?
To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Tho' got b' implicit generation,
And gen'ral club of all the nation:

For which ſhe's fortify'd no leſs
Than all the iſland, with four ſeas:
Exacts the tribute of her dow'r,
In ready inſolence and pow'r:
And makes him paſs away, to have
And hold, to her, himſelf, her ſlave,
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery, and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to juſtify,
Nor, at her proper coſt and charge,
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous ſots were thoſe obedient
Old vaſſals, to their ladies regent;
To give the cheats the eldeſt hand
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land;
For which ſo many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckled.
A law that moſt unjuſtly yokes
All *Johns of Stiles* to *Joans of Nokes*,
Without diſtinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality:
Admits no pow'r of revocation,
Nor valuable conſideration,
Nor writ of error, nor reverſe
Of judgment paſt, for better or worſe:
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horſes
Their ſpiritual judges of divorces;
While nothing elſe but *rem* in *re*
Can ſet the proudeſt wretches free;
A ſlavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As ſpiders never ſeek the fly,
But leave him, of himſelf, t' apply;
So men are by themſelves employ'd
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a nooſe,
They'd break 'em after, to break looſe.

As ſome, whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themſelves, by art:
Like *Indian* widows, gone to bed
In flaming curtains to the dead;
And men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the ſport.
Nor do the ladies want excuſe
For all the ſtratagems they uſe,
To gain th' advantage of the ſet,
And lurch the am'rous rook and cheat.
For as the *Pythagorean* ſoul
Runs through all beaſts, and fiſh, and fowl,
And has a ſmack of ev'ry one;
So love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot fit takes the patient firſt,
That after burns with cold as much
As ir'n in *Greenland* does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of deſire,
Like glaſs, that's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover.
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miſs, or Madam,
The ſmalleſt ſparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery;
And off the loud oaths go, but while
They're in the very act, recoil.
Hence 'tis, ſo few dare take their chance,
Without a ſep'rate maintenance:
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Truſt none again, till th' have made over:

Or

639 *Like* Indian widows, &c.] The *Indian* women voluntarily throw themſelves into the funeral pile of their huſbands, and expire; and ſuch as refuſe, their virtue is ever after ſuſpected, and they live in the utmoſt contempt.

647 *For as the* Pythagorean, &c.] It was the opinion of *Pythagoras* and his followers, that the ſoul tranſmigrated into all the diverſe ſpecies of animals.

Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geeſe they carry;
And, ere they venture o'er a ſtream,
Know how to ſize themſelves, and them.
Whence witti'ſt ladies always chooſe
To undertake the heavieſt gooſe.
For now the world is grown ſo wary,
That few of either ſex dare marry,
But rather truſt on tick t' amours,
The croſs and pile for bett'r or worſe:
A mode that is held honourable,
As well as *French*, and faſhionable.
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In ſoul and body to unite,
To make up one hermaphrodite:
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like *Philip* and *Mary* on a ſhilling,
Th' have more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make 'em in romances;
Tho' when their heroes 'ſpouſe the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames:
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine;
And all their caterwauling tricks,
In earneſt to as jealous piques:
Which th' ancients wiſely ſignify'd,
By th' yellow mantles of the bride;
For jealouſy is but a kind
Of clap and crincum of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:
But all the miſchief is, the doubt
On whoſe account they firſt broke out.
For tho' *Chineſes* go to bed,
And lie in, in their ladies ſtead,

And,

707 *For tho'* Chineſes, *&c.*] The *Chineſe* men of quality, when their wives are brought to bed, are nurs'd and tended with as much care

And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd, and pamper'd to do more;
Our *green-men* do it worſe, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;
Both lay the child to one another:
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to ſay in multitudes,
Or who imported the *French* goods.
But health and ſickneſs being all one,
Which both before engag'd to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worſhip, only when they're ſound,
Both give and take their equal ſhares
Of all they ſuffer by falſe wares:
A fate, no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art.
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At women by appearances;
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions;
And daub their tempers o'er with waſhes
As artificial as their faces;
Wear, under vizard-maſks, their talents
And mother-wits, before their gallants;
Until they're hamper'd in the nooſe,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe:
When all the flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready, with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undreſſes
Her complaiſance and gentileſſes:
Tries all her arts, to take upon her
The government, from th' eaſy owner:
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her ſlave;
Find all his having and his holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal noiſe and ſcolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all portcullices of ears,

And

eare as women here, and are ſupplied with the beſt ſtrengthening and nouriſhing diet, in order to qualify them for future ſervices.

And makes the volly of one tongue
For all their leathern ſhields too ſtrong:
When only arm'd with noiſe, and nails,
The female ſilk-worms ride the males,
Transform 'em into *rams* and *goats*,
Like *Sirens* with their charming notes,
Sweet as a *ſcreech-owl*'s ſerenade,
Or thoſe enchanting murmurs made
By th' huſband *mandrake*, and the wife,
Both bury'd (like themſelves) alive.
Quoth he, Theſe reaſons are but ſtrains
Of wanton, over-heated brains,
Which ralliers, in their wit or drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not man in *paradiſe*,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his ſide,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruited ſex;
Inlarge his breed, at once, and leſſen
The pains and labour of increaſing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears;
His body, that ſtupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In ſhape and ſymmetry exact,
Of which the left and female ſide
Is, to the manly right, a bride,
Both join'd together with ſuch art,
That nothing elſe but death can part.
Thoſe heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,
And face, that all the world ſurprize,

That

751 *Transform 'em into rams*, &c.] The *Sirens*, according to the poets, were three ſea-monſters, half *women* and half *fiſh*; their names were, *Parthenope*, *Ligea*, and *Leucoſia*. Their uſual reſidence was about the iſland of *Sicily*, where, by the charming melody of their voices, they us'd to detain thoſe that heard them, and then transform'd them into ſome ſort of brute animals.

That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other ladies tawny;
Thoſe raviſhing, and charming graces,
All are made up of two half faces,
That in a mathematick line,
Like thoſe in other heavens, join;
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much, to look upon;
And ſo would that ſweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowſhip.
Our nobleſt ſenſes act by pairs,
Two eyes to ſee, to hear two ears;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the ſoul deſign'd:
But thoſe that ſerve the body alone,
Are ſingle, and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet,
And cloſe at th' equinoctial fit;
And ſo are all the works of nature,
Stamp'd with her ſignature on matter:
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or ſmalleſt blade of graſs, receive.
All which ſufficiently declare
How 'ntirely marriage is her care,
The only method that ſhe uſes,
In all the wonders ſhe produces.
And thoſe that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what ſecures the civil life
But pawns of children, and a wife?
That lie, like hoſtages, at ſtake
To pay for all, men undertake;
To whom it is as neceſſary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry.
So univerſal, all mankind
In nothing elſe is of one mind.
For in what ſtupid age, or nation,
Was marriage ever out of faſhion?

Unleſs

Unleſs among the *Amazons*,
Or cloiſter'd *friars*, and veſtal *nuns*;
Or *Stoicks*, who, to bar the freaks
And looſe exceſſes of the ſex,
Prepoſt'rouſly wou'd have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common.
Tho' men would find ſuch mortal feuds
In ſharing of their public goods,
'Twou'd put them to more charge of lives,
Than they're ſupply'd with now, by wives;
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beaſts do, of their native growths:
For ſimple wearing of their horns
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unleſs the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents ſettlements:
Had been but younger ſons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or eſtates of peers,
Cou'd be preſerv'd, but by their heirs;
And what ſecurity maintains
Their right and title, but the banes?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greateſt monarchs did not marry,
And with their conſorts conſummate
Their weightieſt intereſts of ſtate?
For all th' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to diſarm?
Make blood and deſolation ceaſe,
And fire and ſword unite in peace,

When

819 *Unleſs among the* Amazons, *&c.*] The *Amazons* were women of *Scythia*, of heroick and great atchievements; they ſuffer'd no man to live among them; but once every year uſed to have converſation with men of the neighbouring countries, by which if they had a male child, they preſently either kill'd or crippled it; but if a female, they brought it up to the uſe of arms, and burnt off one breaſt, leaving the other to ſuckle girls.

When all their fierce conteſts for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Leſs for the int'reſts of the bride;
Who elſe had not the leaſt pretence
T' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant, unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts t' all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous Matron, and the Miſs;
The *nymphs* of chaſte *Diana*'s train,
The ſame with thoſe in *Lewkner*'s lane;
But for the difference marriage makes
'Twixt wives, and ladies of the lakes.
Beſides, the joys of place and birth,
The ſex's paradiſe on earth;
A privilege ſo ſacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield;
But, rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door.
And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the ſpouſe;
The reaſon is, becauſe the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life;
Is truſted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature,
Where man brings nothing but the ſtuff
She frames the wondrous fabrick of:
Who therefore, in a ſtrait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it ſave her the ſame way,
It ſeldom miſſes to betray;
Unleſs both parties wiſely enter
Into the liturgy indenture.

And

877 *The reaſon is*, &c.] Demanding the *clergy of her belly*, which, for the reaſons aforeſaid, is pleaded in excuſe by thoſe who take the liberty to oblige themſelves and friends.

And tho' ſome fits of ſmall conteſt
Sometimes fall out among the beſt;
That is no more than ev'ry lover
Does from his hackney-lady ſuffer.
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (ſometimes) ſerves t' improve.
For, as in running, ev'ry pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermoſt
To get before, and win the poſt;
Yet when they're at their race's ends,
They're ſtill as kind and conſtant friends;
And to relieve their wearineſs,
By turns give one another eaſe:
So all thoſe falſe alarms of ſtrife
Between the huſband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of love:
When thoſe wh' are always kind or coy,
In time muſt either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudeſt clamours more,
Than as they're reliſh'd, ſweet or ſour:
Like muſick, that proves bad, or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all amours, a lover burns
With frowns, as well as ſmiles, by turns:
And hearts have been as oft with ſullen,
As charming looks, ſurpriz'd and ſtolen.
Then why ſhould more betwitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For diſcords make the ſweeteſt airs,
And curſes are a kind of pray'rs;
Too ſlight alloys, for all thoſe grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd.
For nothing elſe has pow'r to ſettle
The intereſts of love perpetual;
An act and deed, that makes one heart
Become another's counter-part,
And paſſes fines on faith and love,
Inroll'd, and regiſter'd above,

To ſeal the ſlippery knots of vows;
Which nothing elſe but death can looſe.
And what ſecurity 's too ſtrong,
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to paſs
Itſelf away, and all it has;
And like an anchorite gives over
This world, for th' heaven of a lover?
I grant *(quoth ſhe)* there are ſome few
Who take that courſe, and find it true;
But millions, whom the ſame does ſentence
To heav'n, b' another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but ſhot at rovers,
Tho' all they hit, they turn to lovers;
And all the weighty conſequents
Depend upon more blind events,
Than gameſters, when they play a ſet
With greateſt cunning at piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unſight, unſeen.
For what do lovers, when they're faſt
In one another's arms embrac'd,
But ſtrive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of ſelves,
As ſucking children are by elves?
And if they uſe their perſons ſo,
What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecſtaſies and flames.
For when the money's on the book,
And, *all my worldly goods*—but ſpoke;
(The formal livery and ſeiſin
That puts a lover in poſſeſſion)
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a ſlam, that's ſuperſeded.
To that their faith is ſtill made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd.
For when we once reſign our pow'rs,
W' have nothing left, we can call ours;

Our

Our money's now become the Miſs
Of all your lives and ſervices;
And we, forſaken and poſtpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which as it made y' at firſt gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heireſs yet,
By being born to lordſhips, get?
When the more lady ſh' is of manors,
She's but expos'd to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and deſigns,
And for her own deſtruction fines;
And does but tempt them, with her riches,
To uſe her, as the devil does witches;
Who takes it for a ſpecial grace,
To be their cully for a ſpace,
That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vaſſals:
So ſhe, bewitch'd by rooks, and ſpirits,
Betrays herſelf, and all ſh' inherits;
Is bought and ſold, like ſtolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey
And ſteal the thief himſelf away.
Theſe are the everlaſting fruits
Of all your paſſionate love-ſuits,
Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,
To portions, and inheritances;
Your love-ſick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make addreſs and courtſhip,
And with your bodies ſtrive to worſhip,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's ſake.
For theſe you play at purpoſes,
And love your loves with *A*'s and *B*'s:
For theſe, at *Beſte* and *L'Ombre* woo,
And play for love and money too;

Strive who ſhall be the ableſt man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the moſt genteelly bred,
At ſucking of a vizard-bead;
How beſt t' accoſt us, in all quarters,
T" our queſtion-and-command, new garters;
And ſolidly diſcourſe upon
All ſorts of dreſſes, *pro* and *con.*
For there's no myſtery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made.
And when you have more debts to pay
Than *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*,
And no way poſſible to do't
But love and oaths, and reſtleſs ſuit,
To us y' apply, to pay the ſcores
Of all your cully'd, paſt amours:
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain;
Which others influences, long ſince,
Have charm'd your noſes with, and ſhins;
For which the ſurgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages inchant!
What graces muſt that lady have,
That can from execution ſave!
What charms, that can traverſe extent,
And null decree, and exigent!
What magical attracts, and graces,
That can redeem from *ſcire facias*?
From bonds and ſtatutes can diſcharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
Theſe are the higheſt excellencies
Of all your true or falſe pretences.
And you would damn yourſelves, and ſwear
As much t' an hoſteſs *dowager*,
Grown fat and purſy by retail
Of pots of beer, and bottled ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn;

Who

Who at your flames would ſoon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your deſire,
And, like a candle in the ſocket,
Diſſolve her graces int' your pocket.
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haſte with ſuch a powder,
The blows grew louder ſtill and louder;
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Beſtow'd as freely on his ſkin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetick fright,
To be the wizard, come to ſearch,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as aſhes, or a clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a paſſage thro' his ſide,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But ſhe, who ſaw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know, I'm reſolv'd to break no rite
Of hoſpitality to a ſtranger;
But, to ſecure you out of danger,
Will here myſelf ſtand ſentinel,
To guard this paſs 'gainſt *Sidrophel*.
Women, you know, do ſeldom fail,
To make the ſtouteſt men turn tail;
And bravely ſcorn to turn their backs
Upon the deſp'rateſt attacks.
At this the knight grew reſolute
As *Ironſide*, or *Hardiknute*;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to ſally.

But ſhe beſought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way.
And lodge in ambuſh on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door:
That if the enemy ſhou'd enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.
Meanwhile they knock'd againſt the door,
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado knight
Relapſe again t' his former fright.
He thought it deſperate to ſtay
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather poſt himſelf, to ſerve
The lady, for a freſh reſerve.
His duty was, not to diſpute,
But what ſh' had order'd execute:
Which he reſolv'd in haſte t' obey,
And therefore ſtoutly march'd away;
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Tho' in the dark, and all alone.
Till fear, that braver feats performs,
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a paſs,
To ſtand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageouſly invaded,
And having enter'd, *barricado'd*;
Inſconc'd himſelf as formidable
As could be underneath a table;
Where he lay down in ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain perdue,
To guard his deſp'rate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful ſhout,
As loud as putting to the rout;
With which, impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had ſtorm'd,
And, after ent'ring, *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.
He therefore ſent out all his ſenſes,
To bring him in intelligences;

Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Miſtake, for falling in a trance;
But thoſe that trade in *geomancy*,
Affirm to be the ſtrength of fancy:
In which the *Lapland Magi* deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters,
And ſtorm'd the out-works of his fortreſs.
And as another of the ſame
Degree, and party, in arms and fame,
That in the ſame cauſe had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring only but to thruſt
His head a ſpan beyond his poſt,
B' a *gen'ral* of the *cavaliers*
Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears;
So he was ſerv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they'd ſcorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving, or by taking, quarter:
They ſtoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his ſcouts came in t' his aid.
For when a *man is paſt his ſenſe*,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' *ears* or *noſe*,
Or laying on of *heavy blows*:
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with *hot ir'ns* proceed.
No ſooner was he come t' himſelf,
But on his neck a ſturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy *evil genius*,

Who

1131 *But thoſe that trade in* geomancy, *&c.*] The *Laplanders*, who, it is very credibly reported by authors and perſons that have travelled in their country, perform things incredible, by what is vulgarly called magick.

Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The brethren's privilege (againſt
The wicked) on themſelves, the ſaints,
Has here thy wretched carcaſe ſent,
For juſt revenge and puniſhment;
Which thou haſt now no way to leſſen,
But by an open, free confeſſion;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray
And filch the lady's heart away?
To ſpirit her to matrimony?—
That which contracts all matches, *money*.
It was th' inchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your croney witches;
That in return wou'd pay th' expence,
The wear-and-tear of conſcience:
Which I cou'd have patch'd up, and turn'd
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Didſt thou not love her then? Speak true.
No more *(quoth he)* than I love you.
How would'ſt th' have us'd her, and her money?
Firſt turn'd her up to alimony;
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put, on purpoſe, in the deed;
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in truſt, or private lover.
What made thee pick and chuſe her out
T' emply their ſorceries about?
That, which makes gameſters play with thoſe
Who have leaſt wit, and moſt to loſe.
But didſt thou ſcourge thy veſſel thus,
As thou haſt damn'd thyſelf to us?
I ſee you take me for an aſs:
'Tis true, I thought the trick wou'd paſs
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof;

Whoſe

Whoſe humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For love approves of all they do
That ſtand for candidates, and woo.
Why didſt thou forge thoſe ſhameful lies,
Of bears and witches in diſguiſe?
That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers.
And we have now no other way
Of paſſing all we do or ſay;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few.
Beſide the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of ſenſe.
Why didſt thou chooſe that curſed ſin,
Hypocriſy, to ſet up in?
Becauſe it is the thriving'ſt calling,
The only ſaints-bell that rings all in;
In which all churches are concern'd,
And is the eaſieſt to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unleſs th' employ't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't.
A gift, that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws impower'd to rout,
And awe the greateſt that ſtand out:
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their hands ſhould ſlip, and come too near;
For no ſin elſe among the ſaints
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt.
What made thee break thy plighted vows?
That which makes others break a houſe,
And hang, and ſcorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.
Quoth he, I ſee you have more tricks
Than all our doating politicks,
That are grown old, and out of faſhion,
Compar'd with your *new reformation*:

That

That we muſt come to ſchool to you,
To learn your more *refin'd*, and *new*.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourſelf an arrant chouſe,
If y' were but at a meeting-houſe.
'Tis true, *quoth he*, we ne'er come there,
Becauſe, w' have let 'em out by th' year.
Truly, *quoth he*, you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in:
That as your fellow-fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell;
So are you like to be again
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.
Quoth he, I am reſolv'd to be
Thy ſcholar, in this myſtery;
And therefore firſt deſire to know
Some principles, on which you go.
What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?——*A livelihood.*
What renders beating out of brains,
And murther, godlineſs?——*Great gains.*
What's tender conſcience?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentleſt touch;
But, breaking out, diſpatches more
Than th' epidemical'ſt plague-ſore.
What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?——*To be paid.*
What's orthodox and true believing
Againſt a conſcience?——*A good living.*
What makes rebelling againſt Kings
A *good old cauſe?*——*Adminiſtrings.*
What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove falſe again?——*Two hundred more.*
What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?——*Food and cloaths.*
What laws and freedom, perſecution?—
B'ing out of pow'r, and contribution.

What

What makes a church a den of thieves?—
A dean and chapter, and white ſleeves.
And what would ſerve, if thoſe were gone,
To make it orthodox?——*Our own.*
What makes morality a crime
The moſt notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the ſaints,
And wicked too, cry out againſt?—
'Cauſe grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true ſaint allows
They ſhall be ſuffer'd to eſpouſe:
For ſaints can need no conſcience,
That with morality diſpenſe;
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed:
But why the wicked ſhould do ſo,
We neither know, or care to do.
What's liberty of conſcience,
I' th' natural and genuine ſenſe?—
'Tis to reſtore, with more ſecurity,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Chriſtian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the *Jews:*
For a large conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with *none.*
It is enough *(quoth he)* for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Though he gave 's name to our *Old Nick,)*
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs i' th' world, for holineſs.
This ſaid, the furies, and the light,
In th' inſtant vaniſh'd out of ſight;
And left him in the dark alone,
With ſtinks of brimſtone, and his own.
The *Queen of Night*, whoſe large command
Rules all the ſea, and half the land,
And over moiſt and crazy brains,
In high ſpring-tides, at midnight reigns,

Was

Was now declining to the weſt,
To go to bed, and take her reſt;
When *Hudibras*, whoſe ſtubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that ſoft repoſe,
Lay ſtill, expecting worſe and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor:
And, tho' he ſhut his eyes as faſt
As if h' had been to ſleep his laſt;
Saw all the ſhapes, that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards;
And, pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark;
Was firſt invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
Theſe trembling words, *Unhappy wretch!*
What haſt thou gotten by this fetch;
Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade?
By ſaunt'ring ſtill on ſome adventure,
And growing to thy horſe a centaur?
To ſtuff thy ſkin with ſwelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For ſtill th' haſt had the worſt on't yet,
As well in conqueſt, as defeat:
Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To reſt the body and the mind;
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corps with ſleep.
The knight, who heard the words, explain'd,
As meant to him, this reprimand,
Becauſe the character did hit
Point-blank upon his caſe ſo fit;
Believ'd it was ſome drolling ſpright
That ſtaid upon the guard that night,
And one of thoſe h' had ſeen, and felt
The drubs he had ſo freely dealt.
When, after a ſhort pauſe and groan,
The doleful ſpirit thus went on:
Thus 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears,
Pell-mell together, by the ears,

And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo, in the ſtocks;
And, from the pinnacle of glory,
Fall headlong into purgatory:
(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
That on my late diſaſters rallies)
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroick-minded;
And at a riding handled worſe,
With treats more ſlovenly and coarſe:
Engag'd with fiends in ſtubborn wars,
And hot diſputes with conjurers;
And, when th' hadſt bravely won the day,
Was fain to ſteal thyſelf away:
(I ſee, thought he, this ſhameleſs elf
Would fain ſteal me too from myſelf,
That impudently dares to own
What I have ſuffer'd for and done)
And now but vent'ring to betray,
Haſt met with vengeance the ſame way.
Thought he, how does the devil know
What 'twas that I deſign'd to do?
His *office of intelligence*,
His *oracles*, are ceas'd long ſince;
And he knows nothing of the ſaints,
But what ſome treach'rous ſpy acquaints.
This is ſome pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to underſtand,
And juggles at the ſecond hand;
And now would paſs for *ſpirit Po*,
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't;
Theſe rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And haſtily cry'd out, *What art?*
A wretch *(quoth he)* whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee, *quoth the knight*,
Thus far, I'm ſure, th' art in the right;

And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou haſt gueſs'd of me.
Thou art ſome paltry, black-guard ſpright,
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
Thou haſt no work to do in th' houſe,
Nor half-penny to drop in ſhoes:
Without the raiſing of which ſum,
You dare not be ſo troubleſome,
To pinch the ſlatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your buſineſs, good *pug-robin*,
And your diverſion, dull dry *bobbing*,
T' entice fanaticks in the dirt,
And waſh them clean in ditches for't.
Of which conceit you are ſo proud,
At ev'ry jeſt you laugh aloud,
As now you wou'd have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.
Sir, *quoth the voice*, y' are no ſuch Sophi,
As you wou'd have the world judge of ye.
If you deſign to weigh our talents,
I' th' ſtandard of your own falſe balance,
Or think it poſſible to know
Us ghoſts, as well as we do you:
We who have been the everlaſting
Companions of your drubs and baſting,
And never left you in conteſt
With male or female, man or beaſt,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your ſquire.
Quoth he, That may be ſaid as true
By th' idleſt pug of all your crew.
For none cou'd have betray'd us worſe
Than thoſe allies of ours and yours.
But I have ſent him, for a token,
To your low-country *Hogen-Mogen*,

To

1423 *Sir* (quoth the voice) *&c.*] *Sophi* is at preſent the name of the Kings of *Perſia*, not ſuperadded, as *Pharaoh* was, to the Kings of *Egypt*; but the name of the family itſelf, and religion of *Hali*, whoſe deſcendants by *Fatimas*, *Mahomet*'s daughter, took the name of *Sophi*.

To whoſe infernal ſhores I hope
He'll ſwing like ſkippers in a rope.
And, if y' have been more juſt to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th' ill-affected ſay of you.
Y' have 'ſpous'd the covenant and cauſe,
By holding up your cloven paws.
Sir, *quoth the voice*, 'tis true, I grant,
We made and took the covenant;
But that no more concerns the cauſe,
Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which, when th' have prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillos for't.
And that's the reaſon covenanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.
I ſee, *quoth Hudibras*, from whence
Theſe ſcandals of the ſaints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of *Satan*'s malice, and his ſects,
Thoſe ſpider-ſaints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.
Sir, *quoth the voice*, that may as true
And properly be ſaid of you;
Whoſe talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together:
For, all the *independents* do,
Is only what you forc'd them to;
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,
But muſt have armies rais'd to back
The goſpel-work you undertake:
As if artillery, and edge-tools,
Were th' only engines to ſave ſouls.
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;

1454 *Wear wooden* Peccadillos, *&c.*] *Peccadillos* were ſtiff pieces that went about the neck, and round about the ſhoulders, to pin the band, worn by perſons nice in dreſſing; but his wooden one is a *pillory*.

Has ne'er a claſſis, cannot ſentence
To ſtools, or poundage of repentance;
Is ty'd up only to deſign
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his arts out-do,
And prove yourſelves his betters too.
Hence 'tis, poſſeſſions do leſs evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'ſt actions done,
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
Becauſe, unleſs they help the elf,
He can do little of himſelf;
And therefore, where he's beſt poſſeſs'd,
Acts moſt againſt his intereſt;
Surprizes none but thoſe wh' have prieſts
To turn him out, and exorciſts,
Supply'd with ſpiritual proviſion,
And magazines of ammunition;
With croſſes, relicks, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, roſaries, and pixes;
The tools of working out ſalvation
By mere mechanick operation;
With holy water, like a ſluice,
To overflow all avenues.
But thoſe wh' are utterly unarm'd
T' oppoſe his entrance if he ſtorm'd,
He never offers to ſurprize,
Although his falſeſt enemies;
But is content to be their drudge,
And on their errands glad to trudge.
For, where are all your forfeitures
Intruſted in ſafe hands, but ours?
Who are but jailors of the holes
And dungeons, where you clap up ſouls:
Like under-keepers, turn the keys
T' your mittimus anathemas,

And

1483 *Hence 'tis, poſſeſſions*, &c.] Criminals, in their indictments, are charged with *not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being led by the inſtigation of the devil.*

And never boggle to reſtore
The members you deliver o'er,
Upon demand, with fairer juſtice
Than all your covenanting truſtees:
Unleſs, to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the ſecular pow'rs,
And paſs their ſouls, as ſome demiſe
The ſame eſtate in mortgage twice:
When to a legal *utlegation*
You turn your excommunication,
And for a groat unpaid that's due,
Diſtrain on *ſoul* and *body* too.
Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
State prudence, to cajole the devil;
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven hoof.
'Tis true, *quoth he*, that intercourſe
Has paſs'd between your friends and ours:
That as you truſt us, in our way,
To raiſe your members, and to lay,
We ſend you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themſelves, or drown;
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a ſtory;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty intereſts of ſtate,
Laid out our ſpiritual gifts to further
Your great deſigns of rage and murther.
For if the ſaints are nam'd from blood,
We onl' have made that title good.
And if it were but in our pow'r,
We ſhould not ſcruple to do more,
And not be half a ſoul behind
Of all diſſenters of mankind.

1521 *When to a legal* Utlegation, *&c.*] When they return the excommunication into the *Chancery*, there is iſſued out a writ againſt the perſon.

1524 *Diſtrain on ſoul*, &c.] Excommunication, which deprives men from being members of the viſible church, and formally delivers them up to the devil.

Right, *quoth the voice;* and as I ſcorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all thoſe kind good offices,
I'll free you out of this diſtreſs,
And ſet you down in ſafety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I muſt be gone;
And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that, the *ſpirit* grop'd about,
To find th' inchanted *hero* out,
And try'd with haſte to lift him up;
But found his forlorn *hope*, his *crup*,
Unſerviceable with kicks and blows,
Received from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like *Greſham* carts, with legs for wheels;
But fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe ſores,
In danger of relapſe to worſe,
Came in t' aſſiſt him with its aid,
And up his ſinking veſſel weigh'd.
No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge:
The ſpirit hors'd him, like a ſack,
Upon the *vehicle*, his back;
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With ſome few rubs againſt the wall.
Where finding out the poſtern lock'd,
And th' *avenues* as ſtrongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, ſtorm'd the glaſs,
And in a moment gain'd the paſs;
Through which he dragg'd the worſted ſoldier's
Fore-quarters by the head and ſhoulders;
And cautiouſly began to ſcout,
To find their fellow-cattle out.
Nor was it half a minute's queſt,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beaſt,
Ty'd to a pale, inſtead of rack,
But ne'er a ſaddle on his back,

Nor

Nor piſtols at the ſaddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to ſtay,
And let the night too ſteal away;
But in a trice advanc'd the knight
Upon the *bare ridge*, bolt upright.
And, groping out for *Ralpho*'s jade,
He found the ſaddle too was ſtray'd,
And in the place a lump of ſoap,
On which he ſpeedily leap'd up;
And turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While *Hudibras*, with equal haſte,
On both ſides laid about as faſt,
And ſpurr'd as *Jockies* uſe, to break,
Or *padders* to ſecure, a neck.
Where, let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their *churches* turn our *rhime*;
To hold forth their declining ſtate,
Which now come near an even rate.

HUDIBRAS. PART III.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO.

The ſaints engage in fierce conteſts
About their carnal intereſts;
To ſhare their ſacrilegious preys,
According to the rates of grace;
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a ſtorm:
Till in th' effigy of RUMPS, *the rabble*
Burns all their grandees of the Cabal.

CANTO II.

THE learned write, *An inſect breeze*
Is but a mungrel prince of *bees*,
That falls, before a ſtorm, on cows,
And ſtings the founders of his houſe;
From whoſe corrupted fleſh, that breed
Of vermin did at firſt proceed.
So, ere the ſtorm of war broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious ſects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That firſt run all religion down,
And, after ev'ry ſwarm, its own.

For

1 *The learned write*, &c.] An *inſect breeze*. Breezes often bring along with them great quantities of inſects, which ſome are of opinion are generated from viſcous exhalations in the air; but our author makes them proceed from a *cow*'s dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original.

For as the *Perſian Magi* once
Upon their *mothers* got their *ſons*,
Who were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way:
So *Preſbyter* begot the other
Upon the *good old cauſe*, his mother,
Then bore them like the devil's dam,
Whoſe *ſon* and *huſband* are the ſame.
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
Nor int'reſt for the common good,
Cou'd, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard.
For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd;
Like dogs that ſnarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none;
As by their trueſt characters,
Their conſtant actions, plainly appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of *zeal* and *plunder*, to grow ſlack;
The *cauſe* and covenant to leſſen,
And Prov'dence to be out of ſeaſon:
For now there was no more to purchaſe
O' th' King's revenue, and the church's;
But all divided, ſhar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the brethren on.
Which forc'd the ſtubborn'ſt for the cauſe
To croſs the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
By their ſupport might be maintain'd;
Like thieves, that in a *hemp-plot* lie,
Secur'd againſt the *hue and cry*.
For *Preſbyter* and *Independant*
Were now turn'd *plaintiff* and *defendant*;

Laid

13 *Perſian Magi*, &c.] A ſect of philoſophers, of whom Zoroaſter is reported to be the head. They had this cuſtom amongſt them, to preſerve and continue their families, by inceſtuous copulation with their own mothers. Some are of opinion, that the three wiſe men that came out of the *Eaſt* to worſhip our Saviour, were ſome of theſe.

Laid out their apoſtolick functions,
On carnal *orders* and *injunctions*;
And all their precious gifts and graces
On *outlawries* and *ſcire facias*;
At *Michael*'s term had many a trial,
Worſe than the *Dragon* and St *Michael*,
Where thouſands fell, in ſhape of fees,
Into the *bottomleſs abyſs*.
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to ſhare their dividends,
And ev'ry partner to poſſeſs
His church and ſtate joint-purchaſes,
In which the ableſt ſaint, and beſt,
Was nam'd in truſt by all the reſt,
To pay their money; and, inſtead
Of ev'ry brother, paſs the deed;
He ſtrait converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy ſhifts;
And ſettled all the other ſhares
Upon his *outward man* and's *heirs*;
Held all they claim'd, as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And paſs'd upon his conſcience,
By *pre-intail* of *Providence*;
Impeach'd the reſt for *reprobates*,
That had no titles to eſtates,
But by their ſpiritu'l attaints
Degraded from the right of *ſaints*.
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conſcience to fall on:
And laid about as hot and brain-ſick
As th' *utter barriſter of Swanſwick*;
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with ſand-bags did of old;
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unſanctify'd truſtees:
Till he who had no more to ſhow
I' th' caſe, receiv'd the overthrow;

Or,

77 *And laid about*, &c.] *William Prynne* of *Lincolns-Inn*, Eſq. born at *Swanſwick*, who ſtyled himſelf *utter bariſter*.

Or, both ſides having had the worſt,
They parted as they met at firſt.
Poor *Preſbyter* was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and caſhier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of church and ſtate,
Reform'd t' a reformado ſaint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To ſtroll and teach from town to town,
And thoſe he had taught up, teach down,
And make thoſe uſes ſerve again,
Againſt the new enlighten'd men;
As fit as when at firſt they were
Reveal'd againſt the *cavalier*:
Damn *anabaptiſt* and *fanatick*,
As pat as *popiſh*, and *prelatick*;
And with as little variation,
To ſerve for any ſect i' th' nation.
The *good old Cauſe*, which ſome believe
To be the *dev'l* that tempted *Eve*
With knowledge, and does ſtill invite
The world to miſchief with *new light*,
Had ſtore of money in her purſe,
When he took her for *bett'r* or *worſe*;
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
The *Independents* (whoſe firſt ſtation
Was in the *rear of reformation*;
A mungrel kind of *church dragoons*,
That ſerved for horſe and foot at once;
And in the ſaddle of one ſteed
The *Saracen* and *Chriſtian* rid;
Were free of ev'ry ſpiritual order,
To *preach*, and *fight*, and *pray*, and *murder*:)
No ſooner got the ſtart to lurch
Both diſciplines, of *war* and *church*,
And providence enough to run
The chief commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the war againſt
The common enemy o' th' ſaints,

And in a while prevail'd ſo far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themſelves, as th' had before.
For now there was no foe in arms,
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, *themſelves at home;*
Wh' had compaſs'd all they pray'd, and ſwore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the nation, church and ſtate,
And all things, but their *laws and hate.*
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the ſpoil of all th' had ranſack'd,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the *government,*
They met no ſooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had ſpar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' *aboliſh,*
Subvert, extirpate, and *demoliſh.*
For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,
As *Dutch boors* are t' a *ſooterkin,*
Both parties join'd to do their beſt,
To damn the publick intereſt;
And herded only in conſults,
To put by one another's bolts;
T' out-cant the *Babylonian* lab'rers,
At all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the ſaw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So thoſe who play a *game of ſtate,*
And only *cavil* in debate,

Altho'

146 *As* Dutch boors, *&c.*] It is reported of the *Dutch* women, that making ſo great uſe of ſtoves, and often putting them under their petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly monſter which is called a *ſooterkin.*

151 *T' out cant the* Babylonian, *&c.*] At the building of the tower of *Babel,* when God made the confuſion of languages.

Altho' there's nothing loſt nor won,
The publick buſ'neſs is undone,
Which ſtill the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the ſurer way to ruin.
This, when the *royaliſts* perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, *the Church and Crown*,)
Th' united conſtanter, and ſided
The more, the more their foes divided.
For tho' out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down;
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated:
For loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the game;
True as the dial to the ſun,
Altho' it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe brethren in evil,
Their *adverſaries*, and the *devil*,
Began once more to ſhew them play,
And hopes, at leaſt, to have a day;
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented ſolitudes,
Conven'd at midnight in out-houſes,
T' appoint *new-riſing rendezvouzes*,
And with a pertinacity unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No ſooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party ſtarted;
And, as if nature too, in haſte
To furniſh out ſupplies as faſt,
Before her time had turn'd deſtruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No ſooner thoſe were overcome,
But up roſe others in their room,
That, like the *Chriſtian* faith, increas'd
The more, the more they were ſuppreſs'd:
Whom neither *chains*, nor *tranſportation*,
Proſcription, *ſale*, or *confiſcation*,

Nor all the deſperate events
Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds, cou'd terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off *loyalty* and *dangling*;
Nor death (with all his bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right,
From ſtaking life and fortune down
'Gainſt altogether, for the crown;
But kept the title of their cauſe
From *forfeiture*, like claims in laws;
And prov'd, no proſpr'ous uſurpation
Can ever ſettle on the nation,
Until, in ſpight of force and treaſon,
They put their loy'lty in poſſeſſion:
And by their conſtancy and faith,
Deſtroy'd the mighty men of *Gath*.
Toſs'd in a furious *hurricane*,
Did *Oliver* give up his *reign*;
And was believ'd, as well by ſaints,
As mortal men and miſcreants,
To founder in the *Stygian* ferry:
Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry*,
Who in a falſe erroneous dream
Miſtook the *new Jeruſalem*,
Prophanely, for th' *apocryphal*
Falſe *heaven* at the *end o' th' hall*;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious reliques to tranſlate.
So *Romulus* was ſeen before
B' as orthodox a *ſenator*;
From whoſe divine illumination
He ſtole the Pagan revelation.

Next

215 *Toſs'd in a furious* hurricane, *&c.*] At *Oliver*'s death was a moſt furious tempeſt, ſuch as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. *Sterry* reported ſomething ridiculouſly fabulous concerning *Oliver*, not unlike what *Proculus* did to *Romulus*.

224 *Falſe* heaven, *&c.*] After the reſtoration, *Oliver*'s body was dug up, and his head ſet up at the farther end of *Weſtminſter-Hall*, near which place there is an houſe of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Heaven*.

Next him his ſon and *heir-apparent*
Succeeded, tho' a *lame vicegerent*,
Who firſt laid by the *parliament*,
The only *crutch* on which *he leant*;
And then ſunk underneath the *ſtate*,
That rode him above *horſeman's weight*.
And now the ſaints began their *reign*,
For which th' had yearn'd ſo long in vain,
And felt ſuch bowel-hankerings,
To ſee an *empire all of kings*,
Deliver'd from th' *Egyptian awe*
Of juſtice, government, and law,
And free t' erect what *ſpiritual cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *goſpel Hans-towns*,
To edify upon the ruins
Of *John* of *Leyden's old out-goings*;
Who, for a weather-cock, hung up,
Upon their *mother church's* top,
Was made a type, by providence,
Of all their revelations ſince;
And now fulfill'd by his ſucceſſors,
Who equally miſtook their meaſures:
For when they came to ſhape the *model*,
Not one could fit another's noddle;
But found their light and gifts more wide
From fadging, than th' unſanctify'd;
While ev'ry individual brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another,

245 *To edify upon the ruins*, &c.] *John of Leyden*, whoſe name was *Buckhold*, was a *butcher* of the ſame place; but a crafty, eloquent, and ſeditious fellow, and one of thoſe called *Anabaptiſts*: He went and ſet up at *Munſter*, where, with *Knipperdoling*, and others of the ſame faction, they ſpread their abominable errors, and ran about the ſtreets in enthuſiaſtical raptures, crying, *Repent, and be baptized*, pronouncing diſmal *woes* againſt all thoſe that would not embrace their tenets. About the year 1533, they broke out into an open inſurrection, and ſeized the palace and magazines, and grew ſo formidable, that it was very dangerous for thoſe who were not of their perſuaſion to dwell in *Munſter*; but at length he and his aſſociates being ſubdued and taken, he was executed at *Munſter*, had his fleſh pulled off by two executioners with red-hot pincers for the ſpace of an hour, and then run through with a ſword.

And ſtill the maddeſt, and moſt crack'd,
Were found the buſieſt to tranſact:
For tho' moſt hands diſpatch apace,
And *make light work* (the proverb ſays;)
Yet many different intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects;
And many heads t' obſtruct intrigues;
As ſloweſt inſects have moſt legs.
Some were for ſetting up a king,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing,
Unleſs king *Jeſus*: Others tamper'd
For *Fleetwood*, *Deſborough*, and *Lambert*;
Some for the *rump*, and ſome, more crafty,
For *agitators*, and the *ſafety*;
Some for the goſpel, and maſſacres
Of *ſpiritual affidavit-makers*,
That ſwore, to any human regence,
Oaths of ſuprem'cy and *allegiance*:
Yea, tho' the ableſt ſwearing ſaint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant:
Others for pulling down th' high-places
Of *ſynods* and *provincial claſſes*,
That us'd to make ſuch hoſtile inroads
Upon the *ſaints*, like bloody *Nimrods*:
Some for fulfilling prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' *exciſe*;
And ſome againſt th' *Egyptian bondage*
Of *holy-days*, and *paying poundage*:
Some for the cutting down of *groves*,
And rectifying bakers *loaves*;
And ſome for finding out expedients
Againſt the ſlavery of obedience.
Some were for *goſpel miniſters*,
And ſome for *red-coat ſeculars*,
As men moſt fit t' hold forth the word,
And wield *the one and th' other's ſword*.
Some were for carrying on the work
Againſt the *Pope*, and ſome the *Turk*:
Some for engaging to ſuppreſs
The *camiſado of ſurplices*,

That

That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' *outward man the inward;*
More proper for the cloudy night
Of *popery*, than *gospel light.*
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, *a ring*,
With which th' unsanctify'd *bridegroom*
Is marry'd only to a *thumb;*
(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig;)
The *bride* to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage still.
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of *linsey woolsy* in the nation;
And some against all idolizing
The *cross* in *shop-books*, or *baptizing:*
Others, to make all things recant
The *christian* or *surname* of saint;
And force all *churches*, *streets*, and *towns*,
The *holy title* to renounce.
Some 'gainst a *third estate of souls*,
And bringing down the price of coals;
Some for abolishing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them, roots and branches;
While others were for eating *haunches*
Of *warriors*, and *now* and *then*
The *flesh of kings* and *mighty men;*
And some for breaking of their bones
With rods of ir'n, by *secret ones;*
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carriers packs and bells:
Things that the *legend* never heard of,
But made the wicked sore afear'd of.
The quacks of government, (who sate
At th' unregarded *helm* of *state*,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh,)

Conſider'd timely, how t' withdraw,
And ſave their wind-pipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worſe than all th' had 'ſcap'd in war;
And therefore met in conſultation
To *cant* and *quack* upon the nation;
Not for the ſickly patient's ſake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the pulſes of their fees,
More wiſe than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the ſnuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—*gain*.
'Mong theſe there was a *politician*,
With more heads than a *beaſt in viſion*,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the *whores of Babylon*;
So politick, as if one eye
Upon the other were a ſpy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both ſtrove to blink;
And, in his dark pragmatick way,
As buſy as a child at play.
H' had ſeen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one;
Was for 'em, and againſt 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall:
For by *trepanning* th' old to ruin,
He made his int'reſt with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, tho' againſt
His conſcience, and was ſtill advanc'd.
For, by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble *ſtate-camelion*,
By giving aim from ſide to ſide,
He never fail'd to ſave his tide,
But got the ſtart of ev'ry ſtate,
And at a change ne'er came too late;
Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath;
By turning, wriggle, like a ſcrew,
Int' higheſt truſt, and out, for new.

For

For when h' had happily incurr'd,
Inſtead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And paſs'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount this ladder (more) of ropes;
Wou'd ſtrive to räiſe himſelf upon
The publick ruin, and his own.
So little did he underſtand
The deſp'rate feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himſelf a name
For fraud and tricks, he ſpoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a nooſe,
To ſhew his play at *faſt and looſe*;
And when he chanc'd t' eſcape, miſtook,
For art and ſubtilty, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together moſt profound
At deeds of darkneſs under ground:
As th' earth is eaſieſt undermin'd,
By vermin impotent and blind.
By all theſe arts, and many more,
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our *ſtate-artificer* foreſaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old *ſinners* have all points
O' th' compaſs in their bones and joints;
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by *Napier*'s *bones*,
Feel in their own the age of moons;
So guilty ſinners in a ſtate,
Can by their crimes prognoſticate,

And

409 *And better than by* Napier's bones, *&c.*] The famous Lord *Napier* of *Scotland*, the firſt inventor of *logarithms*, contrived alſo a ſet of ſquare pieces, with numbers on them, made generally of ivory (which performs arithmetical and geometrical calculations) and are commonly called *Napier*'s *bones*.

And in their conſciences feel pain
Some days before a ſhow'r of rain.
He therefore wiſely caſt about
All ways he cou'd, t' *inſure his throat*;
And hither came t' obſerve and ſmoke
What courſes other riſkers took;
And to the utmoſt do his beſt
To ſave himſelf, and hang the reſt.
To match this ſaint, there was another,
As buſy, and perverſe a brother,
An haberdaſher of ſmall wares,
In politicks, and ſtate-affairs;
More *Jew* than *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to rebel:
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'ſpouſe
The cauſe, aloft, upon one houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So ſullenly addicted ſtill
To's only principle, his *will*,
That whatſoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor *law*, nor *cavalcade* of *Ho'born*,
Could render half a grain leſs ſtubborn.
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' *harangue*:
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miſs his dear delight, to wrangle:
In which his parts were ſo accompliſh'd,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was non-pluſt;
But ſtill his tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe;
And with its everlaſting clack
Set all mens ears upon the rack.
No ſooner cou'd a hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to picqueer,
And made the ſtouteſt yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in *controverſy*.
Not by the force of carnal reaſon,
But indefatigable teazing;

With

With vollies of eternal babble,
And clamour, more unanſwerable.
For tho' his *topicks*, frail and weak,
Cou'd ne'er amount above a freak,
He ſtill maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Againſt the deſp'rateſt aſſaults;
And back'd their feeble want of ſenſe,
With greater heat and confidence:
As bones of *hectors*, when they differ,
The more they're *cudgel'd*, grow the *ſtiffer*.
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated:
For nothing but his intereſt
Cou'd lay his devil of conteſt:
It was his *choice*, or *chance*, or *curſe*,
T' eſpouſe the cauſe, for *bett'r* or *worſe*,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And *ſoul*, and *body*, worſhip'd it:
But when he found the ſullen *traps*,
Poſſeſs'd with th' *devil*, *worms*, and *claps*;
The *Trojan mare* in foal with *Greeks*,
Not half ſo full of *jadiſh tricks*,
Tho' ſqueamiſh in her outward woman,
As looſe and rampant as *Dol Common*;
He ſtill reſolv'd, to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obſtinater:
And ſtill the ſkittiſher and looſer
Her freaks appear'd, to ſit the cloſer.
For *fools are ſtubborn in their way,*
As coins are harden'd by th' allay;
And obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
Theſe two, with others, being met,
And cloſe in conſultation ſet;
After a diſcontented pauſe,
And not without ſufficient cauſe,
The orator we nam'd of late,
Leſs troubled with the pangs of ſtate,
Than with his own impatience,
To give himſelf firſt audience,

After

After he had a while look'd wiſe,
At laſt broke ſilence, and the *ice*.
Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
Our laſt outgoing's brought about,
More than to ſee the characters
Of real jealouſies and fears
Not feign'd, as once, but ſadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead:
Who, 'cauſe the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten ſudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of ſtate-turns,
And revolutions in their corns;
And, ſince our workings-out are croſs'd,
Throw up the cauſe before 'tis loſt.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the covenant,
The lameſt cripples of the brothers
Took oaths, to run before all others;
But, in their own ſenſe, only ſwore
To ſtrive to run away before;
And now would prove, that word and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true, the cauſe is in the lurch,
Between a right and mungrel church,
The *Preſbyter* and *Independent*,
That ſtickle which ſhall make an end on't;
As 'twas made out to us the laſt
Expedient,—(I mean *Marg'ret*'s faſt)
When Providence had been ſuborn'd,
What anſwer was to be return'd.
Elſe, why ſhould tumults fright us, now
We have ſo many times gone through?
And underſtand as well to tame,
As, when they ſerve our turns, t' inflame;
Have prov'd how inconſiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whoſe frenzies muſt be reconcil'd
With drums, and rattles, like a child;
But never prov'd ſo proſperous,
As when they were led on by us:

For all our ſcouring of religion
Began with tumults and ſedition;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became ſtrong motives to devotion;
(As carnal ſeamen, in a ſtorm,
Turn pious converts, and reform)
When ruſty weapons, with chalk'd *edges*,
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown-bills, levy'd in the city,
Made bills to paſs the *grand committee*:
When *zeal*, with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chaſe to *rochets*, and *white ſleeves*,
And made the *church*, and *ſtate*, and *laws*,
Submit t' *old iron*, and the *cauſe*.
And as we thriv'd by *tumults* then,
So might we better now again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To uſe them rightly in our need:
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themſelves inſtead of us;
The hollow-hearted, diſaffected,
And cloſe malignant, are detected:
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to ſecure our own;
And freely ſacrifice their ears
T' appeaſe our jealouſies and fears.
And yet for all theſe providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our ſenſes,
We idly ſit like ſtupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a diſcharge.
Like men condemn'd to thunder-bolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
Or fools, beſotted with their crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes;
And neither have the hearts to ſtay,
Nor wit enough to run away:
Who, if we could reſolve on either,
Might ſtand, or fall, at leaſt, together;

No mean or trivial ſolaces
To partners in extreme diſtreſs,
Who uſe to leſſen their deſpairs,
By parting them int' equal ſhares;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the eaſier;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit;
Who, when our fate can be no worſe,
Are fitted for the braveſt courſe;
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our laſt and beſt defence, *deſpair*:
Deſpair, by which the gallant'ſt feats
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt ſtraits,
And horrid'ſt dangers ſafely wav'd,
By being courageouſly out-brav'd;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poiſons by themſelves expell'd:
And ſo they might be now again,
If we were, what we ſhou'd be, *men*;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt ourſelves with Fate:
As criminals condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking covenants,
And ſetting up exaugns of ſaints,
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace.
For ſpiritu'l men are too tranſcendent,
That mount their banks, for independent,
To hang like *Mahomet* in th' air,
Or St *Ignatius* at his pray'r,

By

605 *To hang like* Mahomet, *&c.*] It is reported of *Mahomet*, the great impoſtor, that having built a moſque, the roof whereof was a loadſtone, and ordering his corpſe, when he was dead, to be put into an iron coffin, and brought into that place, the loadſtone ſoon attracted it near the top, where it ſtill hangs in the air.

By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or ſtate:
Diſdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
And ſince obedience is better
(The *ſcripture* ſays) than ſacrifice,
Preſume the leſs on't will ſuffice;
And ſcorn to have the mod'rat'ſt ſtints
Preſcrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or falſe,
Declar'd as ſuch, in doctrinals;
But, left at large to make their beſt on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or queſtion;
Interpret all the ſpleen reveals,
As *Whittington* explain'd the bells;
And bid themſelves turn back again
Lord May'rs of *New Jeruſalem:*
But look ſo big, and over-grown,
They ſcorn their edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their ſprinkling leſſons,
Their tones, and ſanctify'd expreſſions;
Beſtow'd their gifts upon a ſaint,
Like charity, on thoſe that want;
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
T' inſpire themſelves with ſhort-hand notes;
For which they ſcorn and hate them, worſe
Than dogs and cats do ſow-gelders.
For who firſt bred them up to pray,
And teach, the *Houſe of Commons* way?
Where had they all their gifted phraſes,
But from our *Calamys* and *Caſes?*
Without whoſe ſprinkling and ſowing,
Whoe'er had heard of *Nye*, or *Owen?*
Their *diſpenſations* had been ſtifled,
But for our *Adoniram Byfield:*
And had they not begun the war,
Th' had ne'er been *ſainted* as they are:
For *ſaints*, in peace, degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their *zeal* corrupts, like ſtanding water,
In th' intervals of *war* and *ſlaughter;*

Abates the ſharpneſs of its edge,
Without the pow'r of ſacrilege.
And tho' they've tricks to caſt their ſins,
As eaſy as ſerpents do their ſkins,
That in a while grow out again,
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And from the moſt refin'd of ſaints,
As nat'rally grow miſcreants,
As barnacles turn *ſolan* geeſe
I' th' iſlands of the *Orcades*.
Their *diſpenſation*'s but a ticket,
For their conforming to the wicked;
With whom the greateſt difference
Lies more in words, and ſhew, than ſenſe.
For as the *Pope*, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of ſtate;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud *Cerberus*, wears three heads as well:
And, if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greateſt harm,
Their ſpiritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated ſots
In fevers ſtill, like other goats;
For tho' the whore bends hereticks
With flames of fire, like crooked ſticks;
Our ſchiſmaticks ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter th' are, they grow the ſtiffer;
Still ſetting off their ſpiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious feuds.
For zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches ſaints to tear, and rant,
And *independents* to profeſs
The doctrine of dependences;
Turns meek, and ſecret, ſneaking ones,
To raw-heads fierce, and bloody-bones:

And

655 *As barnacles turn* ſolan geeſe, *&c.*] It is ſaid, that in the iſlands of the *Orcades* in *Scotland*, there are trees which bear thoſe *barnacles*, which, dropping off into the water, receive life, and become thoſe birds call'd *ſolan geeſe*.

And not content with endleſs quarrels
Againſt the wicked, and their morals,
The *Gibellines*, for want of *Guelfs*,
Divert their rage upon themſelves.
For now the war is not between
The brethren, and the man of ſin;
But ſaint and ſaint, to ſpill the blood
Of one another's brotherhood;
Where neither ſide can lay pretence
To liberty of conſcience,
Or zealous ſuff'ring for the cauſe,
To gain one groat's-worth of applauſe:
For tho' endur'd with reſolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to perſecution.
Shall precious ſaints, and ſecret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the fleſh of brethren,
Inſtead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themſelves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When *Bell* 's at union with the *Dragon*,
And *Baal-peor* friends with *Dagon*;
When ſavage bears agree with bears,
Shall ſecret ones lug ſaints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall maſtiffs by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold?
And ſaints whoſe necks are pawn'd at ſtake,
No notice of the danger take?
But tho' no pow'r of heav'n or hell
Can pacify fanatick zeal;
Who wou'd not gueſs there might be hopes,
The fear of gallowſes and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animoſities a while?

685 *The* Gibellines, *&c.*] Two great factions in *Italy*, diſtinguiſh'd by thoſe names, which miſerably diſtracted and waſted it about the year 1130.

At leaſt until th' had a clear ſtage,
And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of ſurpriſe
By both our common enemies?
This none but we alone cou'd doubt,
Who underſtand their workings out;
And know 'em both in ſoul and conſcience,
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonſenſe
As ſpiritual out-laws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er reſtore.
We, whom at firſt they ſet up under,
In revelation only of plunder,
Who ſince have had ſo many trials
Of their encroaching ſelf-denials,
That rook'd upon us with deſign
To out-reform, and undermine;
Took all our intereſts and commands,
Perfidiouſly, out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive gains allow'd,
And made us ſerve as miniſterial,
Like younger ſons of father *Belial.*
And yet for all th' inhuman wrong
Th' had done us, and the *cauſe* ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The work ſtill, as we had begun:
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us like the *cavaliers;*
Nor put them to the charge of *gaols,*
To find us *pillories*, and *carts-tails,*
Or *hangman*'s *wages*, which the ſtate
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
That cut, like tallies, to the ſtumps,
Our ears, for keeping true accompts,
And burnt our veſſels, like a new
Seal'd peck, or buſhel, for b'ing true;
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
Held for the *cauſe* againſt all others,

Diſdaining

Diſdaining equally to yield
One ſyllable of what we held.
And tho' we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men;
Our inward man, and conſtant frame
Of ſpirit, ſtill were near the ſame.
And till they firſt began to cant,
And ſprinkle down the *covenant*,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down *free grace*;
But join'd our gifts perpetually
Againſt the common enemy.
Altho' 'twas our and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a *Rimmon*;
And yet, for all this goſpel-union,
And outward ſhew of church-communion,
They 'ld ne'er admit us to our ſhares,
Of ruling church or ſtate affairs;
Nor give us leave t' abſolve, or ſentence
T' our own conditions of repentance;
But ſhar'd our dividend o' th' crown,
We had ſo painfully preach'd down;
And forc'd us, tho' againſt the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again:
For 'twas but juſtice to reſtore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And, when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who, for the right w' have done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal ſalvation,
And put our veſſels in a way,
Once more to come again in play.
For, if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about;
And that our only ſuffering
Is able to bring in the King:
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a ſhare,
At leaſt, in carrying on th' affair:

But whether that be ſo, or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if w' had done 't,
And eaſier paſs'd upon account:
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as juſtify'd.
The world is nat'rally averſe
To all the truth it ſees or hears;
But ſwallows nonſenſe, and a lie,
With greedineſs and gluttony;
And, tho' it have the pique, and long,
'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the wrong:
As women long, when they're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For meats ridiculous, and fulſome,
But ſeldom any thing that's wholeſome,
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
Turn round upon their ears, the poles;
And what they're confidently told,
By no ſenſe elſe can be controul'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more, to hedge in providence.
For as relapſes make diſeaſes
More deſp'rate than their firſt acceſſes;
If we but get again in pow'r,
Our work is eaſier than before;
And we more ready and expert
I' th' myſtery, to do our part.
We, who did rather undertake
The firſt war to create, than make;
And when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds as ſtrange, to carry 't on;
Trepann'd the ſtate, and fac'd it down,
With plots and projects of our own:
And if we did ſuch feats at firſt,
What can we, now we're better vers'd,
Who have a freer latitude,
Than ſinners give themſelves, allow'd?
And therefore likelieſt to bring in,
On faireſt terms, our diſcipline;

To

To which, it was reveal'd long ſince,
We were ordain'd by providence:
When three ſaints ears, our predeceſſors,
The *cauſe*'s primitive confeſſors,
B'ing crucify'd, the nation ſtood
In juſt ſo many years of blood:
That, multiply'd by *ſix*, expreſs'd
The perfect number of the beaſt,
And prov'd that we muſt be the men,
To bring this work about again;
And thoſe who laid the firſt foundation,
Complete the thorough reformation.
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone?
What churches have ſuch able paſtors,
And precious, pow'rful, preaching maſters?
Poſſeſs'd with abſolute dominions
O'er brethren's purſes, and opinions?
And truſted with the double keys
Of heaven, and their ware-houſes;
Who, when the *cauſe* is in diſtreſs,
Can furniſh out what ſums they pleaſe,
That brooding ly in bankers hands,
To be diſpos'd at their commands:
And daily increaſe and multiply,
With doctrine, uſe, and uſury:
Can fetch in parties (as in war,
All others heads of cattle are);
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high, and low conditions,
And ſhare them, from blue ribands, down
To all blue aprons in the town:
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With cor'nets at their footmen's breeches,
To bawds as fat as mother *Nab*;
All guts and belly, like a crab.

Our

841 *When three* ſaints ears, &c.] *Burton*, *Prynn*, and *Baſtwick*, three notorious ringleaders of the factions, juſt at the beginning of the late horrid rebellion.

Our party's great, and better ty'd
With oaths, and trade, than any ſide:
Has one conſiderable improvement,
To double fortify the cov'nant:
I mean, our covenant to purchaſe
Delinquents titles, and the churches;
That paſs in ſale, from hand to hand,
Among ourſelves, for current land;
And riſe or fall, like *Indian* actions,
According to the rate of factions.
Our beſt reſerve for *reformation*,
When new out-goings give occaſion:
That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
The *covenant* (their *creed*) t' aſſert:
And when th' have pack'd a parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient:
Who can already muſter friends,
To ſerve for members, to our ends,
That repreſent no part o' th' nation,
But *Fiſher's-folly* congregation;
Are only tools to our intrigues,
And ſit like geeſe, to hatch our eggs;
Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' out-faſt, out-loiter, and out-ſit,
Can order matters under-hand,
To put all bus'neſs to a ſtand:
Lay public bills aſide for private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the great and neceſſary,
With trifles to conteſt and vary;
And make the nation repreſent,
And ſerve for us, in parliament;
Cut out more work than can be done
In *Plato*'s year, but finiſh none;

Unleſs

894 *But* Fiſher's Folly, &c.] *Fiſher's Folly* was where *Devonſhire Square* now ſtands, and was a great place of conſultation in thoſe days.

907 *Cut out more work*, &c.] *Plato*'s year, or the grand revolution of the entire machine of the world, was accounted 4000 years.

Unleſs it be the bulls of *Lenthal*,
That always paſs'd for fundamental;
Can ſet up grandee againſt grandee,
To ſquander time away, and bandy;
Make lords and commoners lay ſieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins; th' only ſcope
And conſolation of our hope:
Who, though we do not play the game,
Aſſiſt as much by giving aim.
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions t' act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A ſeconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a caſting voice comes to,
That turns up trump, of *Ay*, or *No*;
And by adjuſting all at th' end,
Share ev'ry one his dividend.
An art that ſo much ſtudy coſt,
And now's in danger to be loſt,
Unleſs our ancient *virtuoſos*,
That found it out, get into th' Houſes.
Theſe are the courſes that we took
To carry things by hook, or crook;
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door:
Beſides the herds of *bouteſeus*,
We ſet on work, without the Houſe;
When ev'ry knight, and citizen,
Kept legiſlative journey-men,
To bring them in intelligence
From all points of the rabble's ſenſe;
And fill the lobbies of both Houſes
With politick important buzzes:
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack deſigns without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our preſent uſe.

Agree

Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,
And every one his part rehearſe.
Make Q's of anſwers, to way-lay
What th' other party's like to ſay:
What repartees, and ſmart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections:
And who ſhall break the maſter-jeſt,
And what and how, upon the reſt:
Help pamphlets out, with ſafe editions,
Of proper ſlanders and ſeditions:
And treaſon for a token ſend,
By letter to a country friend;
Diſperſe lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit;
Wit falſer than a padder's face,
That all its owner does, betrays;
Who therefore dares not truſt it, when
He's in his calling to be ſeen.
Diſperſe the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of *diſcord* forth;
Be ſure to bring up *congregations*,
In ſpight of laws and proclamations:
For *Charlatans* can do no good,
Until their mounted in a crowd;
And when th' are puniſh'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't;
As long as confeſſors are ſure
Of double pay for all th' endure;
And what they earn in perſecution,
Are paid t' a groat in *contribution*.
Whence ſome *tub-holders-forth* have made
In *powd'ring tubs* their richeſt trade;
And, while they kept their ſhops in priſon,
Have found their prices ſtrangely riſen.
Diſdain to own the leaſt regret
For all the *Chriſtian* blood w' have let;
'Twill ſave our credit, and maintain
Our title to do ſo again:
That needs not coſt one dram of ſenſe,
But pertinacious *impudence*.

Our

Our conſtancy t' our principles,
In time will wear out all things elſe:
Like marble ſtatues, rubb'd in pieces,
With gallantry of pilgrims kiſſes:
While thoſe who turn and wind their oaths,
Have ſwell'd and ſunk, like other froths:
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they ſwung:
As they had turn'd from ſide to ſide,
And as they changelings liv'd, they dy'd.
This ſaid, th' impatient ſtates-monger
Could now contain himſelf no longer;
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his piques
Againſt th' haranguer's politicks,
With ſmart remarks, of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces.
After h' had adminiſter'd a doſe
Of *ſnuff-mundungus* to his noſe,
And powder'd th' inſide of his ſkull,
Inſtead of th' outward jobbernol,
He ſhook it with a ſcornful look
On th' adverſary, and thus he ſpoke:
In dreſſing a calf's-head, altho'
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep ſo great a diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange, if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols,
With ſuch inſufferable rambles?
To make the bringing in the KING,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none could do, but thoſe that ſwore
T' as point-blank nonſenſe heretofore:
That to defend, was to invade,
And to aſſaſſinate, to aid:
Unleſs, becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt)
No pow'r is able to reſtore
And bring him in, but on your ſcore:
A ſpiritual doctrine, that conduces
Moſt properly to all your uſes.

'Tis

'Tis true, a ſcorpion's oil is ſaid
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons dreſs'd with ſalves, reſtore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether *Preſbyterians* have
So much good nature as the ſalve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Thoſe who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' arrears of all your ſervices,
And for th' eternal obligation
Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd s' unconſcionably hard,
As not to find a juſt reward,
For letting rapine looſe, and murther,
To rage juſt ſo far, but no further;
And, ſetting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a ſcantling, but no higher;
For vent'ring to aſſaſſinate,
And cut the throats of church and ſtate;
And not be allow'd the fitteſt men
To take the charge of both again;
Eſpecially, that have the grace
Of ſelf-denying, gifted face;
Who, when your projects have miſcarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted fore-head,
On thoſe you painfully trepann'd,
And ſprinkled in at ſecond hand;
As we have been, to ſhare the guilt
Of *Chriſtian* blood, devoutly ſpilt;
For ſo our ignorance was flamm'd
To damn ourſelves, t' avoid b'ing damn'd:
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at *back-gammon*,
And win your necks upon the ſet,
As well as ours, who did but bet;
(For he had drawn your ears before,
And nick'd them on the ſelf-ſame ſcore)
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had loſt us, at foul play;

And brought you down to rook, and lie,
And fancy only, on the by;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles;
And reſcu'd all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like *aligators*:
For which ingeniouſly y' have ſhew'd
Your *Preſbyterian* gratitude:
Wou'd freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Thoſe were your motives to divide,
And ſcruple, on the other ſide,
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conſcience and remorſe;
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again:
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
Than maggots when they turn to flies:
And therefore, all your lights and calls
Are but apocryphal, and falſe,
To charge us with the conſequences
Of all your native inſolences,
That to your own imperious wills
Laid law and goſpel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Teſtament,
To ſerve the New for precedent;
T' amend its errors and defects,
With murther and rebellion-texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to ſow upon:
And therefore (from your tribe) the *Jews*
Held *Chriſtian* doctrine forth, and uſe;
As *Mahomet* (your chief) began
To mix them in the *alcoran*;
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cuſhion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are ſaid to ſee the wind;

Fill'd *bedlam* with *predeſtination*,
And *Knight's-bridge* with *illumination*;
Made children, with your tones, to run for 't,
As bad as *bloody-bones*, or *Lunsford*.
While women, great with child, miſcarry'd,
For being to malignants marry'd.
Transform'd all wives to *Dalilahs*,
Whoſe huſbands were not for the cauſe;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Becauſe they came not out to battle:
Made taylor's 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to *Meroz*;
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not eſpouſe the ſaints adventures.
Could tranſubſtantiate, metamorphoſe,
And charm whole herds of beaſts, like *Orpheus*:
Inchant the king's, and church's lands,
T' obey, and follow your commands;
And ſettle on a new freehold,
As *Marcly-hill* had done of old.
Cou'd turn the *cov'nant*, and tranſlate
The *goſpel* into ſpoons and plate;
Expound upon all merchants caſhes,
And open th' intricateſt places:
Could catechize a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox;
Until the *Cauſe* became a *Damon*,
And *Pythias* the wicked *Mammon*:
And yet, in ſpight of all your charms,
To conjure *Legion* up in arms;
And raiſe more devils in the *rout*,
Than e'er y' were able to caſt out;
Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe fools,
Bred up (you ſay) in your own ſchools;
Who, tho' but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit.
By whom y' have been ſo oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all command,
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at *carryings-on*:

Of

Of all your *diſpenſations* worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of church and ſtate,
And all things, but the people's hate;
And ſpirited out of the enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By thoſe who lodg'd their *gifts* and *graces*,
Like better bowlers, in your places;
All which you bore with reſolution,
Charg'd on th' account of perſecution;
And, tho' moſt righteouſly oppreſs'd,
Againſt your wills, ſtill acquieſc'd;
And never humm'd and hah'd *ſedition*,
Nor ſnuffled *treaſon*, nor *miſpriſion*.
That is, becauſe you never durſt:
For had you preach'd, and pray'd your worſt,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raiſe your *poſſe* of the *rabble*:
One ſingle red-coat ſentinel
Out-charm'd the magick of the ſpell;
And, with his ſquirt-fire, could diſperſe
Whole troops, with chapter rais'd, and verſe:
We knew too well thoſe tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your pow'rs;
Or truſt our ſafeties, or undoings,
To your diſpoſing of out-goings:
Or to your ordering providence,
One farthing's-worth of conſequence.
For, had you pow'r to undermine,
Or wit to carry a deſign,
Or correſpondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man;
There's nothing elſe that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to uſe the means;
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in *kings*, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to reſtore,
That cou'd not keep yourſelves in pow'r:
T' advance the int'reſts of the *crown*,
That wanted wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your parts in both,
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As grace is introduc'd by ſin;
For 'twas your zealous want of ſenſe,
And ſanctify'd impertinence;
Your carrying buſ'neſs in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new-model;
Oblig'd the ſtate to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out;
To *reformado*, one and all,
T' your great *croyſado*-general.
Your greedy ſlav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r,
That ſprung the game you were to ſet,
Before y' had time to draw the net:
Your ſpight to ſee the church's lands
Divided into other hands,
And all your ſacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets, and debentures;
Your envy to be ſprinkled down,
By under churches in the town;
And no courſe us'd to ſtop their mouths,
Nor th' *independent*'s ſpreading growths.
All which conſider'd, 'tis moſt true,
None bring him in ſo much as you;
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
Their midnight *juntos*, and ſeal'd *knots*;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own raſh politicks.
And this way you may claim a ſhare
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair.
Elſe frogs and toads, that croak'd the *Jews*
From *Pharaoh*, and his brick-kilns, looſe;
And flies and mange, that ſet them free
From taſk maſters, and ſlavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In any indiff'rent man's conceit:

For

1200 *T' your great* croyſado-*general*, &c.] General *Fairfax*, who was ſoon laid aſide, after he had done ſome of their drudgery for them.

For who e'er heard of *reſioration*,
Until your thorough *reformation*?
That is, the *King*'s and *church*'s lands
Were ſequeſter'd int' other hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to reſtore.
And when the work was carrying on,
Who croſs'd it, but yourſelves alone?
As by a world of hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your ears.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The iſle of *Wight*
Will riſe up, if you ſhould deny't;
Where *Henderſon*, and th' other maſſes,
Were ſent to cap texts, and put caſes:
To paſs for deep and learned ſcholars,
Altho' but paltry *Ob* and *Sollers*:
As if th' unſeaſonable fools
Had been a-courſing in the ſchools;
Until th' had prov'd the devil author
O' th' *covenant*, and the *cauſe* his *daughter*.
For when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been ſpilt;
They did not mean he wrought th' effuſion
In perſon, like Sir *Pride*, or *Hughſon*:
But only thoſe who firſt begun
The quarrel, were by him ſet on.
And who could thoſe be but the *ſaints*,
Thoſe *reformation* termagants?
But ere this paſs'd, the wiſe debate
Spent ſo much time, it grew too late;
For *Oliver* had gotten ground,
T' incloſe him with his warriors round:
Had brought his providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely ſophiſts out.
Nor had the *Uxbridge* bus'neſs leſs
Of nonſenſe in't, or ſottiſhneſs;
When from a ſcoundrel *holder-forth*,
The ſcum, as well as ſon o' th' earth,

1250 *Like Sir* Pride, *&c.*] The one a *brewer*, the other a *ſhoemaker*, and both colonels in the rebels army.

Your mighty ſenators took law,
At his command, were forc'd t' withdraw,
And ſacrifice the *peace* o' th' nation
To *doctrine*, *uſe*, and *application*.
So when the *Scots*, your conſtant cronies,
Th' eſpouſers of your cauſe, and monies,
Who had ſo often, in your aid,
So many ways been ſoundly paid,
Came in at laſt, for better ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty friends;
You baſely left them, and the church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And ſuffer'd your own tribe of *Chriſtians*
To fall before, as true *Philiſtines*.
This ſhews what utenſils y' have been,
To bring the *King*'s concernments in:
Which is ſo far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you:
And, if he take you into truſt,
Will find you moſt exactly juſt:
Such as will punctually repay
With double int'reſt, and betray.
Not that I think thoſe pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are leſs ingenious in their art,
Than thoſe who dully act one part;
Or thoſe who turn from ſide to ſide,
More guilty, than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wiſe man's home,
And ſo are governments to ſome,
Who change them for the ſame intrigues
That ſtateſmen uſe in breaking leagues:
While others in old faiths, and troths,
Look odd, as out-of-faſhion'd cloths:
And naſtier, in an old opinion,
Than thoſe who never ſhift their linen.
For *true* and *faithful*'s ſure to loſe,
Which way ſoever the game goes:
And, whether parties loſe or win,
Is always nick'd, or elſe hedg'd in.

While

While *pow'r uſurp'd*, like ſtol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And when the times begin to alter,
None riſe ſo high as from the halter.
And ſo may we, if w' have but ſenſe
To uſe the neceſſary means;
And not your uſual ſtratagems
On one another, lights, and dreams.
To ſtand on terms as poſitive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the *covenant* on crutches,
'Gainſt thoſe who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before w' are ſure to prop our own:
Your conſtant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding:
Who, 'twixt your inward ſenſe, and outward,
Are worſe, than if y' had none, accouter'd.
I grant, all courſes are in vain,
Unleſs we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty 's, *How?*
'Tis true, w' have *money*, th' only pow'r
That all mankind falls down before;
Money, that, like the ſwords of kings,
Is the laſt reaſon of all things:
And therefore, need not doubt, our play
Has all advantages that way:
As long as men have faith to ſell,
And meet with thoſe that can pay well;
Whoſe half-ſtarv'd pride and avarice,
One church and ſtate will not ſuffice,
T' expoſe to ſale, beſide the wages
Of ſtoring plagues to after-ages.
Nor is our money leſs our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon 't:
Or but, by caſting knaves, get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win?

We

We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and ſomething more;
And by th' unfortunate events,
Can mend our next experiments:
For when w' are taken into truſt,
How eaſy are the wiſeſt chouſt?
Who ſee but th' outſides of our feats,
And not their ſecret ſprings, and weights:
And, while they're buſy at their eaſe,
Can carry what deſigns we pleaſe.
How eaſy is 't to ſerve for agents,
To proſecute our old engagements?
To keep the *good old cauſe* on foot,
And preſent pow'r from taking root?
Inflame them both with falſe alarms
Of plots, and parties taking arms?
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of ſide to ſide.
Profeſs the paſſionat'ſt concerns
For both their intereſts, by turns.
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none:
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpoſe falſe, and to be ſway'd):
For if we ſhould be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other means
To ſtand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late *diſſenters*,
Our brethren, tho' by other venters;
Unite them, and their diff'rent maggots,
As long and ſhort ſticks are in faggots;
And make them join again us cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' eſpouſe:
Erect them into ſeparate
New *Jewiſh* tribes, in church and ſtate;
To join in marriage, and commerce,
And only 'mong themſelves converſe,

And all that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind:
Take all religions in, and ſtickle
From *conclave* down to *conventicle*;
Agreeing ſtill, or diſagreeing,
According to the light in being.
Sometimes, for *liberty of conſcience*,
And ſpiritual miſ-rule, in one ſenſe:
But in another quite contrary,
As diſpenſations chance to vary;
And ſtand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the ſpirit:
Protect their emiſſaries, empow'r'd
To preach ſedition, and the word:
And when they're hamper'd by the laws,
Releaſe the lab'rers for the cauſe;
And turn the perſecution back
On thoſe that made the firſt attack,
To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking, or maintaining law:
And when they have their fits too ſoon,
Before the full-tides of the moon,
Put off their zeal t' a fitter ſeaſon
For ſowing *faction* in, and *treaſon*;
And keep them hooded, and their churches,
Like hawks from bating on their perches:
That when the bleſſed time ſhall come
Of quitting *Babylon*, and *Rome*,
They may be ready to reſtore
Their own *fifth monarchy* once more.
Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence
Againſt revolts of providence;
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping
All blind ſides of it, as they happen:
For, if ſucceſs could make us ſaints,
Our ruin turn'd us miſcreants:
A ſcandal that wou'd fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
These are the courſes we muſt run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone:

And not to ſtand on terms and freaks,
Before we have ſecur'd our necks.
But do our work, as out of ſight,
As ſtars by day, and ſuns by night:
All licence of the *people* own,
In oppoſition to the *crown:*
And for the *crown* as fiercely ſide,
The head and body to divide:
The end of all we firſt deſign'd,
And all that yet remains behind.
Be ſure to ſpare no publick rapine,
On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as eaſy to ſupplant
Authority, as men in want:
As ſome of us, in truſts, have made
The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vaſtly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, foreſtall'd,
The other, by as ſly, retail'd.
For *gain* has wonderful effects
T' improve the factory of ſects:
The rule of faith in all profeſſions,
And great *Diana* of th' *Epheſians:*
Whence turning of religion 's made
The means to turn, and wind a trade.
And tho' ſome change it for the worſe,
They put themſelves into a courſe;
And draw in ſtore of cuſtomers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;
To nab the itches of their ſects,
As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 'tis, *hypocriſy* as well
Will ſerve t' improve a *church*, as *ZEAL:*
As *perſecution*, or *promotion*,
Do equally advance *devotion.*
Let buſ'neſs, like ill watches, go
Sometimes too faſt, ſometimes too ſlow:

For things in order are put out
So eaſy, *eaſe* itſelf will do 't:
But when the feat's deſign'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more eaſy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
All poſſible occaſions ſtart,
The weightieſt matters to divert;
Obſtruct, perplex, diſtract, intangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.
But in affairs of leſs import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;
And ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,
To bait our hooks for greater truſt.
But ſtill be careful to cry down
All publick actions, tho' our own:
The leaſt miſcarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the *ſtate*:
Expreſs the horrid'ſt deteſtation,
And pity the diſtracted nation.
Tell ſtories, ſcandalous and falſe,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a ſubtle ſtateſman ſays,
Is half in words, and half in face;
(As *Spaniards* talk in dialogues,
Of heads and ſhoulders, nods and ſhrugs):
Intruſt it under ſolemn vows
Of mum, and ſilence, and the roſe,
To be retail'd again in whiſpers,
For th' eaſy credulous to diſperſe.
Thus far the ſtateſman—When a ſhout,
Heard at a diſtance, put him out;
And ſtrait another, all aghaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal fear and haſte:
Who ſtar'd about as pale as death,
And, for a while, *as out of breath*;
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits.

That

That beaſtly *rabble*,—that came down
From all the garrets—in the town,
And ſtalls, and ſhop-boards,—in vaſt ſwarms,
With new-chalk'd bills,—and ruſty arms,
To cry the *cauſe*—up, heretofore,
And bawl the BISHOPS—out of door;
Are now drawn up—in greater ſhoals,
To roaſt—and broil us on the coals,
And all the *grandees*—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgeſſes—
Held forth by *rumps*—of pigs and geeſe,
That ſerve for characters—and badges
To repreſent their perſonages:
Each bonefire is a fun'ral pile,
In which they roaſt—and ſcorch, and broil,
And ev'ry repreſentative
Have vow'd to roaſt—and broil alive:
And 'tis a miracle, we are not
Already ſacrific'd incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
W' are grilly'd all at *Temple-Bar*:
Some, on the ſign-poſt of an ale-houſe,
Hang in *effigy*, on the gallows,
Made up of *rags*, to perſonate
Reſpective *Officers of State*;
That henceforth they may ſtand reputed,
Proſcrib'd in law, and executed,
And while the work is carrying on,
Be ready liſted under *Dun*:
That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
And tinder-box of all his fellows;
The activ'ſt member of the five,
As well as the moſt primitive;
Who, for his faithful ſervice then,
Is choſen for a fifth again: (For

1505 *That* beaſtly rabble *that came down*, &c.] This is an accurate deſcription of the mob's burning rumps upon the admiſſion of the ſecluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

1534 *Be ready liſted under* Dun.] The hangman's name at that time was *Dun*.

(For ſince the *ſtate* has made a quint
Of *generals*, he's liſted in't):
This worthy, as the world will ſay,
Is paid in ſpecie, his own way;
For, moulded to the life in clouts,
Th' have pick'd from dung-hills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin,
A crop'd malignant *baker* gave 'em;
And to the largeſt bone-fire riding,
They've roaſted *Cook* already, and *Pride* in,
On whom, in equipage and ſtate,
His ſcarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thankſgivings th' us'd to do;
Each in a tatter'd *taliſman*,
Like vermin in effigie ſlain.
But, what's more dreadful than the reſt,
Thoſe *rumps* are but the *tail* o' th' beaſt,
Set up by *Popiſh* engineers,
As by the crackers plainly appears;
For none but *Jeſuits* have a miſſion
To preach the *faith* with *ammunition*,
And propagate the *church* with *powder*;
Their founder was a blown-up ſoldier.
Theſe ſpiritual pioneers o' th' whore's,
That have the charge of all her ſtores;
Since firſt they fail'd in their deſigns,
To take in heav'n by ſpringing mines,
And with unanſwerable barrels
Of gunpowder, diſpute their quarrels:
Now take a courſe more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the *rabble*,
And blow us up, in th' open ſtreets,
Diſguis'd in *rumps*, like *Sambenites*;

1550 *They've roaſted* Cook *already, and* Pride *in.*] *Cook* acted as ſolicitor-general againſt King *Charles* I. at his trial; and afterwards received his juſt reward for the ſame. *Pride*, a colonel in the Parliament's army.

1564 *Their founder was a blown-up ſoldier.*] *Ignatius Loyola*, the founder of the ſociety of the Jeſuits, was a gentleman of *Biſcay* in *Spain*, and bred a ſoldier.

More like to ruin, and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.
Nor have they choſen *rumps* amiſs,
For ſymbols of *ſtate-myſteries:*
Tho' ſome ſuppoſe 'twas but to ſhew
How much they ſcorn'd the *ſaints*, the few;
Who 'cauſe they're waſted to the ſtumps,
Are repreſented beſt by *rumps*.
But *Jeſuits* have deeper reaches
In all their politick far-fetches:
And from the *Coptick* prieſt, *Kircherus*,
Found out this myſtick way to jeer us.
For, as th' *Ægyptians* us'd by bees
T' expreſs their antique *Ptolomies;*
And by their ſtings, the ſwords they wore,
Held forth authority and pow'r:
Becauſe theſe ſubtle animals
Bear all their int'reſts in their tails:
And when they're once impair'd in that,
Are baniſh'd their well-order'd ſtate:
They thought all governments were beſt
By hieroglyphick *rumps* expreſt.
For, as in bodies natural,
The *rump*'s the fundament of all;
So, in a *Common-wealth*, or realm,
The government is call'd the *helm;*
With which, like veſſels under ſail,
They're turn'd and winded by the *tail*,
The *tail*, which birds and fiſhes ſteer
Their courſes with, thro' ſea and air;
To whom the rudder of the *rump*, is
The ſame thing with the ſtern and compaſs.
This ſhews how perfectly the *rump*
And *Common-wealth* in nature jump.
For as a fly that goes to bed,
Reſts with his tail above his head;

So,

1587 *For, as th' Ægyptians us'd by bees, &c.*] The *Ægyptians* repreſented their kings (many of whoſe names were *Ptolomy*) under the hieroglyphick of a *bee*, diſpenſing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a ſting for the wicked and diſſolute.

So, in this mungrel ſtate of ours,
The *rabble* are the ſupreme pow'rs;
That hors'd us on their backs, to ſhow us
A jadiſh trick at laſt, and throw us.
The learned rabbins of the *Jews*
Write, there's a bone, which they call *luez*,
I' th' rump of man, of ſuch a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the laſt great day,
All th' other members ſhall, they ſay,
Spring out of this, as from a ſeed
All ſorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned ſons of art,
Os ſacrum, juſtly ſtyle that part.
Then what can better repreſent,
Than this *rump*-bone, the *Parliament*;
That, after ſev'ral rude ejections,
And as prodigious reſurrections,
With new reverſions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?
But now, alas! they're all expir'd,
And th' *Houſe*, as well as *members*, fir'd;
Conſum'd in kennels by the *rout*,
With which they other fires put out:
Condemn'd t' ungoverning diſtreſs,
And paltry, private wretchedneſs;
Worſe than the devil, to privation,
Beyond all hopes of reſtauration:
And parted like the body and ſoul,
From all dominion and controul.
We, who cou'd lately with a look
Enact, eſtabliſh, or revoke;
Whoſe arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluſter of whoſe huff,
All hats, as in a ſtorm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the foot-man and valet:
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats;

Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin 's juſt as low as high;
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall:
For ſome of us have ſcores more large
Than heads and quarters can diſcharge;
And others, who, by reſtleſs ſcraping,
With publick frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amaſs'd,
Wou'd gladly lay down all, at laſt:
And to be but undone, entail
Their veſſels on perpetual jail;
And bleſs the dev'l to let them farms
Of forfeit ſouls, on no worſe terms.
This ſaid, a near, and louder ſhout,
Put all th' aſſembly to the rout,
Who now begun t' out-run their fear,
As horſes do, from thoſe they bear:
But crowded on with ſo much haſte,
Until th' had block'd the paſſage faſt,
And barricado'd it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their ſhoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a crippled piece
Of all their cruſh'd and broken members,
Than have them grillied on the embers;
Still preſſing on with heavy packs,
Of one another, on their backs:
The van-guard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear;
But, born down headlong by the *rout*,
Were trampled forely under foot:
Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable,
As th' horrid *cookery* of the *rabble*:
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
As leſſer pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a freſh ſupply
Of rallied force, enough to fly,
And beat a *Tuſcan* running-horſe
Whoſe jockey-rider is all ſpurs.

HUDIBRAS. PART III.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD CANTO.

The knight and ſquire's prodigious flight
To quit th' inchanted bow'r by night:
He plods to turn his am'rous ſuit
T' a plea in law, and proſecute:
Repairs to Counſel, to adviſe
'Bout managing the enterprize;
But firſt reſolves to try by letter,
And one more fair addreſs, to get her.

CANTO III.

WHO would believe what ſtrange *bugbears*
Mankind creates itſelf, of *fears;*
That ſpring, like fern, that inſect weed,
Equivocally, without ſeed?
And have no poſſible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats,
Than *hags*, with all their *imps* and *teats;*
Make more bewitch and haunt themſelves,
Than all their *nurſeries of elves.*
For fear does things ſo like a witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of ſenſes,
To chop and change intelligences;

8 *Than* hags, *with all their* imps *and* teats.] Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that *witches* have their *imps*, or *familiar ſpirits*, that are employed in their diabolical practices, and ſuck private *teats* they have about them.

As *Roſicrucian virtuoſos*
Can ſee with *ears*, and hear with *noſes*;
And, when they neither ſee nor hear,
Have more than both ſupply'd by fear;
That makes them in the dark ſee *viſions*,
And hag themſelves with *apparitions*;
And, when their eyes diſcover leaſt,
Diſcern the ſubtleſt objects beſt:
Do things, not contrary, alone,
To th' courſe of nature, but its own;
The courage of the braveſt daunt,
And turn poltroons as valiant:
For men as reſolute appear,
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to ſtand it out,
And thoſe they fled, like lions, rout.
This, *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who, by the furies, left perdue,
And haunted with detachments, ſent
From *Marſhal Legion's regiment*,
Was by a *fiend*, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and reſcu'd with a cheat;
When nothing but himſelf, and fear,
Was both the *imps* and *conjurer*;
As, by the rules o' th' *virtuoſi*,
It follows in due *form of poeſy*.
Diſguis'd in all the maſks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At *blind-man's-buff*, to grope his way,
In equal *fear* of *night* and *day*;
Who took his dark and deſp'rate courſe,
He knew no better than his horſe;

And,

15 *As* Roſicrucian virtuoſos, &c.] The *Roſicrucians* were a ſect that appeared in *Germany* in the beginning of the xviith age. They are alſo called the *Enlightened, Immortal, and Inviſible*. They are a very *enthuſiaſtical* ſort of men, and hold many *wild* and *extravagant* opinions.

36 *From* Marſhal Legion's regiment.] He uſed to preach, as if they might expect legions to drop down from heaven, for the propagation of the good old cauſe.

And, by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor leſs capacity of ſpeed;
Diſabled, both in man and beaſt,
To fly and run away, *his beſt*;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear.
And tho', with kicks and bangs, he ply'd
The further and the nearer ſide:
(As *ſeamen* ride with all their force,
And *tug*, as if they *row'd the horſe*;
And, when the hackney ſails moſt ſwift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a-driſt*)
So, tho' he poſted e'er ſo faſt,
His fear was greater than his haſte;
For fear, tho' fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But, when the morn began t' appear,
And ſhift *t' another ſcene* his fear,
He found his new officious *ſhade*,
That came ſo timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' eſcape,
Had turn'd itſelf to *Ralpho*'s ſhape,
So like in *perſon*, *garb*, and *pitch*,
'Twas hard t' interpret *which was which*.
For *Ralpho* had no ſooner told
The lady all he had t' unfold,
But ſhe convey'd him out of ſight,
To entertain th' approaching knight:
And, while he gave himſelf diverſion,
T' accommodate his *beaſt* and *perſon*,
And put his *beard* into a poſture,
At beſt advantage to accoſt her;
She order'd th' *antimaſquerade*
(For his reception) *aforeſaid*:
But, when the *ceremony* was done,
The *lights put out*, *and furies gone*;
And *Hudibras*, among the reſt,
Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* gueſs'd;

The wretched caitiff, all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his ſtory to himſelf;
The knight miſtook him for an elf:
And did ſo ſtill, till he began
To ſcruple at *Ralph*'s outward man;
And thought, becauſe they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's ſtead,
And act the *ſaint*'s and *devil*'s part,
With undiſtinguiſhable art;
They might have done ſo now, perhaps,
And put on one another's ſhapes:
And therefore, to reſolve the doubt,
He ſtar'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My ſquire, or that bold ſpright
That took his place and ſhape to-night?
Some buſy, independent pug,
Retainer to his ſynagogue?
Alas! *quoth he*, I'm none of thoſe
Your boſom friends, as you ſuppoſe;
But *Ralph* himſelf, your truſty ſquire,
Wh' has dragg'd your *Donſhip* out o' th' mire,
And from th' inchantments of a widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a beaſt, have freed you;
And, tho' a priſoner of war,
Have brought you ſafe, where you now are;
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your conſtant *Preſbyterian* way.
That's ſtranger (*quoth the knight*) and ſtranger:
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Purſu'd, and took me priſoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out:
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they ſaid or did:
And, tho' they lay to him the pageant,
I did not ſee him, nor his agent,
Who play'd their ſorceries out of ſight,
T' avoid a fiercer, ſecond fight.

But, didſt thou ſee no devils then?
Not one, *quoth he*, but carnal men,
A little worſe than fiends in hell,
And that ſhe-devil *Jezebel*;
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with deriſion,
To ſee them take your depoſition.
What then (quoth *Hudibras*) was he,
That play'd the devil t' examine me?
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parſon's gown;
Whom all the pariſh take for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conſcientious frauds and cheats;
Deny'd your whipping, and confeſs'd
The naked truth of all the reſt,
More plainly than the rev'rend writer,
That to our churches veil'd his mitre:
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to under-write.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none, but thou and I alone,
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my *helliſh fear?*
Quoth he, I knew your conſtant rate,
And frame of ſp'rit, too obſtinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own;
And therefore ſtrove to counterfeit
The dev'l a while, to nick your wit;
The dev'l, that is your conſtant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye:
Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they, with weighty drubs, confuting.
The knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the enemy behind,
And ſaw no farther harm remain,
But feeble wearineſs and pain;
Perceiv'd, by loſing of their way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day:

And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good:
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his *fear*,
That parting 's wont to *rent* and *tear*,
And give the deſperat'ſt attack
To danger ſtill behind its back.
For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his paſt ſucceſs reflect,
T' examine and conſider why,
And whence, and how he came to fly,
And, when no devil had appear'd,
What elſe, it cou'd be ſaid, he fear'd?
It put him in ſo fierce a rage,
He once reſolv'd to re-engage;
Toſs'd like a foot-ball back again,
With *ſhame*, and *vengeance*, and *diſdain*.
Quoth he, It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer riſe;
And, when I'd half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamouſly baſe:
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew:
To ſlight my new acqueſts, and run
Victorioufly, from battles won:
And, reck'ning all I gain'd or loſt,
To ſell them cheaper than they coſt:
To make me put myſelf to flight,
And, conqu'ring, run away by night:
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durſt never have preſum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horſe,
Expos'd, *in querpo*, to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;
Leſt, if they ventur'd to purſue,
I might th' unequal fight renew;
And, to preſerve thy outward man,
Aſſum'd my place, and led the van.
All this, *quoth Ralph*, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preſerve myſelf, but you.

You,

You, who were damn'd to baſer drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worſe
Than managing a wooden horſe:
Dragg'd out thro' ſtraiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers:
Who, tho' th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had *had* no reaſon to complain;
But, ſince it proſper'd, 'tis unhandſome
To blame the hand that paid your ranſom,
And reſcu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons.
The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we diſabled, and unhors'd,
Diſarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but haſty flight,
Which, tho' 'twas deſp'rate in th' attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.
But, were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unſeaſonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No martial project, to ſurpriſe,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor caſt deſign ſerve afterwards,
As gameſters tear their loſing-cards.
Beſide, our bangs of man and beaſt
Are fit for nothing now but reſt,
And, for a while, will not be able
To rally, and prove ſerviceable:
And therefore I, with reaſon, choſe
This ſtratagem, t' amuſe our foes;
To make an honourable retreat,
And wave a total ſure defeat:
For thoſe that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.
Hence, timely running's no mean part
Of conduct, in the martial art;
By which, ſome, glorious feats atchieve,
As citizens, by breaking, thrive;

And cannons conquer armies, while
They ſeem to draw off, and recoil.
'Tis held the gallant'ſt courſe, and braveſt
To great exploits, as well as ſafeſt,
That ſpares th' expence of time and pains,
And dang'rous beating out of brains;
And in the end prevails as certain,
As thoſe that never truſt to fortune;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the ſtouteſt reſolution;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If th' ancients crown'd their braveſt men,
That only ſav'd a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would ſave but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done:
For thoſe that ſave themſelves, and fly,
Go halves, at leaſt, i' th' victory;
And ſometime, when the loſs is ſmall,
And danger great, they challenge all;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in gazettes:
And when, for furious haſte to run,
They durſt not ſtay to fire a gun,
Have done 't with bonefires, and at home
Made ſquibs and crackers overcome:
To ſet the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame,
Diſperſe the news, the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fire-works, and with bells;
And tho' reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to ſing *Te Deum;*

Yet,

261 *If th' ancients crown'd their braveſt men,* &c.] The *Romans* highly honoured and nobly rewarded thoſe perſons that were inſtrumental in the preſervation of the lives of their citizens, either in battle or otherwiſe.

Yet, with religious blaſphemy,
By flatt'ring heaven with a lie,
And for their beating giving thanks,
They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
For thoſe who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the fight becomes a chace,
Thoſe win the day, that win the race;
And that which wou'd not paſs in fights,
Has done the feat with eaſy flights;
Recover'd many a deſp'rate campaign
With *Bourdeaux*, *Burgundy*, and *Champaign*;
Reſtor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine, and *aqua-vitæ*;
And made 'em ſtoutly overcome
With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum;
Whom th' uncontroul'd decrees of fate
To victory neceſſitate;
With which, altho' they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or elſe their Sultan populaces
Still ſtrangle all their routed baſſas.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I underſtand
What fights thou mean'ſt at ſea and land,
And who thoſe were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day;
Altho' the rabble ſous'd them for 't,
O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
'Tis true, our modern way of war
Is grown more politick by far,
But not ſo reſolute, and bold,
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unleſs it be to herds of cattle;
Or fighting convoys of proviſion,
The whole deſign o' th' expedition;

305 *Or elſe their* Sultan populaces, &c.] The author compares the arbitrary actings of the ungovernable *mob*, to the *Sultan* or *Grand Seignior*, who very ſeldom fails to ſacrifice any of his chief commanders, called *Baſſas*, if they prove unſucceſsful in battle.

And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way;
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn guts to death;
And those atchieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other's stomach down.
There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to famine;
And feats of arms, to plot, design,
Surprize, and stratagem, and mine;
But have no need, nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory, or forage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear;
And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance,
To pick out ground t' encamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from side to side may skip,
And only encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted;
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs;
And made their mortal enemy,
The *water-rat*, their strict ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold?
But, who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving:
And he that routs most pigs and cows, is
The formidablest man of prowess.

So

350 *As th' ancient* mice *attack'd the* frogs.] *Homer* wrote a poem of the war between the *mice* and the *frogs*.

So th' emperor *Caligula*,
That triumph'd o'er the *Britiſh* ſea;
Took crabs and oyſters priſoners,
And lobſters, 'ſtead of cuiraſiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce buſtles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muſcles;
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of ſcallops;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car:
But when he went to dine or ſup,
More bravely eat his captives up;
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.
Quoth *Ralph*, By all that you have ſaid,
And twice as much that I cou'd add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worſe,
Than take this out-of-faſhion'd courſe;
To hope, by ſtratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to ſubdue her:
Tho' ſome have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;
As thoſe who won the *Amazons*,
By wanton drubbing of their bones:
And ſtout *Rinaldo* gain'd his bride
By courting of her back and ſide.
But ſince thoſe times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover;
When miſtreſſes are too croſs-grain'd,
By ſuch addreſſes to be gain'd;
And if they were, wou'd have it out,
With many other kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no courſe ſ' infeaſible,
As this of force to win the *Jezebel*;
To ſtorm her heart, by th' antique charms
Of ladies errant, force of arms;
But rather ſtrive by law to win her,
And try the title you have in her.

383 *And ſtout* Rinaldo *gain'd his* bride, *&c.*] A ſtory in *Taſſo*, an *Italian* poet, of a hero that gained his miſtreſs by conquering her party.

Your caſe is clear, you have her word,
And me to witneſs the accord;
Beſides two more of her retinue
To teſtify what paſs'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or ſeal, or breaking gold;
For which ſo many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd;
And bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;
And that, unleſs I miſs the matter,
Is all the bus'neſs you look after:
Beſides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now, than thoſe in war,
In which the law does execution,
With leſs diſorder and confuſion:
Has more of honour in't, ſome hold,
Not like the new way, but the old;
When thoſe the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
Nay, more than bullets now of lead:
So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms;
And whatſoe'er's atchiev'd in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:
For, whether you prevail or loſe,
All muſt be try'd there in the cloſe:
And therefore 'tis not wiſe to ſhun
What you muſt truſt to, ere y' have done.
The law, that ſettles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the moſt perfidious lover
A lady, that's as falſe, recover:
And if it judge upon your ſide,
Will ſoon extend her for your bride;

And put her perſon, goods, or lands,
Or which you like beſt, int' your hands.
For law's the wiſdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ableſt ſages;
Who, tho' their bus'neſs at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,
Than e'er the *Grecians* did, and *Trojans*;
They never manage the conteſt
T' impair their publick intereſt;
Or by their controverſies leſſen
The dignity of their profeſſion:
Not like us brethren, who divide
Our *common-wealth*, the *cauſe*, and *ſide*;
And tho' w' are all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
W' agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle-fangle:
While lawyers have more ſober ſenſe,
Than t' argue at their own expence,
But make their beſt advantages
Of others quarrels, like the *Swiſs*;
And, out of foreign controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, fill their purſes;
But have no int'reſt in the cauſe
For which th' engage, and wage the laws;
Nor further proſpect than their pay,
Whether they loſe or win the day.
And tho' th' abounded, in all ages,
With ſundry learned clerks, and ſages;
Tho' all their bus'neſs be diſpute,
Which way they canvaſs ev'ry ſuit;
Th' have no diſputes about their art,
Nor in polemicks controvert:
While all profeſſions elſe are found
With nothing but diſputes t' abound:
Divines of all ſorts, and phyſicians,
Philoſophers, mathematicians;
The *Galeniſt*, and *Paracelſian*,
Condemn the way each other deals in:

Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out work to wrangle:
Aſtrologers diſpute their dreams,
That in their ſleeps they talk of ſchemes:
And heralds ſtickle, who got who,
So many hundred years ago.
But lawyers are too wiſe a nation,
T' expoſe their trade to diſputation;
Or make the buſy rabble, judges
Of all their ſecret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profeſſion's ſure to pay.
Beſide, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats;
When in all other ſciences
They ſwarm, like inſects, and increaſe.
For what bigot durſt ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An anſwer to a declaration?
For thoſe that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and anſwers, and replies;
They'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to anſwer ye,
And ſoon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.
The *knight*, who us'd with *tricks* and *ſhifts*
To edify, by *Ralpho*'s *gifts*,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better ſeem his own,
(All *plagiaries* conſtant courſe
Of *ſinking*, when they *take a purſe*)
Reſolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by diſguiſe:
And after ſtubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And by tranſition, fall upon
The reſolution, as his own.

Quoth

Quoth he, This gambol thou adviſeſt,
Is, of all others, the unwiſeſt;
For if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing fillier, or vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain, but th' expence;
To act againſt myſelf, and traverſe
My ſuit and title to her favours:
And if ſhe ſhou'd, which heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did;
What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at ſtake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is fillier than a ſottiſh chouſe,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his houſe,
Applies himſelf to cunning-men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For, to reduce her by main force,
Is now in vain; by fair means, worſe:
But worſt of all, to give her over,
Till ſhe's as deſp'rate to recover.
For bad games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until they're never to be won.
And ſince I have no other courſe
But is as bad t' attempt, or worſe;
He that complies againſt his will,
Is of his own opinion ſtill;
Which he may adhere to, yet diſown,
For reaſons to himſelf beſt known:
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For *Sidrophel* reſolves to ſue;
Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin
Inevitably firſt with him.
For I've receiv'd advertiſement,
By times, enough of his intent.

And knowing, he that firſt complains,
Th' advantage of the bus'neſs gains:
For courts of juſtice underſtand
The plaintiff to be eldeſt hand;
Who what he pleaſes may aver,
The other, nothing till he ſwear;
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing cuſtom in,
Has all advantages to win.
I, who reſolve to overſee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counſel, to adviſe
Which way t' encounter, or ſurprize,
And, after long conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occaſion;
Moſt apt for what I have to do,
As counſellor, and juſtice too:
And, truly, ſo, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for ſuch a caſe.
An *old dull ſot*, who told the clock,
For many years, at *Bridewell-dock*,
At *Weſtminſter*, and *Hicks's-Hall*,
And *Hiccius Doctius* play'd in all;
Where, in all *governments and times*,
H' had been both *friend* and *foe* to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By *hind'ring juſtice*, or maintaining:
To many a whore *gave privilege*,
And whipp'd, for *want of quarteridge*;
Cart-loads of bawds to priſon ſent,
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a truſty *pimp*, and *croney*,
To *Puddle-dock*, for want of money:

Engag'd

577 *An old dull ſot who told the* clock, *&c.*] *Prideaux*, a juſtice of peace, a very pragmatical buſy perſon in thoſe times, and a mercenary and a cruel magiſtrate, infamous for the following methods of getting money, among many others.

590 *To* Puddle-dock, *for want of money*, &c.] This was a gaol for puny offenders.

Engag'd the *conſtable* to ſeize
All thoſe that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though ſometimes *commoners*, or *lords*,
And kept 'em priſoners of courſe,
For being *ſober at ill hours*;
That in the morning he might free,
Or bind 'em over for his fee.
Made *monſters fine*, and *puppet-plays*,
For leave to practiſe in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a ſhare
With th' *headborough*, and *ſcavenger*;
And made the dirt i' th' ſtreets compound
For taking up the publick ground;
The *kennel*, and the *King*'s *highway*,
For being unmoleſted, pay;
Let out the *ſtocks*, and *whipping-poſt*,
And *cage*, to thoſe that gave him moſt;
Impos'd a tax on *bakers ears*,
And, for *falſe weights*, on *chandelers*;
Made *victuallers* and *vintners* fine
For arbitrary *ale* and *wine*;
But was a kind and conſtant friend
To all that *regularly* offend:
As *reſidentiary bawds*,
And *brokers*, *that receive ſtol'n goods*;
That cheat in *lawful myſteries*,
And pay *church duties*, and his *fees*:
But was implacable, and awkward,
To all that *interlop'd and hawker'd*.
To this brave man the knight repairs
For counſel in his *law affairs*;
And found him mounted *in his pew*,
With *books* and *money* plac'd, for ſhew,
Like *neſt-eggs*, to make *clients lay*,
And for his falſe opinion pay:
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his caſe:

Which

599 *Made* monſters fine, *and* puppet-plays, &c.] He extorted money from thoſe that kept ſhows.

Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteouſly ſtrain'd;
And, to aſſure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.
Quoth he, There is one *Sidrophel*,
Whom I have cudgell'd——*Very well.*
And now he brags t' have beaten me;—
Better and better ſtill, quoth he:
And vows to ſtick me to a wall,
Where-e'er he meets me——*Beſt of all.*
'Tis true, the knave has taken's oath
That I robb'd him——*Well done, in troth.*
When h' has confeſs'd he ſtole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cauſe that made me bang him,
And take my goods again——*Marry hang him.*
Now, whether I ſhould before-hand
Swear he robb'd me?—*I underſtand.*
Or bring my *action of converſion*
And *trover* for my goods?—*Ah whoreſon!*
Or, if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his trial?——*Right.*
Prevent what he deſigns to do,
And ſwear for th' ſtate againſt him?—*True.*
Or whether he that is defendant,
In this caſe, has the better end on't;
Who, putting in a new croſs-bill,
May traverſe th' action?—*Better ſtill.*
Then there's a lady too—*Aye marry*—
That's eaſily prov'd acceſſary;
A widow, who, by ſolemn vows,
Contracted to me for my ſpouſe,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—*Good Lord!*—
Suborn'd th' aforeſaid *Sidrophel*,
To tamper with the *dev'l of hell*;
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life——*Make that appear*—
Made an aſſault with fiends and men
Upon my body——*Good again*—

And kept me in a deadly fright,
And falſe impriſonment, all night:
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horſe,
And ſtole my ſaddle—— *Worſe and worſe*—
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage.
Sir, *quoth the lawyer*, not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt man alive to claim.
For if they've us'd you as you ſay,
Marry, *quoth I*, God give you joy;
I wou'd it were my caſe, I'd give
More than I'll ſay, or you'll believe:
I would ſo trounce her, and her purſe,
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worſe;
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by deſtiny ſo clear,
That you as ſure may pick and chooſe,
As croſs I win, and pile you loſe:
And if I durſt, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any caſe I've known;
But we that practiſe, dare not own.
The law ſeverely contrabands
Our taking bus'neſs off men's hands;
'Tis common baratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainſt our ears,
And crops them, till there is not leather
To ſtick a pin in, left of either;
For which, ſome do the ſummer-ſault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault.
But you may ſwear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the ſtate:
For, in all courts of juſtice here,
A witneſs is not ſaid to ſwear,
But make an oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
(I thank you, *quoth the knight*, for that,
Becauſe 'tis to my purpoſe pat)—

For Juſtice, though ſhe's painted blind,
Is to the weaker ſide inclin'd,
Like Charity; elſe right and wrong
Could never hold it out ſo long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a ſlight,
Convey men's intereſt, and right,
From *Stiles*'s pocket, into *Nokes*'s,
As eaſily as *hocus pocus:*
Plays faſt and looſe, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *Hiccius Doctius.*
Then, whether you wou'd take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife;
Or be content with what ſhe has,
And let all other matters paſs;
The bus'neſs to the law's all one,
The proof is all it looks upon:
And you can want no witneſſes
To ſwear to any thing you pleaſe,
That hardly get their mere expences
By th' labour of their conſciences;
Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit cuſtomers,
At inconſiderable values,
To ſerve for jurymen, or tallies,
Although retain'd in th' hardeſt matters,
Of truſtees, and adminiſtrators.
For that, *quoth he*, let me alone;
W' have ſtore of ſuch, and all our own;
Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,
The ableſt of conſcience-ſtretchers.
That's well, *quoth he;* but I ſhould gueſs,
By weighing all advantages,
Your ſureſt way is firſt to pitch
On *Bongey*, for a water-witch;

And

715 *From* Stiles's *pocket into* Nokes's, *&c.*] *John a Nokes* and *John a Stiles*, are two fictitious names made uſe of in ſtating caſes of law only.

742 *On* Bongey *for a* water-witch.] *Bongey* was a *Franciſcan*, and and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in *Oxford*, and a particular acquaintance of Friar *Bacon*'s. In that

And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her.
In th' int'rim, ſpare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the bans:
Ply her with love-letters, and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle, and ſurprize
Her heedleſs anſwers, and replies:
And if ſhe miſs the mouſe-trap lines,
They'll ſerve for other by-deſigns;
And make an artiſt underſtand
To copy out her ſeal or hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To ſteal in ſomething to entrap her;
Till with her worldly goods and body,
Spight of her heart, ſhe has endow'd ye:
Retain all ſorts of witneſſes,
That ply i' th' *temples*, under trees;
Or walk the round with knights o' th' poſts,
About the croſs-legg'd knights, their hoſts;
Or wait for cuſtomers between
The pillars-rows in *Lincoln's-Inn*:
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit men, ne'er fail
T' expoſe to ſale all ſorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only neceſſary tools,
Beſides the goſpel, and their ſouls.
And when y' are furniſh'd with all purveys,
I ſhall be ready at your ſervice.
I would not give, quoth *Hudibras*,
A ſtraw to underſtand a caſe,
Without the admirable ſkill
To wind, and manage it at will;

that ignorant age, every thing that ſeemed extraordinary was reputed magick; and ſo both *Bacon* and *Bongey* went under the imputation of ſtudying the *black art*. *Bongey* alſo publiſhing a treatiſe of *natural magick*, confirmed ſome well meaning credulous people in this opinion. But it was altogether groundleſs; for *Bongey* was choſen provincial of of his order, being a perſon of moſt excellent *parts* and *piety*.

To veer, and tack, and ſteer a cauſe,
Againſt the weather-gage of laws;
And ring the changes upon caſes,
As-plain as noſes upon faces,
As you have well inſtructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.
I long to practiſe your advice,
And try the ſubtle artifice;
To bait a letter, as you bid,
As not long after, thus he did:
For having pump'd up all his wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I Who was once as great as *Cæſar*,
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezzar*;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his *exerciſe in battle*,
By you turn'd out to *graſs with cattle*:
For ſince I am deny'd acceſs
To all my earthly happineſs,
Am fallen from the *paradiſe*
Of your good *graces*, and fair *eyes*;
Loſt to the world, and you, I'm ſent
To everlaſting baniſhment;
Where all the *hopes* I had t' *have won*
Your heart, b'ing daſh'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not ſo ſevere
To paſs your doom, before you hear,

You'd

You 'ld find, upon my juſt defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a *vow* to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But, not becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis *violated*, tho' delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought;
To undergo the loſs of ears,
Like vulgar *hackney perjurers:*
For there's a diff'rence in the caſe,
Between the noble, and the baſe;
Who always are obſerv'd t' have done 't
Upon as diff'rent an account:
The one for *great* and *weighty cauſe*,
To ſalve, in *honour*, ugly flaws;
For none are like to do it ſooner
Than thoſe wh' are niceſt of their honour:
The other, for *baſe gain* and *pay*,
Forſwear, and *perjure by the day;*
And make th' expoſing and retailing
Their ſouls and conſciences, a *calling*.
It is no *ſcandal*, nor *aſperſion*
Upon a *great, and noble perſon*,
To ſay he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old-faſhion'd trick, *to keep his word*,
Tho' 'tis perfidiouſneſs and ſhame
In meaner men, to do the ſame:
For, to be able to *forget*,
Is found more uſeful to the *great*,
Than *gout*, or *deafneſs*, or *bad eyes*,
To make 'em paſs for wondrous wiſe.
But tho' the *law*, on perjurers,
Inflicts the *forfeiture of ears;*
It is not *juſt*, that does exempt
The *guilty, and puniſh th' innocent:*
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' *ungovern'd tongue;*
And when one member is forſworn,
Another to be cropt, or torn.

And if you ſhould, as you deſign,
By courſe of law, recover mine,
You're like, if you conſider right,
To gain but little honour by 't.
For he that for his lady's ſake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at ſtake,
Does not ſo much deſerve her favour,
As he that *pawns* his ſoul to have her.
This y' have acknowledg'd I have done,
Altho' you now diſdain to own;
But ſentence, what you rather ought
T' eſteem *good ſervice*, than a *fault*.
" Beſides, *oaths* are not bound to bear
" That *lit'ral ſenſe* the words infer;
" But, by the practice of the age
" Are to be judg'd how far th' engage:
" And, where the ſenſe by cuſtom's check'd,
" Are found *void, and of none effect*.
" For no man takes or keeps a *vow*,
" But juſt as he ſees others do;
" Nor are th' oblig'd to be ſo brittle,
" As not to yield, and bow a little:
" For as beſt-temper'd blades are found,
" Before they break, to bend quite round;
" So trueſt *oaths* are ſtill moſt tough,
" And tho' they *bow, are breaking proof*."
Then wherefore ſhould they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For as the law of arms approves
All ways to conqueſt, ſo ſhould *Love*'s;
And not be ty'd to true or falſe,
But make that juſteſt that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All *empire, high and mighty Love*,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other pow'r alive?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the ſubject of a caſe?
The *fundamental law of nature*
Be over-rul'd by thoſe made after?

Commit

Commit the cenſure of its *cauſe*
To any, but its own great laws?
Love, that's the world's preſervative,
That keeps all ſouls of things alive;
Controuls the mighty *pow'r of fate*,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of nature, that reſtores,
As faſt as *time* and *death* devours;
To whoſe free-gift the world does owe,
Not only earth, but heaven too:
For Love's the only trade that 's driv'n,
The *intereſt of ſtate in heav'n*,
Which nothing but the ſoul of man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can earth produce, but *love*,
To repreſent the *joys above?*
Or who, but lovers, can converſe,
Like angels, by the eye-diſcourſe?
Addreſs and compliment by viſion,
Make love, and court by intuition?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
As thoſe celeſtial miniſters?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to ſo *great an end?*
Or heav'n itſelf a ſin reſent,
That for its own ſupply was meant?
That merits, in a kind miſtake,
A pardon for th' offence's ſake.
Or if it did not, but the *cauſe*
Were left to th' injury of *laws*,
What tyranny can diſapprove
There ſhould be *equity* in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no ſenſe of love, or hate,

113 *Or who, but lovers, can converſe*, &c.] Metaphyſicians are of opinion, that angels, and ſouls departed, being diveſted of all groſs matter, underſtand each other's ſentiments by *intuition*, and conſequently maintain a ſort of converſation without the organs of ſpeech.

121 *Or heav'n itſelf a ſin reſent*, &c.] In regard children are capable of being inhabitants of *heaven*, therefore it ſhould not reſent it as a crime, to ſupply ſtore of inhabitants for it.

That have no paſſion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon;
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals, as ſtrict.
But, to have *power to forgive*,
Is empire, and prerogative:
And 'tis in *crowns a nobler gem*,
To grant a pardon, than condemn.
Then ſince ſo few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault.
For why ſhould he who made addreſs,
All humble ways, without ſucceſs,
And met with nothing in return,
But inſolence, affronts, and ſcorn,
Not ſtrive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his deſign?
He who was us'd ſo unlike a ſoldier,
Blown up with *philters* of *love-powder?*
And after *letting blood, and purging*,
Condemn'd to *voluntary ſcourging;*
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by *goblins* in the night;
Inſulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invaſion of his beard;
And when your ſex was foully ſcandal'd,
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by deſpicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as ſtanding on his guard:
When horſes, being *ſpurr'd* and *prick'd*,
Have leave to *kick* for being *kick'd?*
Or why ſhould you, whoſe *mother-wits*
Are furniſh'd with all perquiſites;
That with your *breeding teeth* begin,
And *nurſing babies*, that *lie* in;
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our *cully ſex*, and we uſe none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows,
Againſt your ſtratagems, t' oppoſe,

Or

Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no leſs put down?
You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
And kill with a *retreating eye*:
Retire the more, the more we preſs,
To draw us into ambuſhes.
As *pirates* all falſe colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary mariner:
So women, to ſurpriſe us, ſpread
The *borrow'd flags of white and red*;
Diſplay 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the *Picts*;
And raiſe more devils *with their looks*,
Than *conjurers leſs ſubtle books*:
Lay trains of *amorous intrigues*,
In *tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs*,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than *Philip Nye's thankſgiving beard*,
Prepoſt'rouſly t' entice, and gain
Thoſe to adore 'em they diſdain;
And only draw 'em in, to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
A lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his miſtreſs but the more a ſlave;
And whatſoever ſhe commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands;
Which he's obliged t' obey, and muſt,
Whether it be unjuſt, or juſt.
Then, when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures, he would elſe forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withſtand,
Since force is greater than command?
And, when neceſſity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjuſt, or bad:
And therefore, when the mighty pow'rs
Of Love, *our great ally*, and *yours*,

Join'd

173 *You wound like* Parthians *while you fly*, &c.] *Parthians* are the inhabitants of a province in *Perſia*: They were excellent *horſemen*, and very exquiſite at their *bows*; and it is reported of them, that they generally ſlew more upon their retreat, than they did in the engagement.

Join'd forces, not to be withſtood
By frail enamour'd fleſh and blood;
All I have done, unjuſt or ill,
Was in obedience to your will;
And all the blame that can be due,
Falls to your cruelty, and you.
Nor are thoſe ſcandals I confeſs'd,
Againſt my will and intereſt,
More than is daily done of courſe,
By all men, when they're under force.
Whence ſome, upon the rack, confeſs
What th' *hangman, and their prompters pleaſe;*
But are no ſooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But, when the devil turns confeſſor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleaſure
To hear, or pardon, like the *founder*
Of liars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer done.
Nor am I, without precedent,
The firſt that on th' adventure went:
All mankind ever did of courſe,
And daily does the ſame, or worſe.
For, what *romance* can ſhew a lover,
That had a *lady to recover*,
And did not ſteer a nearer courſe,
To fall aboard, on his amours?
And what at firſt was held a crime,
Has turn'd to honourable in time.
To what a height did *infant Rome*,
By raviſhing of women, come?

When

237 *To what a height did* infant Rome, *&c.*] When *Romulus* had built *Rome*, he made it an *aſylum*, or place of *refuge*, for all malefactors, and others obnoxious to the laws, to retire to; by which means, it ſoon came to be very populous. But, when he began to conſider, that, without propagation, it would ſoon be deſtitute of inhabitants, he invented ſeveral fine ſhows, and invited the young *Sabine* women, then neighbours to them; and, when they had them ſecure, they raviſhed them; from whence proceeded ſo numerous an offſpring.

When men upon their ſpouſes ſeiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd:
They ne'er *forſwore* themſelves, nor *ly'd*,
Nor, in the mind they were in, *dy'd*:
Nor took the pains t' *addreſs*, and *ſue*,
Nor play'd the maſquerade to woo:
Diſdain'd to ſtay for friends conſents,
Nor juggled about ſettlements:
Did need no *licenſe*, nor no *prieſt*,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to aſſiſt;
Nor lawyers, to *join land and money*
In th' *holy ſtate of matrimony*,
Before they ſettled hands and hearts,
Till *alimony*, or *death*, *them parts*:
Nor wou'd endure to ſtay until
Th' had got the very *bride*'s good will,
But took a wiſer and ſhorter courſe
To win the ladies, *downright force*;
And juſtly made 'em pris'ners then,
As they have, often ſince, us men;
With *acting plays*, and *dancing jigs*,
The luckieſt of all love's intrigues;
And, when they had them at their pleaſure,
Then talk'd of *love*, and *flames*, at leiſure:
For, after *matrimony*'s over,
He that holds out but *half a lover*,
Deſerves, for ev'ry *minute*, *more*,
Than *half a year* of love before;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that beſt way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
By *ſuit*, or *treaty*, to be won;
And ſuch as all poſterity
Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.
For women firſt were made for men,
Not men for them.——It follows, then,

That

252 *Till* alimony *or* death *them parts.*] *Alimony* is an allowance that the law gives the woman for her ſeparate maintenance upon living from her huſband. That and death are reckoned the only ſeparations in a married ſtate.

That men have right to ev'ry one,
And they no freedom of their own:
And therefore, men have pow'r to chuſe,
But they no charter to refuſe.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what courſe
Soe'er we take to *your amours*,
Tho' by the indirecteſt way,
'Tis no *injuſtice*, nor *foul play*;
And that you ought to take that courſe,
As we take you, *for better or worſe*;
And gratefully ſubmit to thoſe
Who you, before another, choſe.
For, why ſhould ev'ry ſavage beaſt
Exceed his great lord's intereſt?
Have freer pow'r, than he, in *grace*
And nature, o'er the creature has?
Becauſe the laws he ſince has made,
Have cut off all the pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute dominion
That nature gave him over women;
When all his pow'r will not extend
One *law of nature* to ſuſpend:
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt clauſe, is to rebel.
This, if men rightly underſtood
Their privilege, they would make good;
And not, like ſots, permit their wives
T' encroach on their prerogatives;
For which ſin, they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in ſlavery:
And this, ſome precious *gifted teachers*,
Unrev'rently reputed *lechers*,
And, diſobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye ſuffer, as ye ought,
For that uncharitable fault.
But I forget myſelf, and rove
Beyond th' inſtructions of my love.
Forgive me, *(Fair)* and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my *flame*,

Since 'tis too much, at once to ſhew
Exceſs of love, and temper too.
All I have ſaid that's *bad, and true,*
Was never meant to aim *at you;*
Who have ſo ſov'reign a controul
O'er that poor ſlave of yours, *my ſoul:*
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loſs of heav'n* too:
Both with an equal pow'r poſſeſt,
To render all that ſerve you bleſt:
But none like him, who's deſtin'd either
To *have*, or *loſe* you, both together.
And, if you'll but this fault releaſe,
(For ſo it muſt be, ſince you pleaſe)
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you *commanded*, and I *ſwore*,
And expiate upon my ſkin
Th' arrears in full of all my ſin.
For 'tis but juſt, that I ſhould pay
Th' accruing penance, for delay,
Which ſhould be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your love.
The *knight*, peruſing this *epiſtle*,
Believ'd he'd brought her to his *whiſtle;*
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applauſe t' himſelf, twice over:
Subſcrib'd his *name*, but at a fit
And humble diſtance *to his wit;*
And dated it with wondrous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;
Then ſeal'd it with his *coat of love*,
A ſmoaking faggot——and above,
Upon a ſcroll——*I burn and weep*—
And near it——*For her ladyſhip;*
Of all her ſex moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle hands preſent.
Then gave it to his faithful ſquire,
With leſſons how t' obſerve, and eye her.
She firſt conſider'd which was better,
To ſend it back, or burn the letter:

But,

But, gueſſing that it might import,
Tho' nothing elſe, at leaſt her ſport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a ſmile, and leering flout:
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

THAT you're a *beaſt*, and turn'd to *graſs*,
Is no ſtrange news, nor ever was,
At leaſt to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound *replevin you*,
When both your *ſword* and *ſpurs* were won
In combat, by an *amazon*;
That ſword, that did (like fate) determine
Th' inevitable death of vermin;
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of *pigs* and *cows*;
By *Trulla* was, in *ſingle fight*,
Diſarm'd, and wreſted *from its knight*;
Your heels *degraded* of your ſpurs,
And in the ſtocks cloſe priſoners:
Where ſtill they'd lain, in baſe reſtraint,
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worſt of priſons;
And what return that favour met,
You cannot (tho' you wou'd) forget:
When, being free, you ſtrove t' evade
The oaths you had in priſon made;
Forſwore yourſelf, and firſt deny'd it,
But after own'd, and juſtify'd it:

And when y' had falſely broke one *vow*,
Abſolv'd yourſelf, by *breaking two*.
For while you ſneakingly ſubmit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Diſcourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your *ears*;
And doubting 'twas in vain to ſue,
You claim us boldly as your due:
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only courſe;
We have no title nor pretence
To *body*, *ſoul*, or *conſcience*:
But ought to fall to that man's ſhare
That claims us for his proper ware.
Theſe are the motives, which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you uſe.
A pretty new way of *gallanting*,
Between *ſoliciting* and *ranting*;
Like ſturdy beggars, that intreat
For *charity* at once, and *threat*.
But ſince you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but *lawful prize*
In *war*, between two enemies;
Or *forfeitures*, which ev'ry lover,
That wou'd but ſue for, might recover;
It is not hard to underſtand
The *myſt'ry* of this bold demand;
That cannot at our perſons aim,
But ſomething capable of claim.
'Tis not *thoſe paltry counterfeit*
French ſtones, which in our eyes you ſet,
But our *right diamonds*, that inſpire,
And ſet your am'rous hearts on fire:
Nor can thoſe falſe St *Martin*'s *beads*,
Which on our lips you lay for *reds*,
And make us wear like *Indian dames*,
Add fuel to your ſcorching flames:
But thoſe *true rubies* of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.

'Tis not thoſe *orient pearls*, our teeth,
That you are ſo tranſported with;
But thoſe we wear about our necks,
Produce thoſe amorous effects.
Nor is 't thoſe *threads* of *gold*, our *hair*,
The *perriwigs you make us wear*;
But thoſe bright *guineas* in our cheſts,
That light the wild-fire in your breaſts.
Theſe love-tricks I've been vers'd in ſo,
That all their ſly *intrigues* I know,
And can unriddle by their *tones*,
Their *myſtick cabals*, and *jargons*:
Can tell what paſſions, by their ſounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond, and amorous,
O' th' *charms* and *graces* of my houſe;
What *extaſy*, and *ſcorching flame*,
Burns for my *money*, *in my name*;
What from th' unnatural deſire
To *beaſts* and *cattle* takes its fire;
What *tender ſigh*, and *trickling tear*,
Longs for a *thouſand pounds a-year*;
And languiſhing tranſports are fond
Of *ſtatute*, *mortgage*, *bill*, *and bond*.
Theſe are th' attracts which moſt men fall
Inamour'd, at firſt ſight, withal;
To theſe th' addreſs with *ſerenades*,
And court with *balls* and *maſquerades*;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Y' have ſuffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they'll prove ſo nice and coy,
To *have*, *and t' hold*, *and to enjoy*;
That, all your *oaths* and *labour loſt*,
They'll ne'er turn *ladies of the poſt*.
This is not meant to diſapprove
Your judgment in your choice of love;
Which is ſo wiſe, the greateſt part
Of mankind ſtudy 't, as an art;
For love ſhou'd, *like a deodand*,
Still fall to th' *owner of the land*;

And where there's ſubſtance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and ſound
Than that which has the ſlighter baſis
Of *airy virtue*, *wit*, and *graces*;
Which is of ſuch thin ſubtlety,
It ſteals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to ſtay,
Steals out again, *as nice a way*.
But love, that its extraction owns
From ſolid *gold*, and *precious ſtones*;
Muſt, like its ſhining parents, prove
As *ſolid*, and as *glorious love*.
Hence 'tis, you have no way t' expreſs
Our *charms* and *graces*, but by theſe:
For what are *lips*, and *eyes*, and *teeth*,
Which *beauty* invades and *conquers with*;
But *rubies*, *pearls*, and *diamonds*,
With which, as *philters*, *love commands*?
This is the way all parents prove,
In managing their childrens love;
That force 'em t' *inter-marry* and *wed*,
As if th' were *bur'ing of the dead*.
Caſt *earth to earth*, as in the *grave*,
To join in wedlock all they have;
And when the ſettlement's in force,
Take all the reſt, *for b tter, or worſe*:
For money has a pow'r above
The *ſtars* and *fate*, to manage *love*;
Whoſe arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miſs, are *tipp'd with gold*.
And tho' ſome ſay, the parents claims
To make love in their childrens names;
Who many times, at once provide
The *nurſe*, *the huſband*, *and the bride*;

133 *Whoſe arrows learned poets hold*, &c.] The poets feign *Cupid* to have two ſorts of arrows, the one tipp'd with *gold*, and the other with *lead*. The *golden* always inſpire and inflame *love* in the perſons he wounds with them; but, on the contrary, the *leaden* create the utmoſt averſion and hatred. With the firſt of theſe he ſhot *Apollo*, and with the other *Daphne*, according to *Ovid*.

Feel *darts and charms, attracts, and flames,*
And *woo, and contract, in their names:*
And as they *chriſten*, uſe to marry 'em,
And, like their *goſſips*, anſwer for 'em;
Is not to give in matrimony,
But *ſell* and *proſtitute* for money.
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do't for worſe than nothing:
And when th' are at their own diſpoſe,
With greater diſadvantage chooſe.
All this is right; but for the courſe
You take to do't, by fraud, or force,
'Tis ſo ridiculous, as ſoon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than *ſetters can betray*,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at beſt, is but a vow,
Which all men either *break*, or *bow:*
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who *perjure*, when they do but *woo?*
Such as before-hand *ſwear and lie*,
For *earneſt* to their treachery:
And, rather than a crime confeſs,
With *greater* ſtrive to make it *leſs:*
Like *thieves*, who, after ſentence paſt,
Maintain their innocence to th' laſt;
And when their crimes were made appear
As plain as witneſſes can ſwear;
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.
Nor are the virtues, you confeſs'd
T' your *ghoſtly father*, as you gueſs'd,
So ſlight, as to be juſtify'd,
By b'ing, as ſhamefully, deny'd.
As if you thought your word would paſs,
Point-blank, on both ſides of a caſe:
Or credit were not to be loſt,
B' a *brave knight-errant of the poſt*,
That *eats*, perfidiouſly, his *word*,
And *ſwears his ears, through a two inch board:*

Can

Can own the ſame thing, and diſown,
And *perjure* booty, *pro* and *con:*
Can make the *goſpel* ſerve his turn,
And help him out to be forſworn:
When 'tis *laid hands upon, and kiſs'd,*
To be betray'd and ſold, like Chriſt.
Theſe are the virtues, in whoſe name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In *grace* and *nature*, o'er all women;
Of whom, no leſs will ſatisfy,
Than all the ſex, your tyranny.
Altho' you'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern ſuch a num'rous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *wiſe* and *great* as he was once,
You'll find they're able to ſubdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to uſe the ſlight.
For when we find y' are ſtill more taken
With falſe attracts of your own making,
Swear that's a *roſe*, and that a *ſtone*,
Like *ſots*, to us that laid it on;
And what we did but ſlightly prime,
Moſt ignorantly daub in rhime:
You force us, in our own defences,
To *copy beams* and *influences;*
To lay *perfections* on the *graces*,
And draw *attracts* upon our faces;
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own falſe jewels counterfeit:
For, by the practice of thoſe arts,
We gain a greater ſhare of hearts;
And thoſe deſerve in reaſon moſt,
That greateſt pains and ſtudy coſt:

For great perfections are, like heav'n,
Too rich a preſent to be giv'n.
Nor are thoſe *maſter ſtrokes of beauty*
To be perform'd without *hard duty*;
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The ſimple natural excel.
How fair and ſweet the *planted roſe*,
Beyond the *wild* in hedges grows!
For, without art, the nobleſt ſeeds
Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground,
And poliſh'd, looks a diamond!
Though Paradiſe were e'er ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo without care.
The whole world, without *art* and *dreſs*,
Would be but one great *wilderneſs*;
And mankind but a ſavage herd,
For all that nature has conferr'd.
This does but *rough-hew*, and *deſign*,
Leaves *art* to *poliſh*, and *refine*.
Though women firſt were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when *(outwitted by his wife)*
Man firſt turn'd *tenant* but *for life*;
If women had not interven'd,
How ſoon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in *being* yet,
To us alone, you are in *debt*.
And where's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural *no* voice?
Since all the *privilege* you boaſt,
And falſely *'ſurp'd*, or vainly loſt,
Is now our right; to whoſe *creation*,
You owe your *happy reſtoration*.
And if we had not weighty *cauſe*
To not appear in making laws,
We could, in ſpight of all your *tricks*,
And *ſhallow*, *formal politicks*,
Force you our *managements* t' obey,
As we to yours (in ſhew) give way.

Hence

Hence 'tis, that while you vainly ſtrive
T' advance your *high prerogative*,
You baſely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourſelves our ſlaves:
And 'cauſe we do not make it known,
Nor publickly our int'reſts own;
Like ſots, ſuppoſe we have no ſhares
In *ord'ring you*, and *your affairs*:
When all your empire and command,
You have from us, at *ſecond hand*:
As if a *pilot*, that appears
To ſit ſtill only, while he ſteers,
And does not make a noiſe and ſtir,
Like ev'ry common *mariner*,
Knew nothing of the *card*, nor *ſtar*,
And did not guide the *man of war*:
Nor we, becauſe we don't appear
In *councils*, do not govern there:
While, like the mighty *Preſter John*,
Whoſe perſon none dares look upon,
But is preſerv'd in *cloſe diſguiſe*
From b'ing made *cheap* to *vulgar eyes*,
W' enjoy as large a pow'r, unſeen,
To *govern him*, as *he does* men:
And in the right of our *Pope Joan*,
Make *emp'rors* at our feet fall down;
Or *Joan de Pucel*'s braver name,
Our right to *arms*, and *conduct*, claim;

Who,

277 *While, like the mighty* Preſter John, *&c.*] *Preſter John*, an abſolute *prince*, Emperor of *Abyſſinia* or *Ethiopia*. One of them is reported to have had ſeventy kings for his vaſſals, and ſo ſuperb and arrogant, that none durſt look upon him without his permiſſion.

285 *Or* Joan de Pucel's *braver name.*] *Joan* of *Arc*, called alſo the *Pucelle*, or Maid of *Orleans*. She was born at the town of *Damremi* on the *Meuſe*, daughter of *James d' Arc* and *Iſabella Romee*, and bred up a ſhepherdeſs in the country. At the age of 18 or 20, ſhe pretended to an expreſs commiſſion from God to go to the relief of *Orleans*, then beſieged by the *Engliſh* and defended by *John Comte de Dennis*, and almoſt reduced to the laſt extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles the VII. when he was almoſt ruined. She knew that Prince in the midſt of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doc-

tors

Who, though a *ſpinſter*, yet was able
To ſerve *France* for a *grand conſtable*.
We make, and execute *all laws*,
Can *judge* the *judges*, and the *cauſe*;
Preſcribe all rules of *right* or *wrong*,
To th' *long robe*, and the *longer tongue*;
'Gainſt which the world *has no defence*,
But our more *pow'rful eloquence*.
We manage things of greateſt weight
In all the world's *affairs of ſtate*;
Are miniſters of war and peace,
That ſway all nations how we pleaſe.
We rule all *churches*, *and their flocks*,
Heretical, and *orthodox*,
And are the *heavenly vehicles*
O' th' *ſpirits*, *in all conventicles*:
By us is all *commerce* and *trade*
Improv'd, and *manag'd*, and *decay'd*;
For nothing can go off ſo well,
Nor bears that price, *as what we ſell*.
We rule in ev'ry *publick meeting*,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magiſtrates in all great *towns*,
Where men do nothing, but *wear gowns*.
We make the *man of war ſtrike ſail*,
And to our braver conduct *veil*,
And, when h' has chac'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an *officer of ſtate*
Untimely rais'd, or *magiſtrate*,

That's

tors of divinity, and members of Parliament, openly declared that there was ſomething ſupernatural in her conduct. She ſent for a ſword which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St *Catharine de Forlois*, upon the blade of which the *croſs* and *flower-de-luces* were engraven, which put the King in a very great ſurprize, in regard none beſides himſelf knew of it. Upon this he ſent her with the command of ſome troops, with which ſhe relieved *Orleans*, and drove the *Engliſh* from it; defeated *Talbot* at the battle of *Pattai*, and recovered *Champagne*. At laſt, ſhe was unfortunately taken priſoner in a ſally at *Champagne*, in 1430, and tried for a witch or ſorcereſs, condemned, and burnt in *Rouen* market-place, in *May* 1430.

That's *haughty* and *imperious?*
He's but a *journeyman* to us.
That, as he gives us cauſe to do't,
Can *keep him in*, or *turn him out.*
We are your *guardians*, that *increaſe*,
Or *waſte* your fortunes how we pleaſe:
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, *ill or well.*
'Tis we that can diſpoſe alone,
Whether your *heirs* ſhall be your *own*,
To whoſe integrity you muſt,
In ſpight of all your caution, truſt;
And, 'leſs you *fly beyond the ſeas*,
Can fit you with what heirs we pleaſe;
And force you t' own 'em, though begotten
By *French valets*, or *Iriſh footmen.*
Nor can the rigorouſeſt courſe
Prevail, unleſs to make us worſe;
Who ſtill, the harſher we are us'd,
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd;
And ſcorn t' abate, for any ills,
The leaſt *punctilios of our wills.*
Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy;
Which all your *politicks*, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For when y' have try'd *all ſorts of ways*,
What fools d' we make of you in plays?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the ſword,
To fight our battles in our ſteads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in deſpite of nature,
And fight at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and ſtorms, and ſeas,
Our *pride* and *vanity* t' appeaſe;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and beſt thoughts;
To do your exerciſe for honour,
And have your brains beat out the ſooner;

Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known:
And ſtill appear the more induſtrious,
The more your projects are prepoſt'rous;
To ſquare the circle of the arts,
And run ſtark mad to ſhew your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we ſee cauſe;
Be our ſolicitors, and agents,
And ſtand for us in all engagements.
And theſe are all the *mighty pow'rs*
You vainly boaſt, to cry down ours;
And what in real value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting:
Becauſe yourſelves are terrify'd,
And ſtoop to one another's pride;
Believe we have as little wit
To be *cut-hector'd*, and *ſubmit*:
By your *example*, loſe that right
In *treaties*, which we gain'd in *fight*:
And, terrify'd into an awe,
Paſs on ourſelves a *Salique law*:
Or, as ſome nations uſe, give place,
And truckle to *your mighty* race,
Let men uſurp th' unjuſt dominion,
As if they were the *better* women.

378 *Paſs on ourſelves a* Salique law.] The *Salique law* is a law in *France*, whereby it is enacted, that no *female* ſhall inherit that crown.

THE

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